PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1978 $2.00

PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

HUMAN CLONING: EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE FIRST WITNESS

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GETTING RICH QUICK

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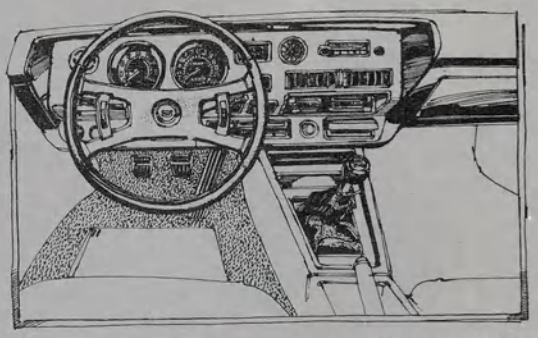
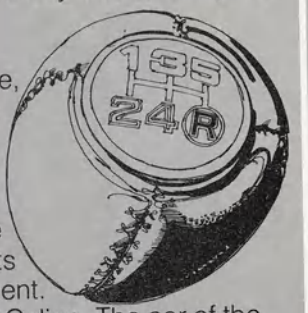
Motor Trend Magazine's Import Car of the Year. The Toyota Celica. A car which meets or exceeds all 1980 Federal fuel economy and safety standards. And the car which best met Motor Trend's criteria for Import Car of the Year. A car with comfort, style, efficiency and durability. The 1978 Celica GT and ST Sport Coupes and GT Liftback (not pictured).



Grand Touring in the future. Aerodynamic improvements have contributed to increased interior room (4" at shoulders), stability, performance and decreased interior noise. The cockpit instruments demonstrate functional engineering at its finest. The Celica's handling formula includes MacPherson strut front suspension, steel belted radials and power assisted front disc brakes.

Grand Touring comfort in the future. The reclining driver's bucket seat features a newly designed adjustable lumbar support. Visibility is enhanced by increased glass area. And the trunk has been increased by 30%.

FUTURE CELICA



Value in the future. The Celica is durable, inexpensive and gets great gas mileage. In EPA tests the Celica was rated at 34 mpg highway, 20 mpg city. These EPA ratings with 5-speed overdrive transmission are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower. The 1978 Celica. The car of the future. The car of the year.

YOU GOT IT.

Celica
ST Sport Coupe

Celica
GT Sport Coupe

TOYOTA

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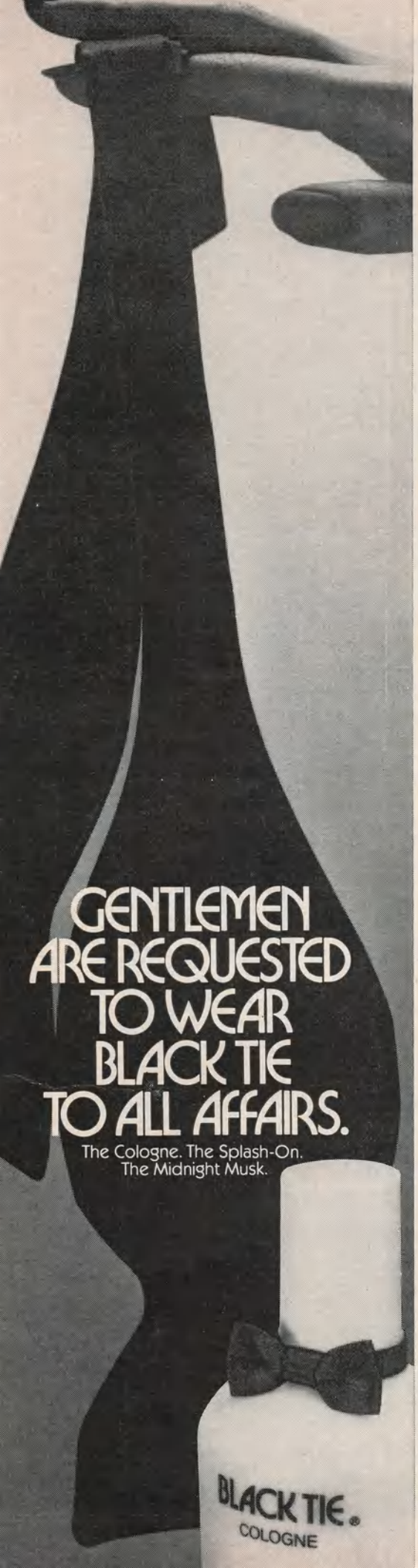
© "21" Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.



PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/June 1978
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EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR: JAMES GOODE
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ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: KATHY KEETON
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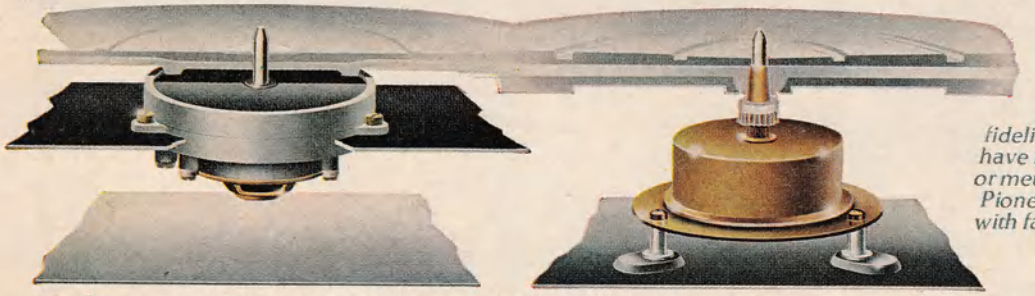
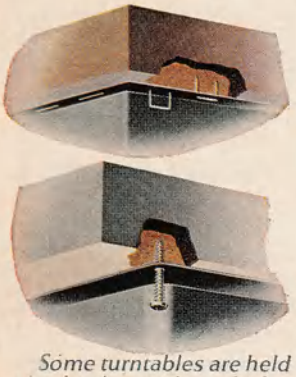
TO FULLY APPRECIATE PIONEER'S NEW DIRECT-DRIVE TURNTABLE, YOU HAVE TO TAKE APART THE COMPETITION.

When you compare what goes into most $175 high-fidelity turntables to what goes into Pioneer's new PL-518, you'll find there's no comparison.

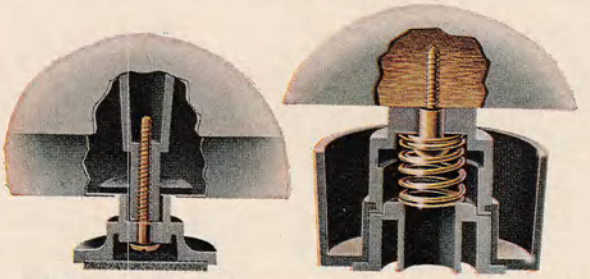


On many turntables, the motor is suspended from the base itself, where the slightest vibration can be picked up by the stylus. The PL-518's direct-drive motor is anchored to a metal plate beneath the base, where this is far less likely to happen.

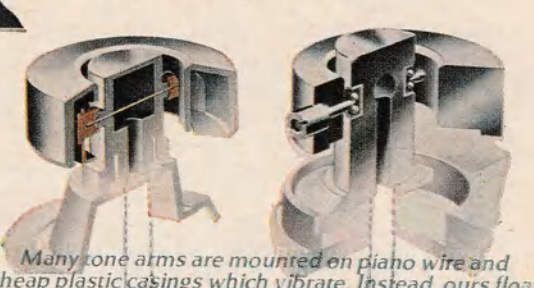
Most high-fidelity turntables have flimsy plastic or metal headshells that can distort the music. Pioneer's is made of glass fiber, a substance with far greater mass yet less weight, which is unaffected by resonance.



Some turntables are held together by staples, which can work themselves loose. Pioneer uses aluminum screws to seal the base to the base plate.

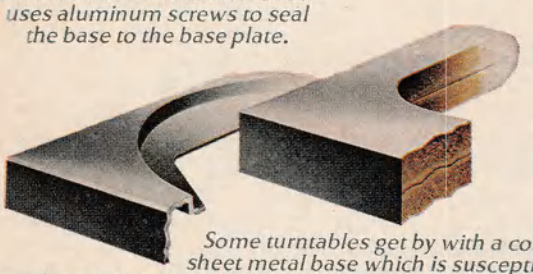


A lot of turntables have skinny plastic legs that merely support the weight of the turntable. The feet of the PL-518 are spring-mounted which helps reduce acoustic feedback. So you can play your music loud enough to rattle the walls without rattling the turntable.



Many tone arms are mounted on piano wire and cheap plastic casings which vibrate. Instead, ours float on pivot bearings which are immune to vibration.

Some rely on 3 ball bearings for stability in the tone arm shaft, but Pioneer uses 34.



Some turntables get by with a common plastic or sheet metal base which is susceptible to vibration and can cause acoustic feedback. Not the base of the PL-518. It's made of two solid blocks of compressed wood, which when joined eliminate feedback.

What you see here will tell you a lot about Pioneer's PL-518.

It'll not only tell you what kind of care and engineering went into it, but also the kind of exceptional performance you can expect to get out of it. Performance free of audible distortion, acoustic feedback and rumble.

Because at Pioneer, we believe that to get the most out of every piece of music, you've got to get the most out of every part of the turntable.

PIONEER® We bring it back alive.

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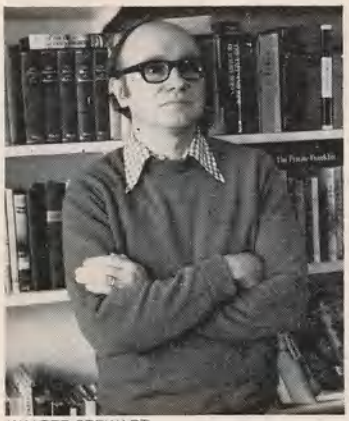
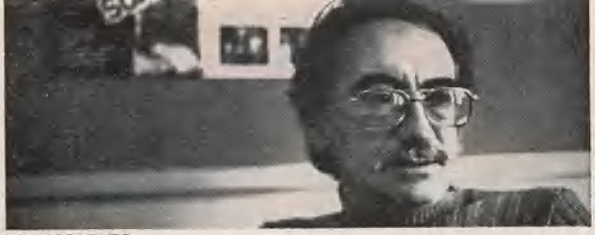


WALTER STEWART

Joan Stewart



TONY SCADUTO

Chris Casson

WAYNE MCLOUGHLIN

JOHN FERGUS RYAN

Gary Witt

RENA & JERRY LEBLANC

Joe Rodelo

HOUSECALL

Although we think of Canada as a separate nation, the United States controls so much of its economic and political structure that it might as well be our fifty-first state. We call it being "good neighbors." They call it colonialism. In "Say Uncle! The American Colonization of Canada," **Walter Stewart**, one of Canada's most distinguished journalists, explains how and why his country was sold out to American industry and what that means to a Canadian. A former Washington correspondent and managing editor of *Maclean's* magazine, Stewart is the author of six books that have earned him a reputation for incorruptible investigative reporting. When asked how he would like to be described, he replied, "I would like to be called one of the ones that give journalism a bad name."

Condemned to die more than thirteen years ago by a Mafioso high council, a silver-haired, ruggedly handsome man of seventy-three named Joseph Bonanno has survived to become the absolute master of the American underworld. In one of the great secret dramas of our time, this courtly, old-fashioned gentleman, affectionately known as Don Peppino or Joe Bananas, has reorganized the Mafia and now rules with more actual power than that of any other don in the history of crime. **Tony Scaduto**, the author of "The Real Godfather," acquired his training in crime reporting as Mafia expert at the *New York Post*, went on to write Bob Dylan's biography, and published *Scapegoat*, a book contending that Bruno Hauptmann did not kidnap the Lindbergh baby. Scaduto's thriller novel, *A Terrible Time to Die*, will be out this summer.

Cloning, a term unknown to most nonscientists, exploded everywhere early this year with reports that a nonfiction book by San Francisco science writer David Rorvik delivered an eyewitness account of the creation of the world's first human clone, a child conceived, not by normal intercourse and the fertilization of a female egg, but grown from a single cell taken from the father and implanted in the womb of a young woman volunteer. The father, according to Rorvik, was a mysterious millionaire he called "Max"; the female, a nineteen-year old-virgin, "Sparrow"; the scientist, a proud, secretive, money-hungry seeker after truth and power, "Darwin." Rorvik not only wrote the book but also brought the participants together. His reward was Max's permission to be the first journalist to witness and record what happened.

"BABY BORN WITHOUT MOTHER" screamed the headline on the *New York Post* the day the news broke. Bells rang throughout the world's information networks. Hordes of journalists besieged David Rorvik at his hotel and in the offices of his publisher, the staid J.B. Lippincott Company, and jammed his home phone with calls, begging for interviews. Where was David Rorvik? On assignment for *Penthouse* in New York and being interviewed for us by the much-acclaimed medical writer and feminist Barbara Seaman.

Is David Rorvik's book, *In His Image: The Cloning of a Man*, the greatest work of scientific journalism of our time? Or is it the cleverest hoax since Clifford Irving's fake biography of Howard Hughes? The editors of *Penthouse* invite you to read this exclusive interview and decide for yourself.

"If only I had a million dollars . . ." is probably the world's most familiar daydream. But what happens when it comes true? In *Suddenly Rich*, a forthcoming book from Prentice-Hall, **Rena Dictor Le Blanc and Jerry LeBlanc** tell the true stories of ordinary people who turned their dreams into reality when lightning struck and they were showered with money. Here is the story of the cop who wrote a best-seller but refused to quit because he wanted to collect his pension, the lawyer who became a millionaire overnight in real estate and turned into the world's greatest lover, the family that was awarded more than $86 million in a land lawsuit and disappeared without bothering to collect a penny, the hamburger wizard who sold his recipe for a fortune and became an instant celebrity. The LeBlancs are free-lance writers with hundreds of credits but no pot of gold so far. When they do hit the jackpot, however, they will be prepared.

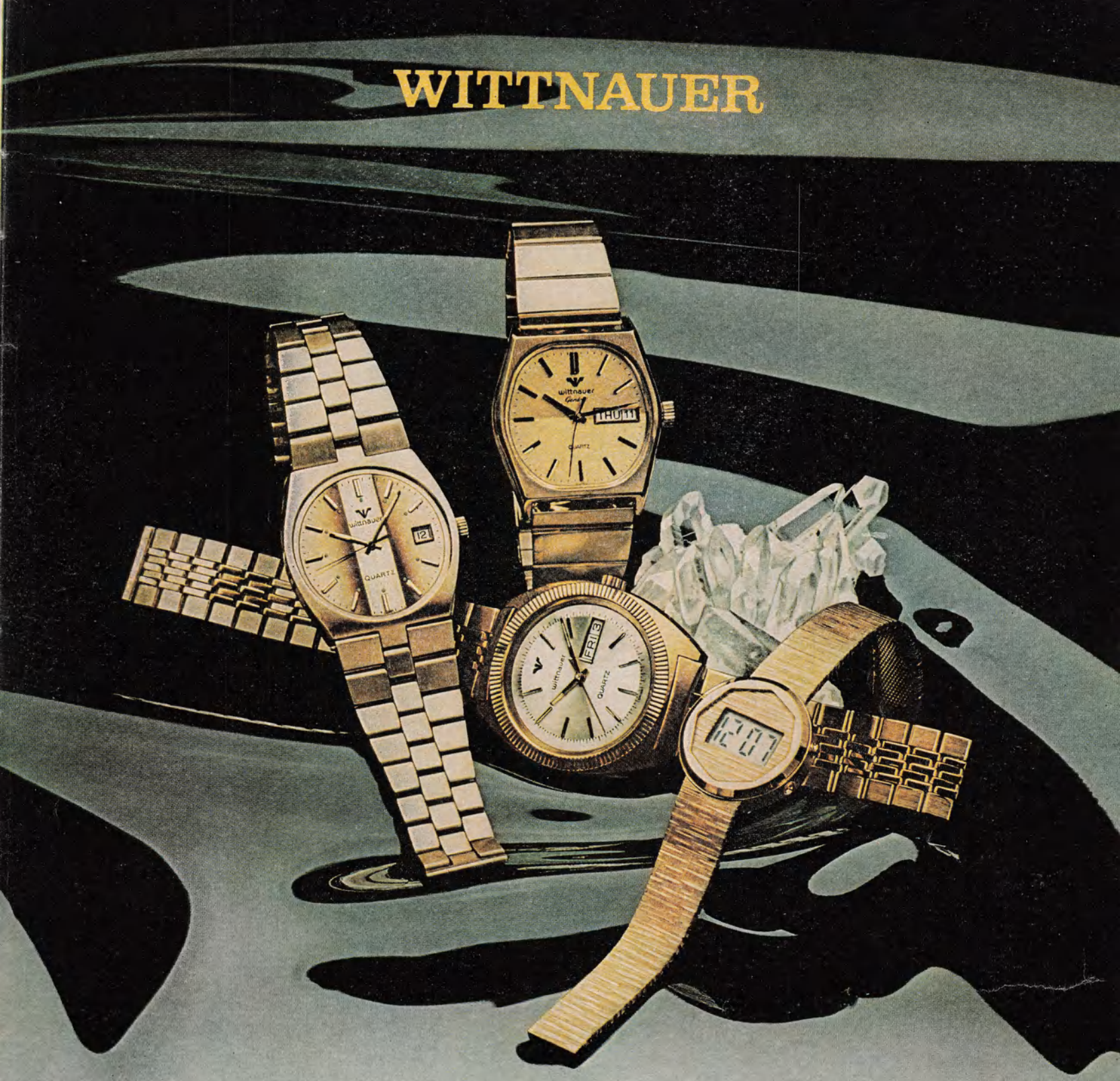
This month's installment of "Diary of a Virgin," by **Cindy Peach**, involves an encounter between our intrepid heroine and an amorous Anglican vicar in which a great deal of sexual education goes on but nothing much gets accomplished by way of dealing with the lady's real problem. As the episode closes, she's found out what a naked man looks and feels like, but zounds!!—she remains a virgin! "Diary of a Virgin" is excerpted from the forthcoming novel of the same title to be published by Coward-McCann & Geoghegan.

There may be some virgins left in Bloat, Miss., but you won't read about them in this month's rollicking short story, "A Hot Afternoon at the Quarry," by **John Fergus Ryan**, a tale of sex and laughter in the Deep South. Ryan grew up in North Little Rock, Ark., and now lives in Memphis, Tenn., where he's worked as a bill collector, a private eye, a sausage grinder, a social worker, and an owner-manager of a performing bear—all the while writing affectionately humorous tales about the people of the South that have appeared in *Penthouse, Atlantic Monthly, Evergreen Review*, and many other magazines.

Also southern and humorous is "The Adventures of Jim Carter," in which artist **Wayne McLoughlin** shows us what happens when our leader flips out under pressure and lapses into the fantasy that he's Tom Sawyer while the rest of the White House crew play along. Billy is Huck Finn; Andrew Young is Nigger Jim; Miz Lillian is Aunt Polly; and though it may be the result of an overactive satirical gland in artist McLoughlin's psyche, the whole fantasy makes more sense than the daily news from Washington does.

It's a long-standing tradition at *Penthouse* to call upon *you*, the reader, to select our Pet of the Year. This year's search has been narrowed down to three candidates, each of them so luscious and appealing and exquisitely photographed that we wonder how anyone can choose the most alluring. It's a difficult task, but we know that it will be worth it. And so will you when you turn to page 116 and examine the campaign documents presented this month in the most interesting election of the year: *Penthouse*'s Pet of the Year Play-Off.

WITTNAUER



You want Quartz accuracy, but you want style. Say "I want a Wittnauer!"

The great Quartz watches of Switzerland all keep superb time. The difference is Wittnauer does it with style. Every Wittnauer Quartz watch is designed as jewelry, so each one has its own unique personality: from the elegantly understated to the frankly outrageous. One is right for you.

The Wittnauer Quartz collection is at your jeweler's now. Come in. Say "I want a Wittnauer." Or let us come to you. Write Wittnauer, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10810 for your free color brochure.

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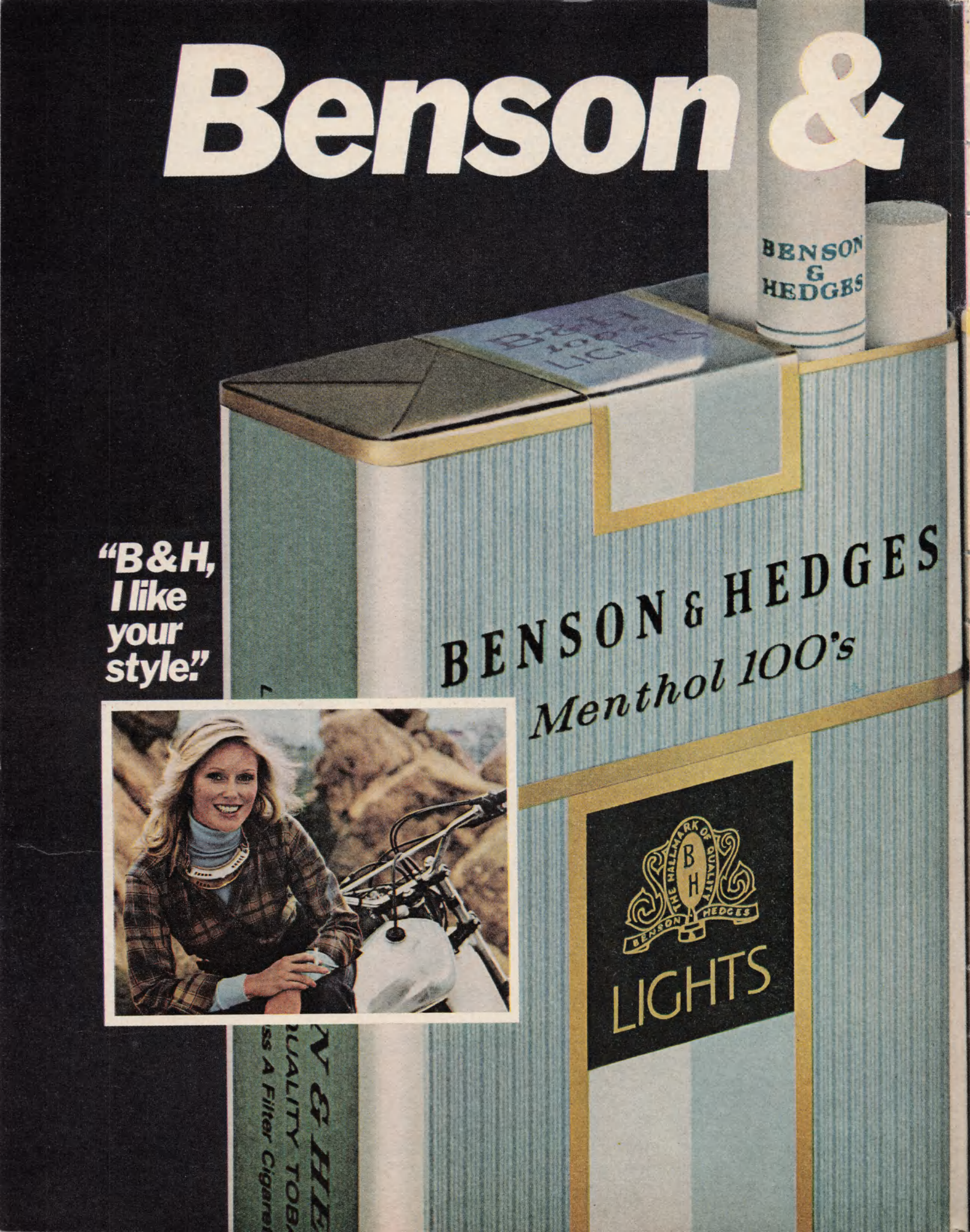
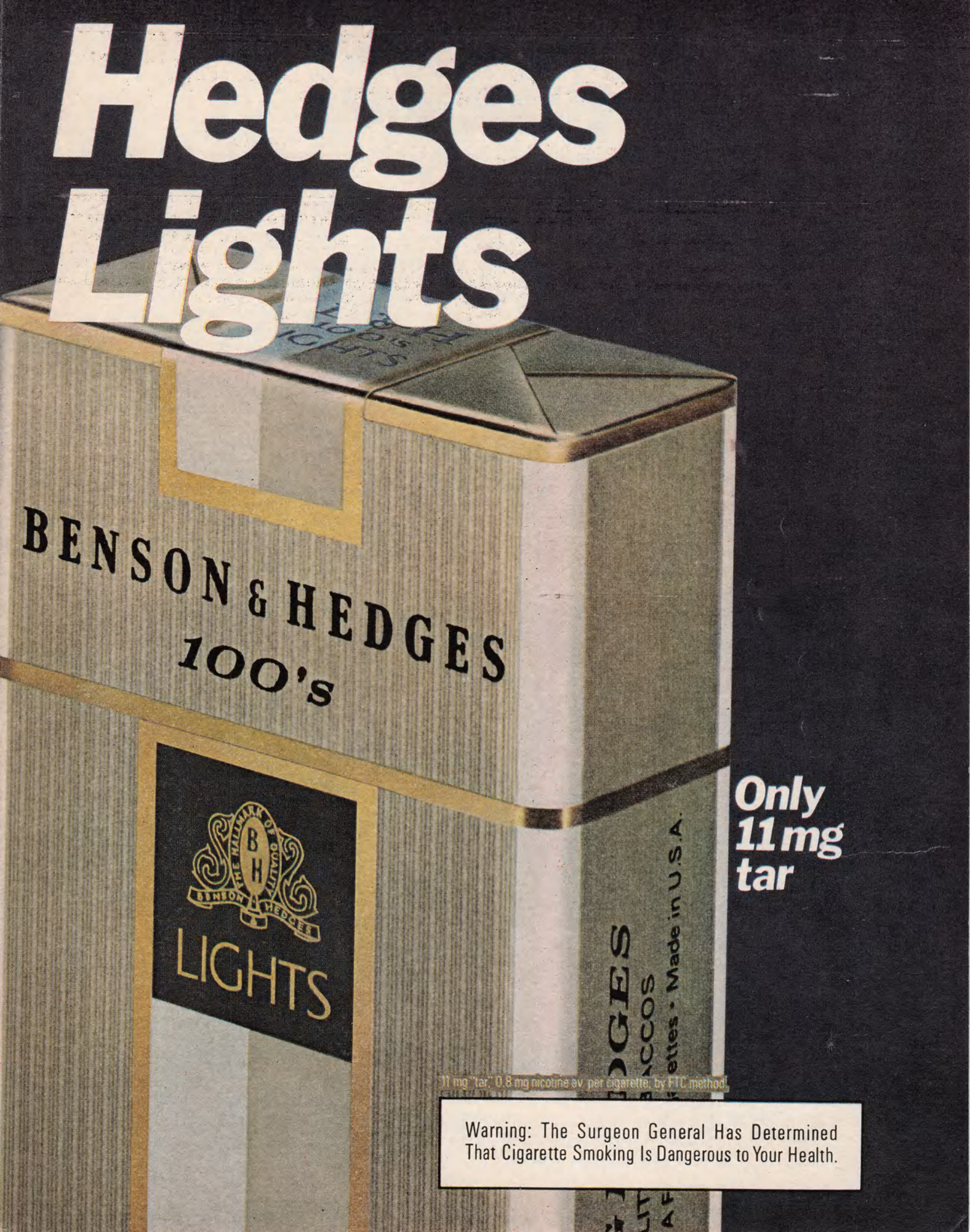
Benson &



"B&H, I like your style."

Hedges Lights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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Woodland idyll

I want to tell you about an adventure that I had last summer. It may interest some readers. I am twenty-three years old, and my girl friend is twenty-two. I found a fantastic spot out in the woods where we could enjoy screwing. The only problem is that nearby is a narrow trail used by the more adventurous motorbike riders around. One day, just when she and I were in the middle of a screwing session, I heard the sound of a motorbike coming by, but I was beyond stopping, and I came. I glanced up and saw a guy of about eighteen or nineteen slowly driving by and staring at us. I remember that he had on an orange helmet. My girl friend and I left hurriedly in case he went to the cops.

However, since we didn't hear anything for a few days and were reluctant to give up this idyllic spot, we went back on a nice, sunny day and started screwing again. Again I heard the sound of a motorbike. Glancing up, I saw the guy with the orange helmet, straddling his halted bike, watching us. Being a bit of an exhibitionist, I furiously humped my girl friend and gave him a great show. After we finished, he drove off. An idea formed in my mind that I told my girl friend, and being liberal-minded, she agreed to do it.

The next sunny day, we went there again, waited until we heard the sound of the motorbike, and started to screw. Sure enough, the guy in the orange helmet stopped to watch. This time I got up and walked over to him, my hard, wet cock pointed straight out. I told him that I was tired and that since my girl friend was still unsatisfied, I wondered if he would be so kind as to do the honors. The sight of his hard cock bulging in his jeans gave me his answer.

He got off his motorbike and pulled out his cock as he walked over to her. Still wearing his helmet, he got between her legs and began screwing her as hard as I had been. It didn't take very long before he came and pulled out of her, revealing a good-sized cock dripping with semen. Then he told us that he had come by every warm day, hoping to catch us in the act again. We told him to come by again and this time to bring along a friend.

True to his word, the next time he came along, he brought a friend with him. The three of us spent the whole afternoon taking turns screwing my girl friend, who told me that she had never been so satisfied as she was that afternoon.—*S.M., Edmonton, Canada*

Science experiment

My friends and I enjoy reading your magazine a great deal. We especially enjoy your letter section. Although some of the letters are a bit outrageous, they are always entertaining.

I attend a small college on the East Coast. My room has a perfect view of the

The frost won't bite!
Try smooth Gilbey's Gin.
In an icy-cold mixed drink, the clean, smooth flavor of Gilbey's Gin comes through, clear and satisfying.
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Smooth Gilbey's
As smooth as expensive imported gins.
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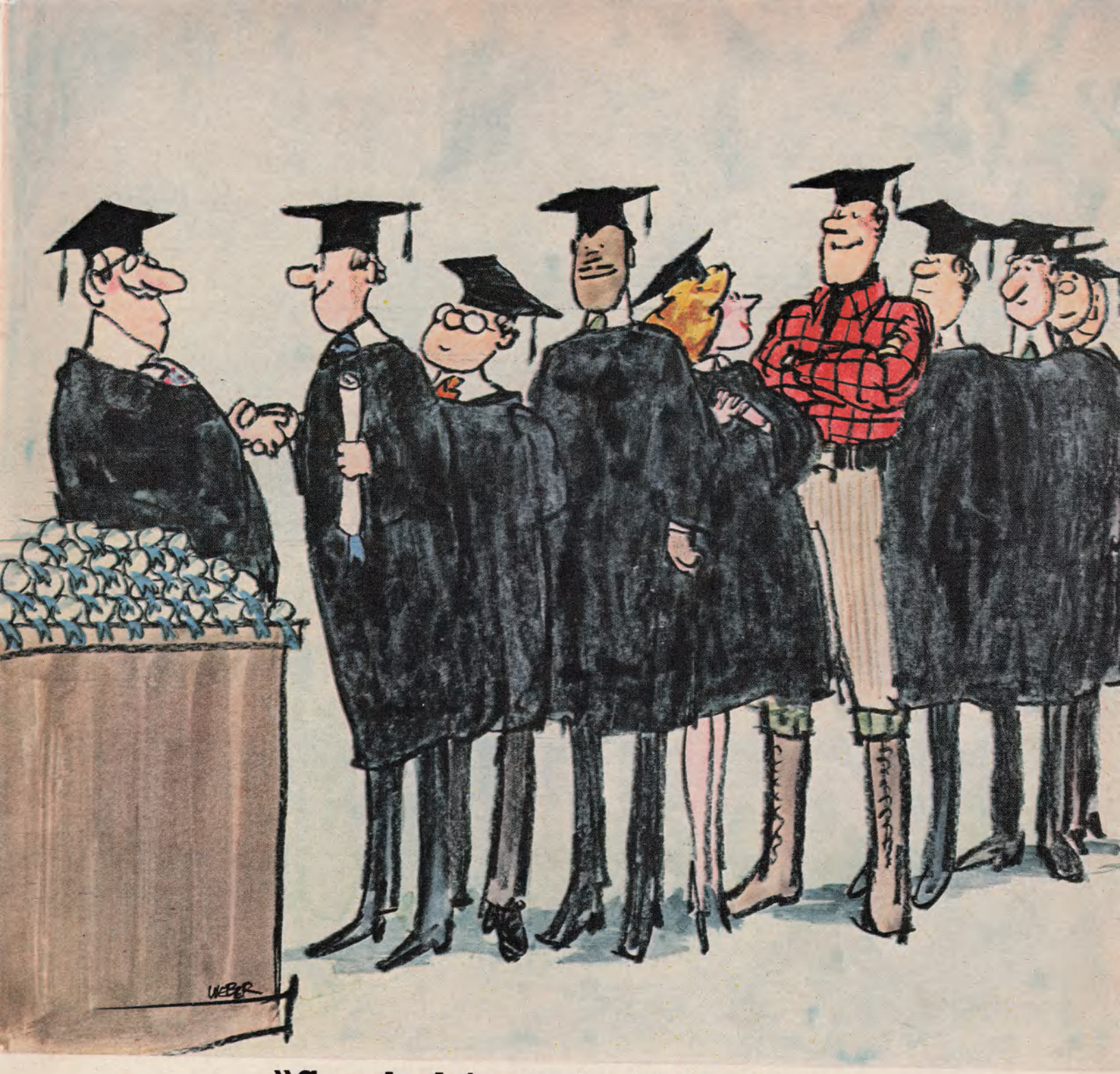

"Somebody's wearing Timberline."

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It's hard to find a $ doesn't use Maxell. Or a $100 tape de

If you spent $1000 on a tape deck, you'd be concerned with hearing every bit of sound it could produce.

That's why owners of the world's best tape decks use Maxell more than any other brand.

But if you're like most people, you don't own the best tape deck in the world and you're probably not using Maxell. And chances are, you're not hearing every bit of sound your tape deck is capable of producing.

Whatever you spent for your tape deck, it's a waste not to get the most out of it. So spend a little more and buy Maxell.

Maxell. You can think of us as expensive tape. Or the cheapest way in the world to get a better sounding system.

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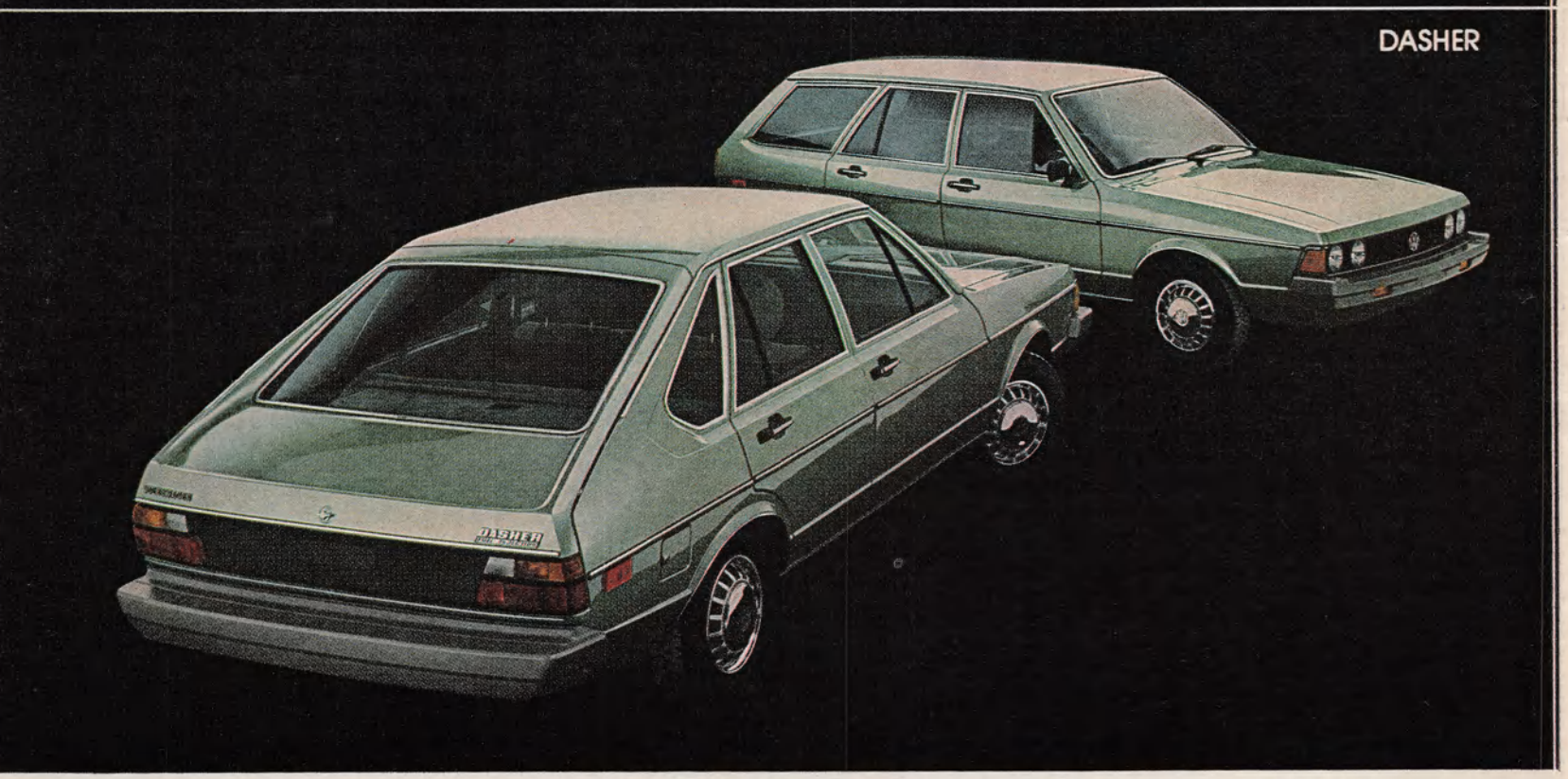
1,000 tape deck that

ck that shouldn't.

RABBIT

DASHER



VOLKSWAGEN UNCORKS THE CHAMPAGNE EDITION II.

There's nothing like champagne to give you that warm, glowing feeling inside. Especially when it's a Champagne Edition II Volkswagen.

Take our two-door and four-door Dasher Sedans. Inside you'll find crushed velour and deep, cut pile carpeting. And both our sedans and wagon

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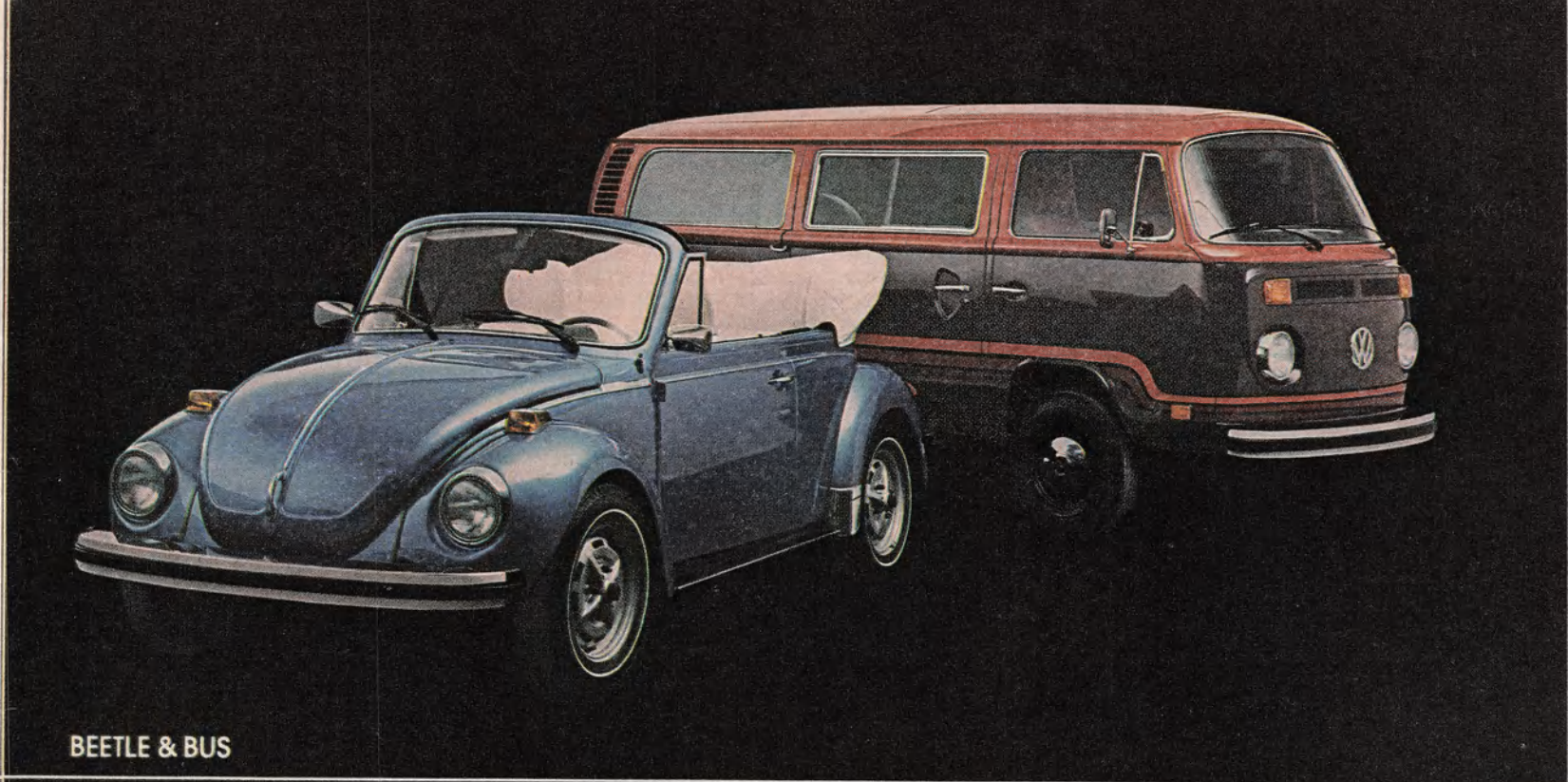
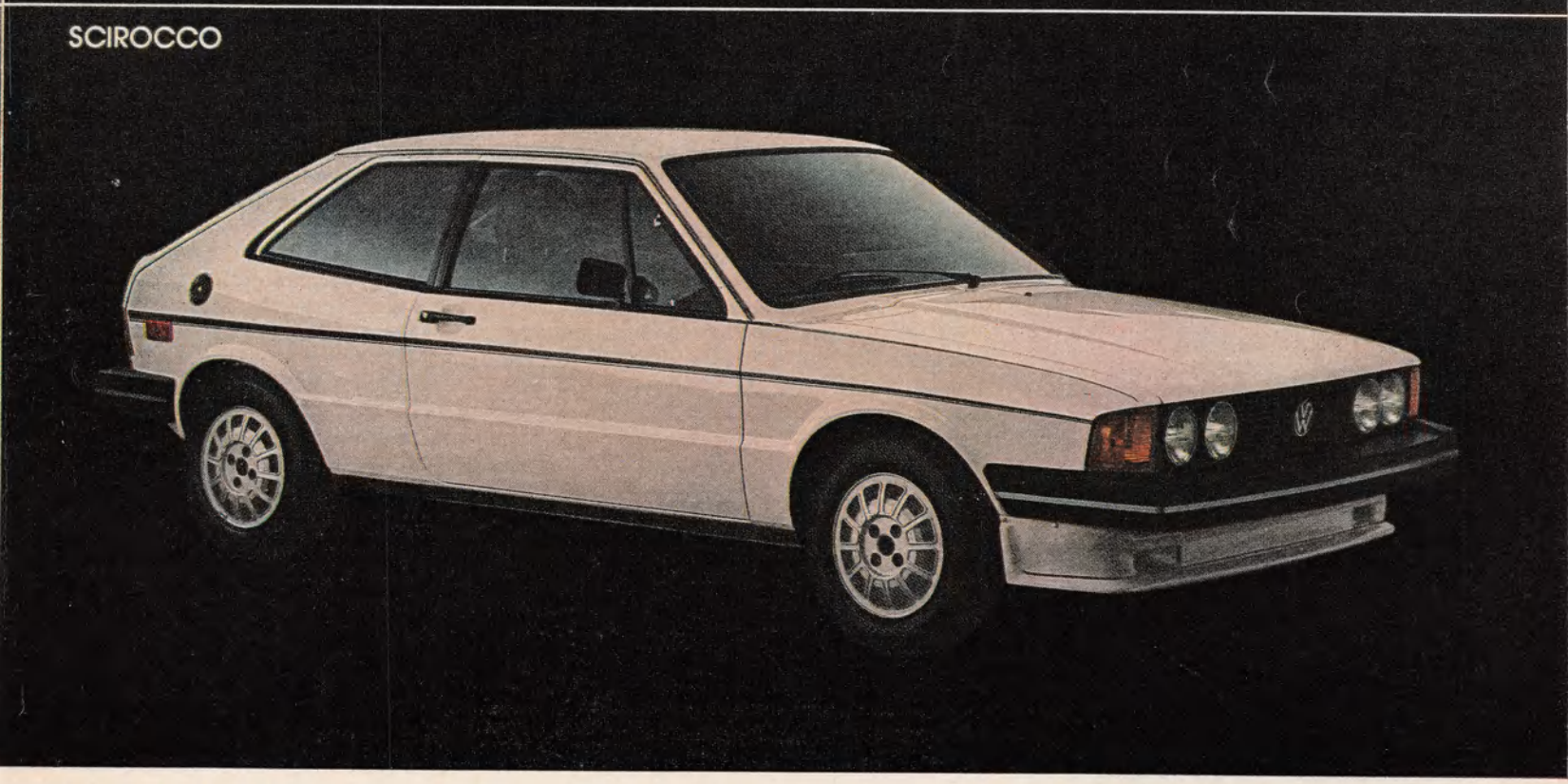


BEETLE & BUS

SCIROCCO



come in stunning metallic paint.

For people who travel in fast circles there's our Scirocco sports car, decked out with a front spoiler, sport bucket seats and elegant black trim.

If you're looking for something to go with your mink, try a Rabbit. It's dressed in silver-green or rose metallic paint, with velvety seats and plush carpeting everywhere you look.

There's even a Champagne Bus, and a dazzling metallic Beetle Convertible upholstered in white leatherette.

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the limited Champagne Edition II

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JUNE

science building, one of the top lovemaking places on campus. One night, two of my friends and I were just sitting around playing backgammon, when I went to the window to get some ice for our drinks. I saw a dim light on in the science building, a rare thing on a Wednesday night at 11:30. I quickly grabbed my binoculars and called my friends, Nick and Roy, over to the window. What I saw caused my cock to rise to an enormous erection. Through the binoculars I could see the silhouette of two women having a lovemaking session. As all of us frantically rushed out of the room, I saw Roy grab some pot on his way.

As we neared the science room, we could hear their prick-arousing moans and groans. I approached the door and edged it open, and to our amazement and delight, there were, not two, but three girls lying on the floor making violent love! We stood there, not knowing what to do. All of a sudden, one of the girls noticed us. She stopped what she was doing and motioned Nick to come over to her. Not hesitating in the least, he moved toward her. She bent over and unzipped his pants. Nick moaned as she engulfed his throbbing cock. I turned off the lights while Roy pulled down the shades. As soon as he did this, I saw a girl grab Roy and they immediately assumed a sixty-nine position. I searched for the remaining girl in the darkness, hearing the stimulating moans of Nick and Roy with their partners. Suddenly, I felt a hand grab my cock through my pants. She unzipped them and began to give me an indescribable blowjob. She brought me to an incredible climax. We switched positions and began to fuck with tremendous passion. While we were resting, I noticed a small red glow in the corner where Roy and Nick were smoking a joint. We soon joined them, and later all six of us had a furious lovemaking session. It pays to be vigilant!—*Name and address withheld*

Cinderella story

Working in a New York City store isn't the most exciting occupation imaginable, but it definitely has its moments. On a recent Sunday, while the city was buried in snow, I was working alone. It was certainly not a day for shoes shopping, but about a half hour after opening up, someone did come in. She was well bundled, but the beauty of her face was evident. Unwrapping herself, she revealed a very fine body (she was about thirty years old) scantily clad in a summer-style white skirt, an extremely low-cut halter top, and, as it turned out, very little else.

She wasn't particular about what she tried on, and it didn't take long for me to realize that she didn't come in to buy shoes. She offered to put on the shoes herself and, leaning over, exposed two not overly large but youthful and firm breasts with wonderful curves and protuberant nipples.

Standing in front of the mirror, she asked if I might retie her back strap, so as to loosen it somewhat. When she leaned over, the halter billowed open completely, and I could just kneel there and admire those precious breasts from all angles. She let me lace up a pair of leather boots that had caught her eye, but my own eyes were well aware that while reclining there, she was massaging one of her breasts. Just as I finished with the boots, she suddenly lifted the halter and, looking concerned, examined her breast intently.

"Do you see anything funny? I feel some lumps. I never felt them before."

"Where do you feel them?" I asked.

"Here, on the underside, and right here," she said, indicating a point right next to the nipple. "Look closer. Here. See if you feel them."

As I did so, trying to control my amazement and excitement, she began to examine the other breast and then asked me to try to determine whether they felt the same and whether she might be imagining the lumps.

Have you got the image? Luckily, no other customers had come in. I was in the process of making a thorough examination—tactile and visual—when she moved her hands down, pulled the skirt out of the way, and began to massage herself. I now had indisputable evidence; there was no chance that she was just another uninhibited woman. I said that my mouth was much more sensitive than my hands, and that it would be better able to detect a lump than my hands would. She smiled and egged me on. Both of my hands were at work now, one here and one there as needed.

The little bell over the door brought me back to consciousness. The new customer saw nothing to her liking and left quickly. By this time, my friend was standing sideways in front of the mirror, her legs spread wide apart. She asked me to check the fit around the heels, and as I knelt there, she suddenly bent straight over. I found myself taking in an incomparable picture: her smiling face upside-down, her fantastic breasts, and her juicy garden, only inches from my face.

"How's the view from the back?" she said, giggling, as she placed my hands on her breasts, pulling my lips flat against her labia at the same time. I did not waste the opportunity. She wriggled and writhed but maintained that stance.

After some time, we both began to lose control, and we knew what had to happen next. I retained enough composure to race to the door and lock it. She was jumping up and down in anticipation. I couldn't believe it!

She took command, with my blessings. She unzipped me and began to suck, but not for long; she was too eager to be fucked. With her back toward me, she lifted her skirt and mounted me. I just settled into a firm stance, and she went wild. Occasionally, as I leaned backward, she was actually in the air for what must have been minutes at a time. Finally, I fell back into a chair, but she lost no momentum. She used the arms of the chair to help propel herself up and down. I came, and she quickly brought me back to life. And we went on and on, standing up and never stopping.

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I don't know how many people saw us from the street; at least no one called the police. When she left—promising to return—it was time to close the shop. There were no sales that day, but it was well worth it.—*B.R., New York, N.Y.*

Birthday suited

I've always been told that college life helps peoples' sex lives. I'm a student at a midwestern college and have had sex only once since I began my freshman year. When I attended high school, my senior year was filled with sex, namely with young women who were eager to learn, as I was, about sexual variations. I was eighteen and very uninhibited.

I want to relate one experience I had during my kinky kick. My girl friend, whom I'll call Sue, knew of my fantasy: to have sex with a group of friends, in other words, an orgy, of sorts. Well, my birthday was coming up, and Sue said that she had a surprise for me. Needless to say, I was very excited. The surprise was the best "party" I've ever seen.

The evening started out nicely enough; Sue and I went to a motel, where we were to have an evening of fun together, which I thought was to be her present to me. But I was sure wrong. We went to the room, and when we entered, ten of my friends (five female and five male) jumped out and yelled, "Surprise!" We all sat around smoking a few joints and having a good time just being together. I was perfectly content just to sit there and enjoy their company.

After about an hour of talking and smoking, Sue took me into the bedroom and seductively took her clothes off and then mine. I was worried about what my friends would say if they came in and saw us in all our glory, but Sue told me not to worry about it. She then went over to the door, opened it, and told all ten of my now-naked friends to come in. Everybody piled on the bed for an hour and a half of splendid sex, with me as the guest of honor. I was never so happy in my life.

Later I thanked Sue, who said that it had been her birthday present to me. And what a present it was.

To all those anxious people I want to say: Let someone you know in on your fantasies. Someday they may come true, with a little help from your friends.—*Name and address withheld*

Unassigned research

I am a senior at a small midwestern college. I have to confess that my sex life has been fairly limited until recently. One Thursday night I sat in my dorm room, reading *Penthouse*. While casually stroking my cock, I heard excited giggles from outside my open window. After my initial embarrassment, I noticed that two girls were watching my little show. They were members of my human sexuality class. Naturally, I invited them in for some lab work. In no time we were all naked and at it.

I have always thought that Debbie had the nicest tits to be seen on campus. Her globular mounds of delight looked even better than I had ever dreamed. One look at her nest of love, and my schlong was as erect as a flagpole. We wasted no time and soon found ourselves in a sixty-nine. Debbie's tongue ran the length of my rock-hard shaft while her fingers titillated my balls. Slowly and steadily, I inserted my tongue into her hot love passage.

All the time, Kathy (every bit as beautiful) sat on the other bed, moaning and nervously fingering her clit. She practically attacked my roommate when he came back from his tennis match. Bob's clothes were off in no time, and he and Kathy were soon fucking frantically.

At the point when I was sure Debbie was ready to come, I withdrew my tongue and replaced it with my throbbing cock. I thought I was in heaven as her fleshy folds enveloped my long organ. I started with long, slow strokes but could hold my passion no longer and began pumping at a frenzied pace. Her long legs seemed to draw me to deeper depths as her fingernails dug the skin at the base of my back. Our inescapable orgasm was drawing ever closer, and Debbie moaned that she could take no more. A flood of hot semen shot on her beautiful tits as I extracted my tool from her torrid tunnel.

Debbie and I fingered each other. Then we watched Kathy's tits jiggle as she bounced up and down on Bob's cock. Later that night we switched partners and had a repeat performance. The four of us did human sexuality homework many more times that semester. Needless to say, it was our favorite subject.—*Name and address withheld*

Sapphic satisfaction

As a bisexual woman in my twenties, I was very much interested in the pretty young woman who moved into the apartment across from mine. While she was moving in, we met in the hall and I invited her in for coffee. We talked, and as she was leaving, I gave her a little pat on her ass. I told her that anytime she was lonely, she should come on over. She said good-bye and left. I thought I had scared her away because I didn't hear from her for about a week and a half.

She then telephoned on a Sunday night, and I invited her over. I took a warm bath and put on a tight T-shirt, which held my breasts firmly in place and made my constantly erect nipples stand out. I found an old pair of jeans, pantyless of course, and slid them on. When she came over, I offered her a choice of a drink or some grass, and we both chose the grass. After smoking for a while, I noticed that she was getting pretty blitzed. She said that she didn't smoke all that much; so when she did, the effect really hit her. I went over to the couch where she was sitting and began stroking her long blonde hair. It was delightful. She seemed to enjoy it and leaned against me. I

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Bonnie and Clyde led us on a wild chase to the site of their last known hideout.

Nearby we hid a case of Canadian Club.

Bonnie and Clyde cut up for a gang member's camera.

It had been 44 years since Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow sped through this northern Louisiana wilderness on their last run from the law. Tracking their legend even now is a wild and wooly chase over lonesome red clay roads which run deep in tangled pine forests.

We met folks who'd seen them.
Finally our search led to where an old squatter's cabin had once stood. Bonnie and Clyde were known to have holed up here in their last days, and local folks told us they'd seen the two lurking hereabout back in '34. So having found the long-lost hideout, we trekked into the brush and buried a case of Canadian Club.

Start at "the end of the trail."
To find that C.C., pack maps, compass and shovel, and start your trail exactly where Bonnie and Clyde's ended. (Ask someone in Gibsland, La. where that is.) Find the road they took to their fateful rendezvous with the law – and head in the opposite direction, all the way to the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

Members of the original Bonnie and Clyde posse.

Look for a warning.
Two hard left turns and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

We hope you brought some ice and glasses, for within that triangle, just a foot down, lie 12 bottles of the world's finest tasting whisky. When you reach the C.C., raise a glass to Texas Ranger Frank Hamer who cleared these woods of the likes of Bonnie and Clyde. And if the rigors of the hunt seem too great, you can find the makings for the toast at your favorite tavern or package store by simply saying, "C.C., please."

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was getting hot, and I could feel my jeans getting wet. I turned her face toward mine and kissed her full on the lips, burying my tongue in her mouth. After the kiss, she told me that she had never had sex with another woman before, but that she would probably like it and had been curious about it for years.

At this point we proceeded to my bedroom. I unbuttoned her blouse and took it off. She wasn't wearing a bra. Her breasts were small but very round and sexy, and the nipples were erect and quite large. We then took off each other's jeans and lay on the bed. I began caressing her right tit as I sucked her left nipple. She fingered me and seemed at home with my cunt, despite the fact that she was new at this activity. We kissed each other's mouth and cunt many times throughout the night, and finally we collapsed into each other's arms and had a good night's sleep. Since that night we've gotten together about three nights a week for some good loving. In fact, I find making it with women much more enjoyable than making it with men, so much so that I haven't had one of their snaillike cocks in me for about two years.—*Name and address withheld*

Fond farewell

I am presently attending a major university in Los Angeles. At the beginning of the fall semester, I was looking forward to another lackluster year—until I met my present girl friend. We had a great time all semester. Although we attended different schools, I could go to her apartment on the weekend and we would satisfy our every sexual need.

The semester came to a close, and, unfortunately, I was going to enroll in a program of studies in Washington, D.C. We knew that we would not be seeing each other for at least four months, and we anticipated being exceedingly horny in the interim.

She drove me to the airport on the night that I was to leave. She didn't say a word all the way to the airport. She parked the car and helped me take my bags to the ticket counter. After I purchased my ticket, we went back to her car to say our final goodbyes in private.

While we were in the car, she flippantly remarked that she would like to make love one more time before I left. The problem was that there were only thirty minutes left before my plane was to take off. I said that I would like to, but that there were too many people around and not much time. She wasted no time in moving the car to a more secluded part of the airport, right by some railroad tracks.

We hurriedly tore our clothes off and finally found a somewhat comfortable position in her small car. As I removed her clothes, I noticed her underwear was already soaked from excitement. I slowly entered her hot, juicy pussy, oblivious of all else. In the midst of all of this, she kept reminding me to check to see that no cars were coming. There weren't any cars, just a train a ways down the track. I pumped for all I was worth, and we climaxed as the train roared past. I could see the engineer's expression on his face, indicating that he had enjoyed watching our antics.—*M.S., Springfield, Mo.*

Snow games

If you have ever heard the adage that Philadelphia closes on Sunday and believed it, reconsider. Last Sunday my lover of four years and I had just finished gorging ourselves on a lobster dinner when we decided to walk the meal off.

It was about ten o'clock, and it had just started snowing; so not many people were about. We headed toward city hall, then beyond to an empty fountain. We decided to rest for a moment. The snow was beginning to accumulate in the fountain, and I jumped into it and started running around. I bet Steve that I could beat him in a race around the perimeter. He agreed, and we bet our shoes and socks on it. He lost, and off came his shoes and socks. Then we did it again, this time wagering our jeans. Since his feet were bare, he lost again.

Down went his jeans, and up went his beautiful cock. The sight of it with the snow coming down on it was too much for me. I started sucking him so fast that he came only seconds later. He let out a yell and said, "Baby, you've got to try this!" He then proceeded to strip me completely and carried me over to a low wall.

Suddenly, his tongue was in so many places at one time that it felt as if there were nine or ten tongues down there! This sensation intensified by that of the snow under my ass was the height of pleasure. As soon as one orgasm began to subside, another followed. I don't know how many there were, honestly. I couldn't wait any longer to have my lover's huge cock inside me. He knew this and immediately filled me entirely. I was so wet that I could hear loud, slushy sounds above our moans. I wanted to feel him inside me forever, but I knew the buildup couldn't last much longer. He was panting too hard, and I was beginning to tighten my walls around him even more. Then we came together for what seemed like five minutes. I could have passed out right there if it weren't for the horns honking and the applause.—*Name and address withheld*

Dress-shop romp

During a recent vacation to Boston, my girl friend and I decided to go on a shopping spree. We had heard of a certain retail store with basement sales that are out of this world. We browsed around, looking for dresses to her taste, and picked a few out for her to try on. These sales are so good that the store is always crowded. Much to our surprise, women were trying on dresses right in the aisles because the lines in front of the two dressing rooms were too long.

"I've heard of staying a long time on the pot, but this guy takes the cake."

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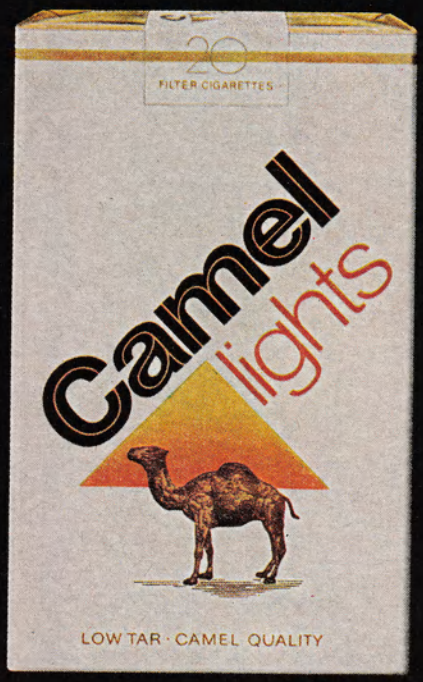

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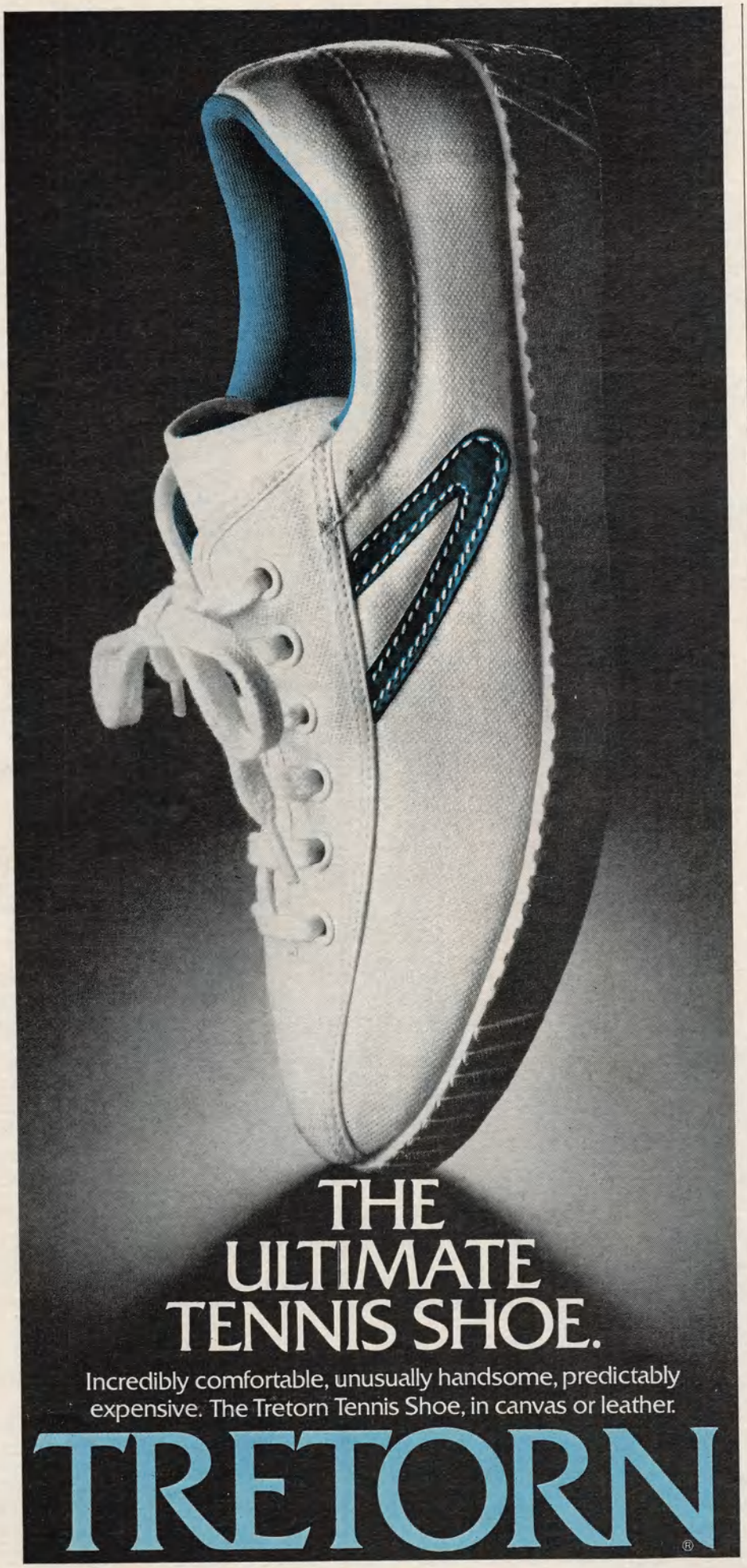

Being somewhat inhibited, my girl friend went to wait for a dressing room. I've always hated standing around in women's dress shops; so I told her that I'd meet her outside when she was done. As I was making my way back through the aisles, I noticed a gorgeous blonde who was having trouble unzipping her dress. When she saw me, she smiled and asked if I would give her a hand. As I began to run the zipper down her back, I saw that she was wearing nothing underneath, and as she slowly turned toward me, she let the dress slip off her shoulders and onto the floor, revealing the most inviting body I've ever seen. Immediately, my cock started to rise. She pressed her beautiful body against mine and began to run her hand across the inside of my thigh, working her way slowly up my rigid rod. Feeling my hardness, she undid my jeans and let them fall to the floor, and she dropped to her knees at the same time. She took a good part of my rock-hard cock into her mouth and with her beautifully wet lips began to suck and stroke it very slowly at first and then increased her speed.

Feeling me start to buck and jerk to her rhythm, she withdrew her succulent mouth from my glistening shaft, only to lie back beneath a rack of clothing. With no hesitation at all, I joined her on the floor, parting her thighs and finding her waiting pussy. I paused only for a moment to relish the exquisite aroma wafting from her cunt. This delight pulled my nose and mouth closer to her like a magnet till I was buried in her bush. I lapped at her hole, driving her to an uncontrollable frenzy. Stopping only to catch her breath, she grabbed my pulsing rod and pulled me into her with one stroke. Feeling her moist lips around my cock drove me to a pounding rhythm, which immediately sent us to a fireworks climax and left us both lying there exhausted.

As soon as I had caught my breath and had come to my senses, I kissed her, dressed, and casually walked away and back to my girl friend. What a shopping spree!—*Name and address withheld*

Trailer visit

One Friday night about a month ago, my friends and I were sitting around my trailer, trying to think of something to do for action. At 7:30 Jeff and I decided to stick around and have a few more beers while Paul and Lee left for a disco in a nearby town. Am I ever glad that we did, because at 8:00 a knock sounded on my door. When I opened it, I could hardly believe my eyes! There stood two really great-looking women. Janice, the taller of the two, had long black hair that cascaded down to a very small, shapely ass. Her tits were not large, but since she had no bra on her nipples were easy to see. The other girl, Sue, was shorter, but her ample chest more than made up for that. Blonde hair surrounded her cute, round face, and those huge tits made her irresistible.

They said that their car had had a flat tire, and they wondered if they could use my

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phone. I explained that we could fix their car since we weren't doing anything anyway, and, more to the point, I didn't want these two beauties to leave just yet. After we changed the tire on their car, we asked them in for a drink, which they said they could use. As we sat and talked, Sue picked up a *Penthouse*, and our conversation soon turned to sex. About six drinks later we were all pretty messed up, and that's when Janice asked to see the rest of my trailer. When we got to my bedroom, she said that this was the room she had really wanted to see. She then wrapped her arms around me and gave me a kiss that I'll not soon forget. Her tongue moved so quickly in and out of my mouth that I thought I was in heaven. We fell on the bed, and I was soon exploring her slim, firm body with my trembling hands. After about five minutes of this, she stood up and undressed herself very slowly in front of me, all the while giggling.

When the last piece of clothing dropped, my eyes feasted on the sexiest body I've ever seen. She must have been vacationing in the South recently, because she was tan and the white skin which had been covered by her bikini accented the beauty of her firm tits and the very dense, black bush between those long, tan legs. She reached for my cock, which was almost ripping the crotch of my jeans out, and slowly stroked it through the heavy material. I couldn't stand it anymore; so I jumped up and pulled off my clothes, and we climbed into bed. I wanted to fuck her then, but she had other ideas.

She slowly kissed my neck, her tongue constantly moving. Gradually she moved down my body until she reached my stiff rod. She played with it for a while, just licking the shaft up one side and down the other, driving me wild. When she finally took it in her mouth, she did so all the way. I'd never felt anything like it before in my life, and in no time at all I had an orgasm like none before.

I was still catching my breath when she slid herself around and spread her legs over my face. I parted her cunt with my fingers and licked and sucked her wet, hot box till she had a terrific orgasm all over my face. By this time my cock was hard again, and she could hardly wait to get its length inside her. Her cunt was so soft and wet that I soon felt the first tremors of another orgasm building inside.

We fucked slowly at first, but her grinding hips made it impossible to continue at that pace for long. As I moved my cock in and out of her hot cunt at a fast pace, I sucked and kissed her neck, which brought her to a climax that seemed to go on for a couple of minutes. A few pumps later I came inside her soaked pussy. Exhausted, we lay in each other's arms till we got our strength and breath back and then dressed and went back to Jeff and Sue, who had just finished a session of their own.

They left after another drink, but not before giving us their phone numbers and addresses. We've seen them twice since then, and Paul and Lee still don't believe what went on that night.—*Name and address withheld*

Voyeur's bonanza

I'm a nineteen-year-old woman and an avid reader of your magazine. My bisexual tendencies draw me especially to your photo layouts of women who are erotically involved with their own and each other's beautiful bodies. I get extremely turned on by your pictorials of pretty, youthful women sensually appreciating the look and feel of their breasts, asses, thighs, and cunts. Being not at all inhibited about seeing to my own needs, I can smoke some dope, strip off my clothes, and masturbate for hours while looking over my favorite issues of *Penthouse*. But because I had never been exposed to it, either in your pages or in my own experience, I never thought that seeing a man masturbating could be erotic. Such activity always conjured up for me images of fast, dispassionate manipulation and abrupt release. A few months ago I learned otherwise.

From the kitchen window of my upstairs apartment I can see, across a porch and through a sliding glass door, into the next-door bedroom. One afternoon my neighbor, a tall and handsome blonde man of about twenty-five, came up his back steps and into his bedroom, leaving the sliding door open. He went to his desk, rolled and lit a joint, stood up, and began to undress. When he slipped his pants off, his very lovely and very large cock literally sprang into view. It was semierect and, in long, rhythmic throbs, was growing even bigger. Thinking of my own private ritual, I was getting excited about what I might be in for.

When he sat down, stretching out at his desk chair, his huge cock was fully erect, standing stiffly and enormously above his large balls and flat, muscular stomach. I was breathless with awe and arousal, for I'd never before seen a spectacle like this. His cock must have measured more than ten inches and looked to be as thick as my forearm. After taking a few more tokes, he began to enjoy himself in a wonderfully luxurious way. What he did with his penis for the next half hour had nothing to do with what I had imagined "beating off" to be.

He slowly traced his fingertips up and down the long, hard shaft, caressed and squeezed his huge balls, and with thumb and forefinger rubbed big stray drops of semen around the swollen head until it glistened. I was entranced by this performance and could hardly believe that it was taking place only twelve or fifteen feet from my window. A fire of passion was burning between my legs, raging for attention. My fingers were instinctively drawn to the agitation below, but my eyes remained focused on my neighbor's activity across the way.

Several times he bent over and, with surprising ease, licked and sucked at his tre-

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mendous prick. He took not only the head—an immense mouthful in itself—but also three or four inches of his prodigious shaft into his mouth. Each time he lingered there as if savoring the turgid flesh. The last time he lifted his head and turned to look directly at my window. Our eyes met, and I must have blushed a deep crimson, having been caught gawking so shamelessly. But the quivering turmoil he had aroused would not let me look away. A convulsive heat wave, originating in my palpitating clit, overwhelmed my body. When my neighbor's gaze returned to the original object of his attention and mine, his hands went back to work even more languorously and self-indulgently. I became all the more excited by the unbelievable brashness of his decision to resume where he had left off, knowing full well that I was watching every moment of his display. Reality and fantasy then merged for me, and, watching him relish his powerful symbol of sexuality, I imagined the feel and taste of that same magnificent penis.

Finally, he took a bottle from his desk and spread a thick, shiny oil all over his stomach, thighs, balls, and straining cock. He rubbed his oily, sinewy body with broad, circular caresses and then, grasping his penis with both hands, began a slow, rhythmic stroking. There was room for two more hands on his long shaft, and I fantasized the sensation of my hands joining his, wrapped around the warm, throbbing meat. Propelled by the pumping of his hips, his rigid prick was sliding up and down through his hands like a piston. At one point, he slid a hand down between his legs, and the middle finger disappeared completely into his ass.

When he finally began to come, the sight was incredible. His cock swelled to even greater dimensions, and I could sense the beginning of the eruption about to move up that tall, thick column. He cupped one hand over the top, catching the spurting semen and smearing it down the length of his exploding dick. His orgasm must have lasted a full minute, and the come was everywhere: all over his stomach and thighs and trickling off his balls. Even when he was through coming, he continued to squeeze and fondle himself gently until his slippery erection had subsided. With his giant penis lying languidly across his thigh in a beautiful arc, he settled back and just smiled serenely.

I was in a terrible state of need. All the while my own hand had been busy underneath my sopping panties, but I had been merely playing, and now my cunt required more serious attention. Stumbling to the bedroom, tearing off the rest of my clothes, I gave all my energy to finishing myself off—several times, in fact, so great was the excitement he'd inspired.

I could never have imagined how turned on I could get by the sight of a man jerking off. My education was extraordinarily exciting. Now I know that I must some day seduce that man. That stupendous cock is currently the primary object of my desire.

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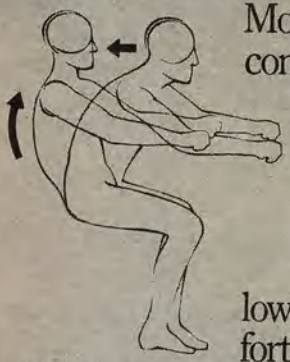

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Its image sustains me through countless orgasms while I masturbate. I fantasize about the feel of it throbbing in my mouth and throat, pounding into my cunt, and even in my ass. I can't wait to have my chance.—*Name and address withheld*

Home delivery

The other night, while I was extremely stoned and up in orbit, I got a violent case of the munchies. So my college roommate and I called the local hero joint in town and ordered two sausage heroes to be sent up to the dorm immediately.

Almost forgetting about the order, we went to the TV lounge and began to fall asleep. We then heard a soft knock on our door across the hall. Quite to our surprise, the delivery person was a girl named Rachel, whom I knew from one of my classes. I had never really noticed her body until I saw her that night. While I was counting out the change, I noticed that she was rubbing the hero up and down her thigh. As I went to pay her, she told me that all she wanted was to see my cock. On hearing this, my nine-inch rod sprang to its fullness. She took it out of my pants and licked and sucked it until I let loose with a load that I couldn't believe.

As she was finishing me off, my roommate walked into the room. She turned to him and went through the same wonderful procedure as before. While she sucked my roommate off, I slipped under her wet pussy and ate that luscious cunt for close to ten minutes. My roommate came at the same time Rachel reached an orgasm that made her body shudder in ecstasy. When she begged me to fuck her, I slid my cock into her soft snatch and began to pump. My roommate just stood and watched, amused, as we thrashed around on the floor. After fucking her twice, I took a breather and let my roommate have a twirl. They fucked passionately for an unexpectedly long time.

We never did see Rachel again, although we frequently order heroes from the same store in hopes that we might find her.—*Name and address withheld*

No fear of trying

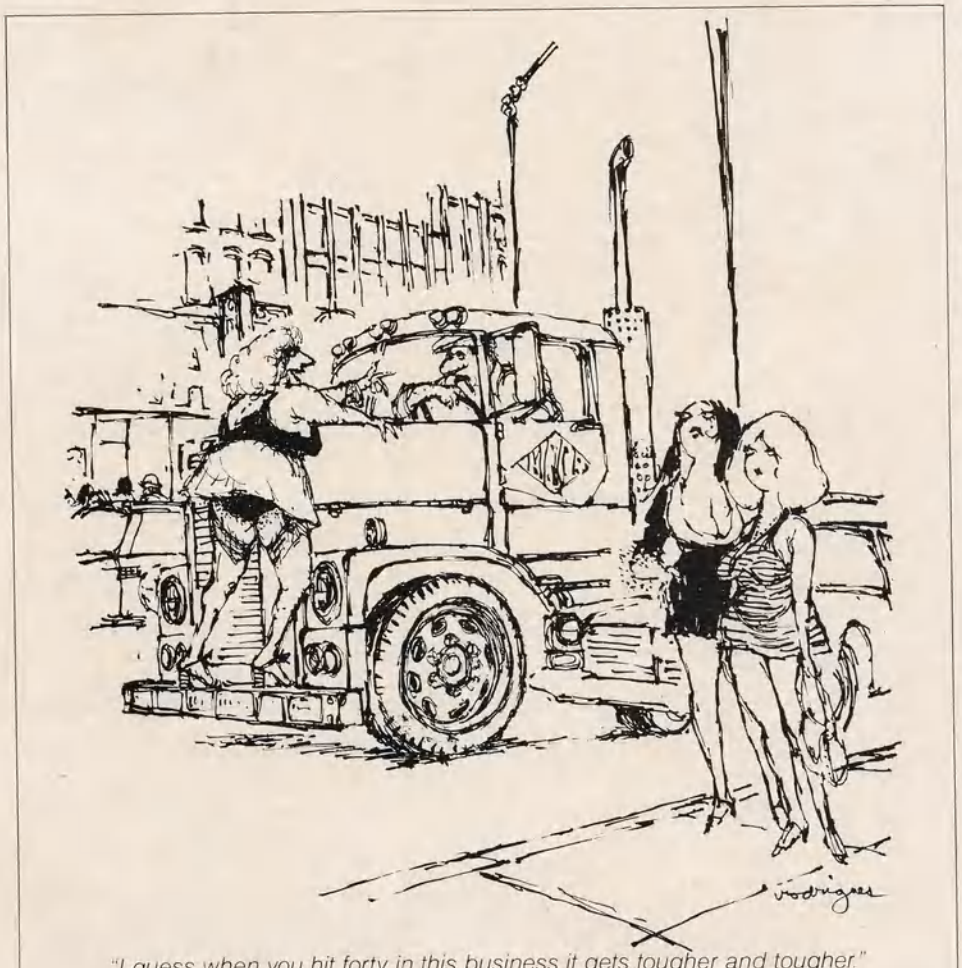
I have to laugh at today's young people, who think that they invented the zipless fuck. Mine happened in 1954. I was twenty-eight, recently divorced, and had taken a train to California in order to roam the country and get away from things for a while. I had a private compartment, which I stayed in for most of the trip, because I still wasn't comfortable with people. The only person I was in contact with during the entire trip was a young porter named Bill, who served me my meals.

On the last night of the trip, I had fallen into a deep sleep when I heard a knocking at my compartment door. It opened, and there stood Bill, holding my dinner tray. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome black with a firm jaw and narrow hips. I could feel his eyes undressing me as I stood there in only my satin robe. Strangely, his interest aroused me. I could feel my nipples stiffen against the cool satin material, and my cunt was throbbing. With my ex-husband sex had been so unexciting that I assumed I was frigid. Feeling the juices flowing in my cunt, I wondered if a go with Bill would be different. My Jewish mother had given me so many hangups that I couldn't even think of seducing a goy much less a young black stud.

Bill entered the compartment and put the tray on the table. I'm sure that he would have left without anything happening if the train hadn't suddenly lurched, sending me into his arms. Without speaking, he placed one hand on the small of my back, and the other cupped one cheek of my ass. He slowly lowered his body until he was on his knees and his tongue was darting back and forth, searching for the entrance to my steaming pussy. His gentle tongue probed my clit, driving me wild with desire. I undid the sash of my robe, letting it slide to the floor, and exposing my heaving breasts and quivering thighs. Though I begged him to fuck me, he continued his sucking until I thought that I would die. Then he stood up, silently unzipped his pants, and let them drop to his ankles. While kicking them away, he directed my mouth to his huge, glistening cock. I sucked on his sweet meat until my jaws felt as if they would fall off. Sensing that he was ready to come, I stood up, put my arms around his massive shoulders, wrapped my thighs around his strong back, and rode him until he shot his hot sperm up into me, triggering yet another orgasm of my own. He then carried me over to the bed, gently kissed my breasts, and covered me with the robe. He picked up his pants, dressed, and left the compartment.

I had never appreciated the value of sex before this experience. After having faked orgasms for so many years, I now found myself close to tears. In the space of only a half hour Bill had managed to rekindle that part of me that five years of marriage had deadened.

I saw Bill once more as I got off the train in California. He smiled and said, "Thank you." I didn't thank him then, but I'd like to thank him now.—*Name and address withheld*



"I guess when you hit forty in this business it gets tougher and tougher."

A date with eight

Two years ago, when I was nineteen, I experienced something that I've been wanting to tell about ever since.

One Saturday night I went to a bar in a local hotel here in Orlando with a girl friend just to have a few drinks and maybe to meet some guys. I met a nice-looking guy named Mark, and after a few dances he said that he was staying at the hotel. He invited me to his room to smoke a few tokes. So I left my friend with someone else and went up.

After we were there about ten minutes someone knocked on the door, and three of his friends came in. They were all good-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 199

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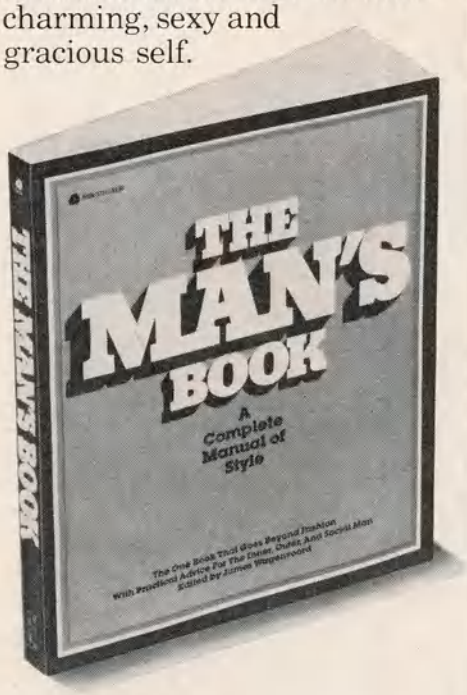

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

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Cartergate and the farmer

Thank you, *Penthouse*, for printing Craig S. Karpel's series "Cartergate." I only wish that these articles would be read by every American. Perhaps then people would wake up to what is happening in our country and realize that if something isn't done, our country will no longer be a democracy.

I have become acutely aware of our country's political and economic plight since I became involved in American Agriculture. Perhaps some of your readers would like to know a little about the American Agriculture Movement and why it was formed.

The reason is very simple: a great number of American farmers and ranchers are going broke, because they do not receive enough money for their products even to cover the cost of production, much less make a profit. *No* industry can continue to operate over a period of years, as the farmer has, under these conditions. Yet in 1977 our government gave us a farm bill that would only have driven us further into economic depression. We had no choice but to band together and call a farm strike. Thus American Agriculture was born.

The American consumers must be made to realize that in order to have a sound economy, the man producing their food has to be kept in business. Every dollar that the American farmer spends is turned back through our economy seven times. If the farmer doesn't have it to spend, a condition such as we have now (economic recession, a falling stock market, a sagging auto industry, etc.) results. The farmer is one of the largest purchasers of steel, automobiles (including trucks and pickups), petroleum, chemicals, and rubber. You see, he is also a consumer—a large one. His spending creates thousands of jobs in many different industries, and if he doesn't have money to spend, the rest of the nation suffers.

There will always be food, for someone will farm the land. The question is, Who? Will it remain the "family farm," where it has been proved that food is produced as cheaply as it can possibly be produced? Or will multinational corporations and foreign investors control our farmland? Right now they are gobbling it up at an alarming rate.

If the latter should happen, consumers of America, be prepared to spend from fifty to eighty cents of each dollar you earn for food, instead of the seventeen cents you are now spending!

Farmers are not asking for a government handout; they want parity law. Giving the farmer loans that have to be paid back plus interest is said to be a fair deal for his production. It is, in fact, unbelievable and could be eliminated if farmers received a fair price at the marketplace.

I am a farm wife and have five children, and I hope and pray that, for their sake, the farmland stays in the hands of the "family farmer," because if it should ever become controlled by a multinational conglomerate of foreign investors, God help us all!

The present administration refuses to acknowledge that these conditions even exist. It continues to turn its back on the American farmer and, in turn, on all of us. Why? The answer lies in Mr. Karpel's "Cartergate."—*Bonnie de Boer, American Agriculture, Bertrand, Nebr.*

We would like to thank you for granting us the permission to make 40,000 copies of Craig S. Karpel's series on Cartergate.

We have read four of these articles to date and found that they tie directly in with the plight of the farmers and ranchers and, indeed, of every American citizen and taxpayer in the nation. We feel that if we can make these issues available, the American public will realize that the astounding disclosures are a reality. The public needs to be aware of these facts, and we feel that the articles Mr. Karpel wrote will make the American public understand that the farmers aren't the only ones in trouble.

If we unite and stand up for what we believe and fight to put an end to the corruption in our government, we can win this battle. We have a tremendous response to these articles, and we thank you for your cooperation—*G.B., American Agriculture Movement, Wray Strike Office, Wray, Colo.*

I had to take time out from studying for an economics exam to write and thank you for Craig S. Karpel and James Davidson's article "The Inflationists" (February 1978). It is the responsibility of the media to inform the citizens of the *facts*. I laud you immeasurably for this piece and hope you will continue digging and tie The Trilateral Commission to the Council on Foreign Relations. Please keep furnishing us with information that is unavailable elsewhere.—*S.M., Omaha, Nebr.*

In "The Inflationists" Craig S. Karpel and James Davidson vividly describe the devastating effects of inflation. They proceed, with strained reasoning, to tell us that Messrs. Rockefeller, Burns, Wurf, Bradshaw, and Austin "contribute effectively to the cause of inflation." How silly can you

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get? The real and only cause of inflation is deficit spending, that is, financed by creating money. If your representatives in the House (where all money bills originate) restrained their spending to equal tax receipts, there wouldn't be any inflation, notwithstanding the influence and desires of Mr. Rockefeller et al.

The name of the game is "perpetuation of political power." To be a winner and stay in office, you must be adept at redistributing revenues from direct taxation and indirect taxation (inflation) so as to bestow ever-increasing benefits on every important segment of your constituency; otherwise, your opponent will most certainly be given the opportunity to do so at the next election.

The statement that "Thornton Bradshaw . . . may well be the only human being in world history who has come out for planned inflation" ignores the fact that we have had planned inflation for three decades. Each budget presented to the Congress is a plan for inflation.

The voters in this country repeatedly say that inflation is our most serious domestic problem, but the politicians (now aided by Karpel and Davidson) have cleverly shifted the blame to the big corporations, labor unions, Arabs, farmers, bankers, or anyone else they know their present audience does not like. For example, we have been led to believe that either the Arabs or the oil companies, or both, caused the price of crude to go from three to fourteen dollars per barrel. Isn't it strange that one ounce of gold has always bought twelve barrels of crude? Cause or effect?

Let's zero in on the true culprits, our United States senators and representatives, and let them know that if they vote for deficit spending, they will lose the next election. If Craig S. Karpel and James Davidson know any other way out of this mess, we'd all like to hear about it.—*R.W. Long, Santa Ana, Calif.*

Senator Abourezk

Having just read Senator Abourezk's essay "The Relentless Israeli Propaganda Machine" (February 1978), I'm asking myself how a man of his stature can have such blind, one-sided ideas. Although I am an American and Jewish, I don't agree with many of Israel's policies and methods. Yet I can't figure out why Abourezk would accuse Israel of using propaganda with an article that is itself so overloaded with propaganda.

I don't deny that Israeli and American Jews have a tendency to react quickly and at times to overreact to any form of threat. I would expect such behavior from those who saw their people ruthlessly murdered during their lifetime. Not that this awareness makes their actions appropriate, but, let's face it, the "underdog" image no longer belongs to Israel, but to the Palestinian Arabs. The "fashionable" point of view since the Arab oil embargo has been clearly pro-Palestinian, as evidenced by Abourezk's article. Being a Jew, I try to recognize the legitimate demands of the Arabs. Some of them make good sense to me, but not one of those presented in this article does.—*Name and address withheld*

I heartily applaud the editorial courage that it took to print Senator Abourezk's essay. Surely you will receive a torrent of abusive protest denouncing both the article and your staff. I, however, have nothing but praise to offer for the publication of the piece.

Abourezk's point, that the American press paints a one-sided picture of happenings in the Middle East, is well taken. For most Americans whose only source of information on the Middle Eastern conflict is newspapers and television, there is only a pro-Israeli viewpoint available for critical examination. That the press usually proffers stories which are pro-Israel is a travesty of objective journalism. Although Abourezk's essay is hardly objective itself, it is a welcome presentation of an alternative opinion of what has happened and is still happening in the Middle East.

The truth about the Middle Eastern conflict is that both the Arabs and Israelis are guilty of excesses. The Stern Gang was no more inhumane than George Habash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine is today. Israel's bad faith is demonstrated in her failure to stop the construction of settlements in the occupied territories, and that of the Arabs by the trade embargoes they place on countries that do business with Israel. Clearly, where reason and compromise should reign, passion and intransigence are the rules.—*S. Palmer, Montreal, Quebec*

I am pleased to see you printing articles on such taboo subjects as that of Senator Abourezk's piece. There are obviously two sides to this affair, and since we are the only ally that Israel has in the world, it is obvious that there is more to this conflict than we hear about.

It is good to see someone of Abourezk's stature express the other side, even though it must be politically painful for him to do so. I am sorry to see that he is leaving the Senate.—*Name and address withheld*

In Sen. James Abourezk's article on U.S. Mideast policy, one salient fact is omitted: he himself is the son of Arab immigrants. It may be that he is not sufficiently proud of his Lebanese ancestry to mention it, or perhaps he wished to pose as a disinterested observer. I suspect, however, that perhaps Mr. Abourezk is unconsciously ashamed of his ancestry.

In recent months Israel has been providing military assistance to Christian Arab villagers in southern Lebanon—Mr. Abourezk's own people. Christian Arab villagers in southern Lebanon have been cruelly massacred by Moslem Palestinian guerrillas, supported by Syrian army units. Israel has conducted retaliatory raids on

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But whatever kind of music you're into, Panasonic Duo-Cone headphones are designed for easy listening. Light weight combined with an adjustable headband does wonders for your head. While soft, non-isolating foam-cushioned pads do the same for your ears. And the prices? They'll do wonders for your budget.

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ONE OF THESE CAMERAS WAS MADE JUST FOR YOU. HERE'S HOW TO TELL WHICH ONE.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And you have good reason to wonder, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

Of course, what you pay for your camera is important. But it shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in the kind of creative control you get.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets *you* set the lens opening, while *it* sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many professional photographers believe that depth-of-field is the single most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject for creative effect. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens opening automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it's the world's only 35mm SLR with both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections that you fail to make.

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the Minolta XD-11, the most advanced camera in the world. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Without a doubt, automation makes fine photography easier. But if you're willing to do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures that are every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What should you expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder?

The finder should, of course, give you a clear, bright view of

Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. All Minolta SLR's have extraordinarily bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And with a Minolta there's never a question about focusing. You'll find focusing aids in every Minolta viewfinder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed viewfinder. Minolta believes that you should never have to look away from the finder in order to make camera adjustments. So everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, there are two pointers which come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

If you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing, an auto winder may be for you. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two pictures per second. And they give you advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

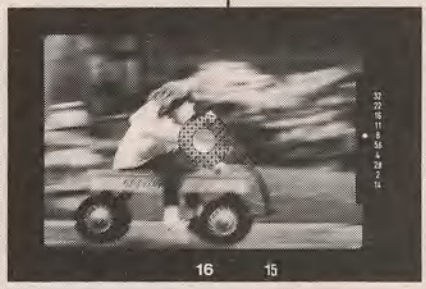
How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be combined with any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for correct flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder tells when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands and responds to your commands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.



The electronic viewfinder: light emitting diodes tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Controls are oversized and positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And the electronically controlled shutters in these advanced automatic cameras are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you're going to use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can select from a number of special features. For instance, some models let you take multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). Other available extras include a window to show that film is advancing properly, a handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using, and a self-timer that delays the release of the shutter so you can get into your own pictures.

What about the lens system?

Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today. There are almost 40 interchangeable lenses available for Minolta SLR's, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the smallest 500mm lens in the world. And since interchangeable lenses should be easy to change, the patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you remove or attach them with less than a quarter turn.

What's next?

After you've thought about how you'll be using your camera, ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Handle the camera for yourself. Examine its features and the way Minolta has paid close attention to even the smallest details. And by all means, compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

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Palestine Liberation Army staging areas in southern Lebanon in order to stop these attacks. Has Mr. Abourezk praised Israel for risking the lives of its sons to aid his countrymen? On the contrary. He has repeatedly denounced the U.S. government for supplying to Israel the arms that Israelis have used in defending his relatives. Were Abourezk still in the land of his fathers, he and his family would be victims of the very Palestinian killers he defends. His only defenders would be the Israelis.

"In 1975," Senator Abourezk writes, "author Noam Chomsky nominated the people of southern Lebanon as 'nonpeople' of the year, a grim accolade arising from the total lack of press and government interest in their slaughter." Abourezk has now seconded the nomination. His heart bleeds for the Palestinian Liberation Organization murderers who have turned the Christian Arab villages into charnel houses. He is so full of hatred for Israel that there is no room in his heart for sympathy and compassion for his own brethren.—*George Abdallah, Queens, N.Y.*

South Africa

I found Herb Parker's article "Our Dishonest Approach to South Africa" ("Advise and Dissent," March 1978) to be an informed but untenable opinion.

For more reasons than I can enumerate here, Parker's rejection of the necessity for black majority rule in South Africa is thoroughly misleading and inconsistent with his own premises. His "scorecard" of independent Black African nations listing twenty-one "Presidents for Life," nineteen "Military Governments," and no countries with "Black Majority Rule" is specious and hardly reflects the analytical effort one would expect.

It ignores the historical motivations that have led black Africans to revolt against their European colonizers and to seek self-determination in this century. Mr. Parker's simplistic classification is a caricature of the real situation in Africa and echoes the very propaganda of Vorster and Ian Smith. Furthermore, it dishonestly insinuates that blacks in South Africa are no worse off than their neighboring brothers and sisters who have recently defeated 400 years of Portuguese domination and have initiated social reform.

Parker hopes that through a combination of persuasion and diplomacy the white South African régime (armed to the teeth) can be made to atone for its injustices "just as whites in Mr. Carter's Deep South did." Here Parker trips himself. Apparently in haste to bolster his position with history, he neglects the painful fact that the brutal reign of the slaveholders was abolished only after an extended Civil War was waged against them. Or perhaps in dealing with the Confederacy, President Lincoln should have confined his actions to "honest goals" and "humanistic best wishes"?

The slogan "black majority rule" is a unifying, realistic, and concrete perspective, given the condition of political and racial oppression that blacks presently face there. It is a programmatic basis for mass political action. It no more constitutes "masturbation" in the moral or any other sense than did the demand to "bring the troops home now" sounded by the antiwar movement in this country. It is lamentable that Herb Parker will eventually have to take sides in the unfolding struggle. But he will realize how trite is his desire to play referee while the white minority attempts to prolong by force and violence the system of apartheid. The black majority want freedom for themselves and for future generations, and they will certainly have it by any means necessary.—*G.W., Uniondale, N.Y.*

If I wore a hat, I'd take it off to Herb Parker for his perceptive article on South Africa. He has seen through the "liberation" rhetoric and accurately depicted the incredible complexity of that greatly misunderstood and misrepresented situation. I only wish his article had been longer.—*S.M., Turlock, Calif.*

The Chile Cover-up

Edward Korry's courageous exposé of illegal American meddling in Chile, "The Sell-out of Chile and the American Taxpayer" (March 1978), was long needed. It took a measure of integrity that is rarely found in our sad state in the latter part of the twentieth century for a former American diplomat to fly in the face of his masters and uncover secrets that have remained buried for four consecutive administrations, to squarely lay the blame for a country's democratic demise on corporate capitalism, and to expose the tendrils of big business in every corner of government.

For his reward Korry can expect to be smeared, degraded, vilified, financially deprived, and, possibly, even killed. The suspicious deaths of Oswald, Ruby, ex-FBI higher-up Sullivan, Francis Gary Powers, and DeMohrenschildt are signposts that all too vividly indicate the extent to which the ruling forces in this country are willing to go in order to stifle exposure of their manipulation of our minds, our dollars, and even our lives.

Penthouse is to be applauded, and Korry is to be praised. One wonders, however, what the establishment will try to do to both of you in retaliation.—*Name and address withheld*

Just a note of thanks to Mr. Korry for his fine article in March's *Penthouse*, detailing his actions in Chile while he was U.S. ambassador. Although I am not politically active, I have long supported the idea that the American public has an inherent right to know the truth. I applaud your actions.

Unfortunately for the American public, we have been "blessed" with advisers, leaders, and do-gooders whose motivations for seeking power have been selfish rather than patriotic. Their actions and subsequent events that follow bear this out. However, Mr. Korry's desire to reveal his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
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XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am forty-four, married to a wonderful man for more than twenty years, and have two grown children and a lovely home, etc. If I have any complaint about my life, it's in the bedroom. You see, my husband has never been terribly excited about sex. His outlets seem to be golf and his professional practice, and I strongly suspect that monthly sexual encounters spring more from some sense of gratuity than a genuine urge. As a result, I masturbate a lot while having some delightful fantasies, my favorite being one in which a very attractive man takes me against my will, but in a very nice way, of course.

About a year and a half ago, I went back to my career as an executive secretary, since the children are grown and I needed something more in my life. That's how my little story comes about. Over the past year my boss has become so confident in my business judgment that I have become his "right arm." It wasn't surprising, then, and indeed it was very flattering, when our last industry convention and business show came up and he asked me to attend along with several people from our R&D department. Although it meant being out of town from Thursday until Sunday afternoon, I jumped at the chance. His sending me in his stead did cause some raised eyebrows, since this convention has the reputation of being one big cocktail party.

The convention was held in one of those huge motel-hotel restaurant complexes. And—wouldn't you know?—I had just barely arrived from the airport and checked in when whom should I meet but an engineer I knew from another company. We had talked on the phone on many occasions but had never met.

Phil (I'll call him that) is a tall, attractive man of about forty and very charming. We chatted for a while and had a cocktail or two in one of the hospitality suites, and then he asked me to join him and his friends for dinner that evening. I accepted his invitation, even though I felt committed to my group. We had a marvelous time, but I confess to having been a little disappointed when he took me to my room at ten-thirty. Friday evening he again asked me to join him for cocktails and dinner, and I was on the verge of saying no when he added that, if I was interested, we might go to one of the parties afterward. I gratefully accepted.

We arrived at the party about nine-thirty. There was the typical stand-up cocktail-party conversation and plenty of liquor and food, but then I noticed something that wasn't quite typical. A couple would disappear for a while, reappear a little later, and then the gal would disappear again but this time with a different man. That happened time after time, but no one seemed to take any notice. The cocktail conversations ebbed and flowed around these comings and goings without anyone paying the slightest bit of attention to them. For some reason it made my tummy go flip-flop.

Later that evening, when we went to Phil's room for a nightcap, I asked him about it as casually as possible, and, sure enough, his explanation coincided with what I had thought. According to him there was some sort of unwritten law at those parties. If a person, man or woman, approached another person, that person could either go or refuse the invitation, but in either case it was all taken in the spirit of party fun. That started us talking about sexual matters, and before I knew it, I was babbling about things that should have remained unsaid, including some of my fantasies.

It was obvious that our conversation was making Phil excited, and when he made his pass, I almost tumbled. I had never been unfaithful to my husband, and as a matter of fact he was the only

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

one who had ever made love to me; so Phil's pass frightened me. We didn't have sex, since I was too nervous to let him undress me past my half-slip and panties. What almost did it was his telling me he would like to "taste" me. That statement sent a rocket to my brain. Never in my life, fantasies excepted, has a man ever put his tongue down there. I got another rocket when he took me to my room and, before he kissed me good night, said he was going to take me to another party the next night—to make sure my favorite fantasy became reality. He didn't ask. He told me!

Xaviera, I spent the following day in a complete state of nervous anxiety. I coudn't even pick up a cup of coffee for fear I would splash it all over myself. I couldn't even think. My mind refused to function. Just the contemplation of what might happen made my panties so wet that I had to change them at noon and put a mini-pad in for fear it might show through my skirt. I walked around all day in a daze. When Phil picked me up to take me to dinner, I began to feel as if I were coming apart. I had showered and changed, and when he remarked how lovely I looked, I just stood there like a ninny, feeling the moisture seeping out again.

We had been at the party only about fifteen minutes when, all of a sudden, I felt the viselike clamp of Phil's hand on my upper arm. No! my brain screamed, but nothing came out. The room literally whirled before my eyes. The only thing I was conscious of was his tight grip on my arm, pulling me in the direction of the door.

Somehow he got me to the bedroom, half carrying me, half dragging me, and once inside he stripped me without a word. My body had become a mass of raw nerve ends. So dazed was I that I really don't know everything that happened to me, except that I know he laid me out on the bed and, without a single word, buried his face deep between my spread thighs. I think I might have screamed as my brain exploded with the indescribable sensation of that first orgasm. Then he mounted me, tearing himself into me with frenzied hip thrusts that made me gasp. In all my life I had never been screwed so vigorously. When it was finally over, I just wanted to lie there and savor the intense feelings, but Phil made me get up and return to the party.

We couldn't have been back there ten minutes when another man, in his midthirties, came over to my chair and took my hand. I remember looking up at him with a dazed, sort of stupid expression on my face, trying to say no, but again finding myself unable to form the words. Since I didn't actually say no, he led me off, as Phil had done before, and within minutes I found myself in the arms of an unknown male. Believe it or not, I eagerly responded to his thrusts. That was also the first time in my life that I had ever taken a man's penis in my mouth and tasted semen.

The third—or was it the fourth?—was quite different. I remember him as being a rather slightly built man, in his late twenties, and what was different about him was the incredibly immense size of his erect cock. I remember how I felt a shock as he pressed my face down over his still flaccid penis and how it grew and grew until I couldn't take it in my mouth any longer. How he ever managed to couple with me I'll never know. (It felt as if I were giving birth to one of my children.) He drove me into an orgasm that left me quivering for minutes afterward.

I've tried in this letter to explain the joys I experienced that night at the hands of several unknown males. I think there were nine men, but I'm not really sure, since it's all so hazy. Sure, I felt like the town whore, but I didn't really feel degraded at all. The thing is, having once tasted these exotic delights, I can no longer sit back and deny myself. I want to reexperience the indescribable feeling of a man's tongue buried deep in me, the strange texture and taste of a man's semen as it spurts into my mouth, and the vigorous thrusting of a young male pelvis coupled to mine, knowing I'm locked to him until his spasms subside. I know that I could have an affair or two, but what I really want is many. I guess I'd like to be promiscuous for a while.—Confused

If you only knew how many women have told me they'd like to be a call girl—not all their life, of course, but for an evening. In your case you weren't actually prostituting

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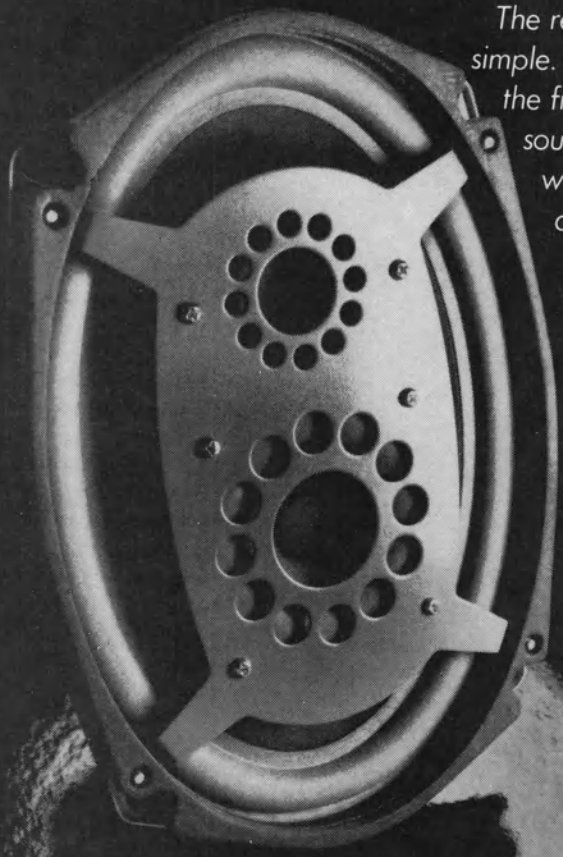
The best of the so-called car speakers, on the left, is identical in principle to a fine home speaker. The Audiovox Comp 60,™ on the right, approaches sound from an entirely different point of view. The car. It's easily distinguishable from the so-called car speaker in that it comes in two parts. One, a super efficient, low mass mylar midrange/tweeter for high definition and clear high and middle frequencies. And two, a beefed up 6½" woofer for beefed up bass sound.



The reason the incredible Comp 60 is a breakthrough, as well as a breakapart, is simple. It's the first speaker to put the midrange/tweeter where it should go in a car. In the front. And the woofer where it should go. In the rear. The result is the treble sounds, which are highly directional, get pointed at you, instead of at the back window. And the bass sounds, which are not highly directional, can spread out and move forward to meet the treble at an ideal point in the car. Your ear.

Of course, to be perfectly honest, the Comp 60 does have a few features in common with a fine home system. Like a circular woofer for clean bass response. And a dome tweeter for uniform sound dispersion. And a copper wound high temperature voice coil that can take the heat in the music without going to pieces. And heavy weight ceramic magnets that total a big 60 ozs. for a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of distortion. Besides a handling capacity of 40 whopping watts per channel. And a frequency response of from 50 to 20,000 Hz.

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yourself, but in some respects the men were treating you like a whore. It's an exciting fantasy, and particularly so for someone who had been sexually repressed.

It's a pity your husband is such a bore when it comes to your sexual relationship, but now that you've tasted "the better life," maybe you can instigate some sexual experimentation with him. After all, just because he does not eat you out is no reason for your giving up on oral sex. Blow his cock the next time you're in bed with him. He might surprise you. If he doesn't respond, well, start attending more conventions.

BUTT I'M YOURS

For a long time Penthouse *has been publishing amazing photos of women fondling their pussies and asses. Although I have always found these pictures extremely exciting, they have seriously puzzled me, since all the women I have known were rather reluctant to do these things.*

It particularly troubles me because I have recently come to the point where women's buttocks attract me greatly. The thought of buggering a woman really overwhelms me, and now it is an obsession. The more I see the lovely Penthouse *Pets exposing their backsides, the more I want to have anal intercourse with a woman.*

Unfortunately, I haven't been very successful. The first woman I tried it with didn't like the idea at all, but she did let me insert my finger while I was screwing her to orgasm. She seemed to like it, for as she reached climax, she wriggled and seemed to want my finger to go as deep as possible (I could actually feel my finger poking against my cock.) But afterward she didn't want to talk about it and didn't want to try it again. The only time she mentioned it was the following day, when she pretended to still feel "a burning pain" in the arse.

When I tried to reach my goal with yet another girl (who was really too young, as I found out later—which might explain a bit of her behavior), she called me queer and a pervert, and when I caressed her buttocks while trying to make love to her, she screamed. She left me because she didn't "want to have anything to do with such an obscene and disgusting person."

Needless to say, I stopped and haven't tried again. But perhaps you, Xaviera, may be able to help me solve my problem.

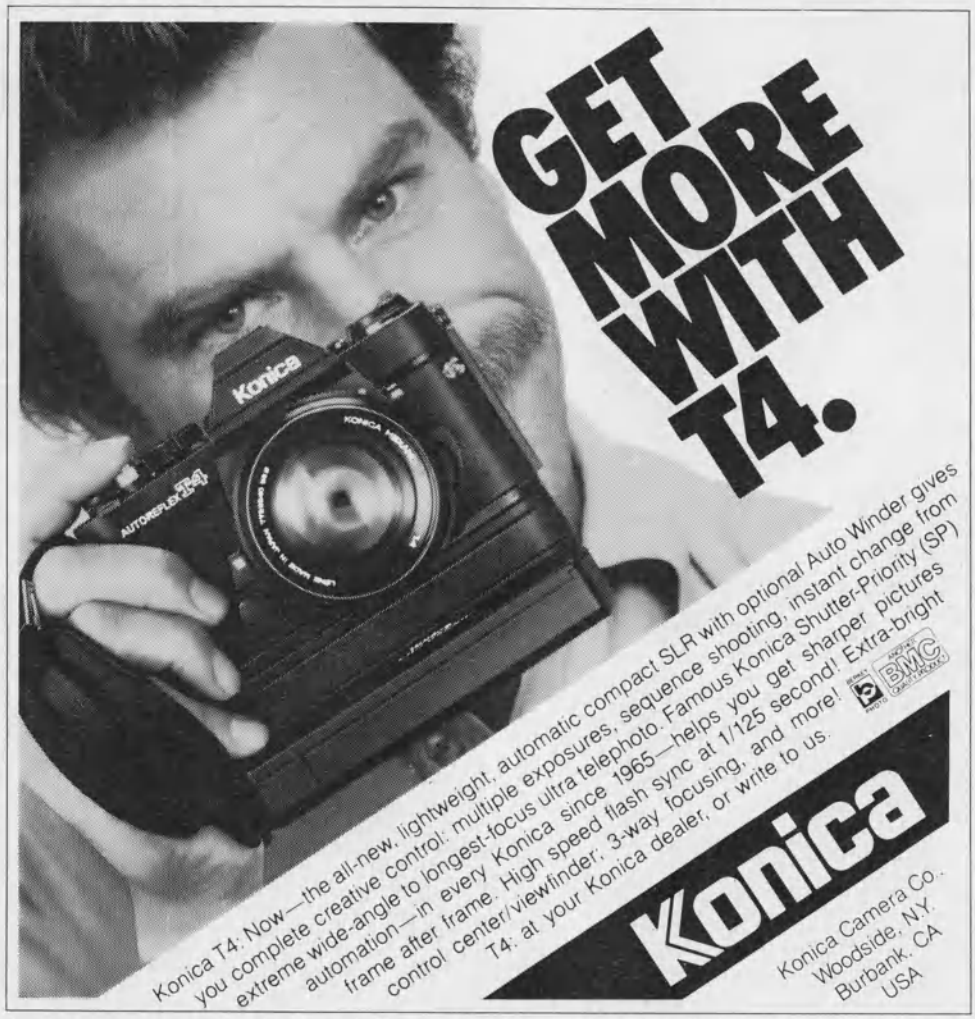
Is anal intercourse really so rare among heterosexual couples, and can I be called a pervert just because I'd like to experience it? Is there a technique or a position more fitting for this kind of lovemaking? Can it in any way be harmful? I personally doubt this, since I've noticed that the rectum is anatomically "shaped" for penetration.

I am convinced that a good number of women might like this variation, for I should think it would be physically pleasant, providing that the partner is not inhibited. Am I wrong? Should I give up my search for consenting women?—M.P.

About four and one-half months ago, my husband, Tom, brought up the subject of anal sex. Since then he's brought it up at least two or three times a week. I know Tom engaged in it before we were married. Evidently, he liked it very much, or else he wouldn't want it so badly from me. The only problem is, I can't bring myself—again—to let him "bugger" me, as they say. Yet I'd like him to.

When we're making love, Tom and I both enjoy his eating me. He fingers the crack of my ass, and I must admit I rather enjoy it. Once we were both feeling really good because of all the kissing, touching, and loving, and he asked me to let him try entering my rear just once. I agreed. The pain was so bad that I made him stop, and I haven't let him try since, even though I'd like him to. But to make Tom think there's still a chance, I let him tongue my anus. I'm sure it would feel rather good if I did get used to penetration there. Sometimes, when I'm kissing him, he moves in such a way that I know he wants me to kiss and lick him the way he does me. Of course, I like to, because I play with his prick at the same time, and that's one pleasure I do enjoy.

Tom's licking and fondling has at least proved to me that there is a pleasurable feeling in the rear. That's also why I want him to enter me from behind. I want to enjoy the feeling he wants to give me plus the feeling he gets from it. Any advice that you can give, Xaviera, on how to rid myself of this fear will be welcomed.—Lydia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Naturally, I'm the last person in the world to say that anal sex is a perverted act; that's like asking a packager of sugar if candy's bad for your teeth. However, there are those who will disagree with me, and unfortunately some of those folks are the lawmakers of your country. In certain states of the United States, anal sex is still considered a form of perversion, and there are laws whereby a married woman can successfully sue her husband for divorce if he buggers her. Luckily, more liberal states have revised such antiquated laws.

Old habits die hard, and so do certain attitudes. It's probably not so wise to try performing anal sex on a first date. Better to try some more common kinds of sex play the first few times out. The man might use his fingers to stroke the woman's ass, kiss her there, perhaps, and if she responds favorably, then try positioning his hard-on against her back hole. If she moans and groans, I'd say he's in luck. But please, please, men, make sure you are lubricated before you enter. The anus does not have the natural lubricating juices of the vagina.

What lubricants should you use? Vaseline is probably the best. There is also K-Y jelly, and if you're stranded without a drugstore in sight, good old saliva will work.

While you insert your lubricated erection, it is best to massage her breasts and clitoris. The excitement will take her mind off any sensations of pain.

The best positions for anal sex, from my

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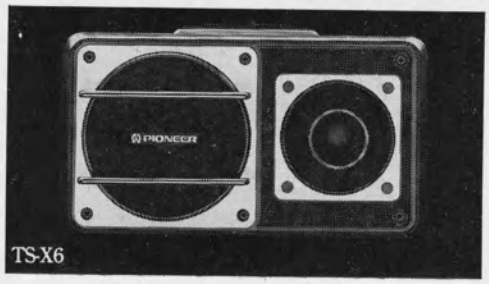

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own experience, are to have the woman lie face down, with a pillow underneath her stomach; or to have the man lie on his back so that the woman can straddle his crotch. The latter position is probably best, since the woman controls the rate of insertion. If things get a little rough, she can pull off with ease.

Anal sex may be somewhat painful for the novice female, but then losing your virginity (vaginally) is not always the most fun either. It takes time. Just hang in there and stay loose.

HOT, SIZZLING FIZZ

I was on my one-week furlough from the marines, and, not having seen my wife for two months, since I had been on military standby, I almost had an erection when I saw her at the airport.

My wife, Serena, reminded me that we had a limited amount of time together; so we got home as quickly as possible. At home I took a fast shower and then laid myself out next to Serena's sexy body. I moved my hands up her legs until I reached her love nest. I began to finger-fuck her, and she in turn let her love juices flow. Then she began planting lots of wet kisses on my face and lips. Somehow we began to tire of this and started to look for something that would liven things up a bit. I soon came upon the Alka-Seltzer tablets, and that's when the fun began.

As most of your readers know, Alka-Seltzer releases carbon dioxide bubbles when moisture reaches it. While Serena spread her legs apart, I gently inserted a tablet into her dripping love nest. Quickly, I slid my now throbbing joystick into the fizzing cunt and went to work. By now the Alka-Seltzer was foaming with millions of tickling little bubbles. The mixture of the foam with my wife's love juices stimulated me to a quick climax. The fizzing continued as I licked the rest of the mixture from Serena's pussy. I found the taste rather pleasant—even delicious!

The feeling was lively and stimulating and will never be forgotten by either of us. We recommend that other couples try it for a new and different type of experience. After the plop-plop and fizz-fizz, oh, what a relief it will be!—J.W.G.

What a fabulous way to have an orgasm! And it beats that contraceptive foam. Have you ever tried putting Tabasco on the tip of your cock before inserting it into her vagina? Or, better yet, Ben-Gay balsam? It'll give her a hot, tingling feeling. Beware of overdoing the creativity, however.

A HUSBAND WHO KNOWS

I have been a happily married woman for about two years. My husband, Lee, is very handsome and endowed with a six-and-a-half-inch cock, which, until recently, has always gotten me off. I used to feel that my husband would be the only man I would ever need—until I met my friend Sue.

Sue and I work on the same floor together as nurses. She is a honey blond with deep blue eyes and, to use Lee's words, an "outrageously well-rounded body second only to yours." As we became closer, Sue began describing her love affairs in detail, leaving me quite horny every day after work. I guess she knew that I was envious, because she always asked if I wanted to get fixed up with someone. I always said no but couldn't help feeling a little jealous.

One day after work, Sue asked me to drive her home. When we got there we talked and drank for an hour or so, and Sue asked if I wanted to go out and have some dinner. It happened that my husband had to work, or else I definitely would have refused. After taking a shower Sue laid out some clothes for me. The jeans she provided me with were supertight, and the blouse was a see-through, cream colored thing that outlined my silver-dollar nipples. When I told her I would need a bra, she just laughed and told me not to be ridiculous.

We had dinner and then hit the discos. We were quite smashed when these two really good-looking guys joined us. When the bar was about to close, Phil and Rich asked us to go to their apartment to get high, and before I could say anything, Sue had agreed. The apartment was nearby, and it didn't take long for Rich to make a move. Sue was loaded and all over him. Rich leaned her head back, letting his left hand trail over her shoulder and onto her breast as he kissed her. Rich brushed Sue's blouse aside, revealing small but pert nipples, fully extended over large, rounded orbs. Meanwhile, Phil had brought back some fresh drinks. He took one look at Rich and Sue, looked at me, and sat down next to me. By this time I was completely aroused. Phil leaned over and began kissing me and touching me everywhere. We kissed and fondled for awhile, and then he led me into the bedroom. He began taking off his clothes, revealing the largest cock I had ever seen. It was a full ten to eleven inches and twice as thick as my husband's.

After I saw that cock, it didn't take me long to jump out of my clothes. We played around for as long as I could take it, with Phil teasing me for quite awhile before he finally mounted me. My love box was sopping wet as I guided that huge cock into place. Phil proceeded to give me the most outrageous fucking I have ever had. We balled several more times that night, each time better than the last. I got in a little trouble the next day with my husband, but an unexpected phone call from Sue, explaining how I had spent the night with her, calmed him quite a bit.

The following week, Sue and I did a repeat performance with Phil and Rich. These get-togethers went on for some time—until I told Lee about Phil. I told Lee that I loved him very much but that I would have to see Phil at least twice a week, or I would leave him. I was taken by surprise when he agreed.

Xaviera, I wrote this letter so you would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

"Objection! Counsel is badgering the witness!"

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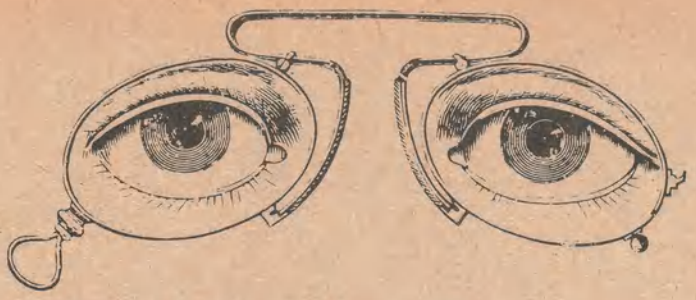


VIEW FROM THE TOP

CONGLOMERATE ART

BY MARILYN STASIO

Thanks to *Star Wars*, we now know that The Force will always be with us. The question now is, How long will *Star Wars* be with us? The phenomenal $200 million that the movie has already grossed at the box office doesn't begin to reflect its overall impact, earning power, or potential longevity.

Observing that "no movie has ever come close to *Star Wars* in market appeal," Marc Pevers, the Twentieth-Century-Fox vice-president in charge of *Star Wars* tie-up marketing, anticipates that the movie will bring in about $200 million of additional income from related products over the next few years. And by that time the sequel will be out—and the whole money-making cycle can begin all over again.

Star Wars is more than just a hit movie. It is the contemporary entertainment industry's wildest dream: a *cyclical* hit that perpetuates its own success through several lifetimes. Now that the "average" $2 million studio movie of a few years ago costs $4 million to make (with "big event" movies like *Apocalypse Now* climbing to the $25 million mark), the cyclical hit is the only kind of hit that really counts.

Traveling the current movie route, we find blockbuster movies like *Star Wars, Close Encounters,* and the much-ballyhooed *Saturday Night Fever,* which begin life as original screenplays, pick up steam when they're turned into books and TV specials, and become merchandising gold mines through toys, games, posters, and you-name-it spin-offs. In the theater, we're talking about biggies like *Annie, The Wiz, Grease,* and *Dancin'*. When book publishers daydream of glory, they're thinking about bigtime retreads like *The Godfather, Jaws, The Exorcist,* and such current jackpots as *Looking for Mr. Goodbar, The Betsy,* and *The Thorn Birds*.

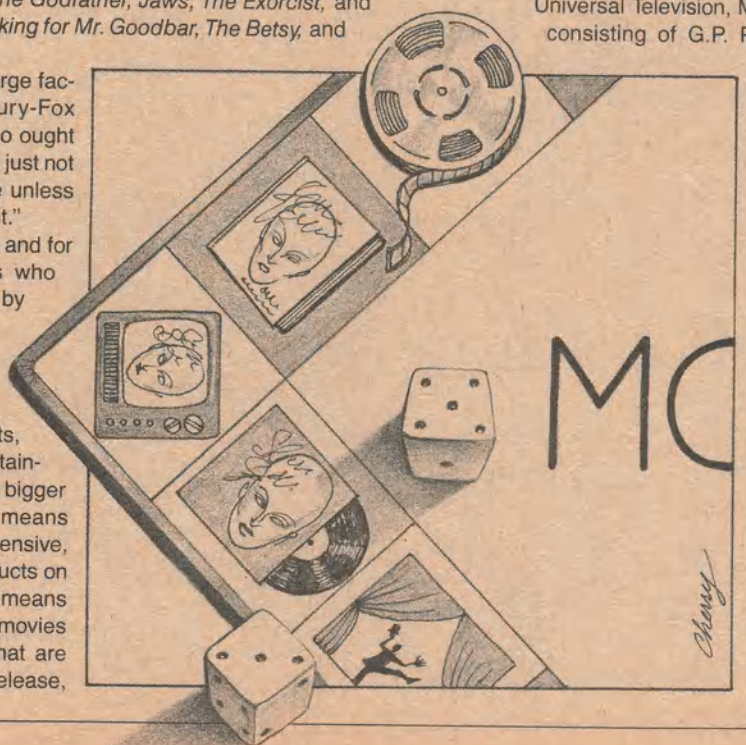
"Production costs are a large factor," says Twentieth-Century-Fox president Alan Ladd, Jr., who ought to know. "More and more, it's just not worth gambling on a picture unless you're very confident about it."

Translated for you and me and for the omnivorous consumers who keep the trend snowballing by reading the *Close Encounters* novelization and listening to the *Goodbar* disco album and wearing *Saturday Night Fever* T-shirts, this means that all our entertainment will come in bigger and bigger packages from now on. It means fewer, larger, safer, more expensive, and more homogenized products on all entertainment fronts. It means books that are presold to the movies before publication, movies that are presold to television before release, and Broadway musicals whose scores are presold to record companies before the shows open. More than ever, it means the reprocessing and repackaging of hit entertainment commodities, from one medium to another and back again.

None of this should come as a surprise to audiences who have noticed how the cyclical-hit trend has been growing ever since *Love Story* and *The Godfather*. But one new aspect of the formula certainly bears watching. In the last few years, the mass-entertainment industry has been restructuring itself into one vast, corporate monolith—the better to manufacture and market the cyclical hit. For example, Columbia Pictures Industries owns the film *Close Encounters*, controls the marketing rights, and produced the record album under its Arista division. (Since the company owns no publishing house, an independent entity, Dell Publishing, handles the spin-off book.)

The Betsy is a more complicated business. The Harold Robbins best-seller sold 11 million copies for Simon & Schuster, which also put out the paperback. Simon & Schuster (and Pocket Books) just happens to be owned by Gulf & Western, the parent company of Paramount Pictures. But Paramount did not make the movie—Allied Artists did. AA is also the coproducer (with Robbins's own company) of the TV property, which CBS bought prior to the film's production. (Among its many holdings, CBS does not happen to have a movie company.)

Following the fortunes of industry mergers is like reading the "begat" chapters in the book of Genesis: MCA owns Universal Pictures and Universal Television, MCA Records, and a publishing group consisting of G.P. Putnam's Sons, Berkley Publishing, Coward-McCann & Geoghegan, and (its newest acquisition) *New Times* magazine. Adding to Time Inc's empire, Time-Life Films recently purchased the Book-of-the-Month Club and Talent Associates, Ltd., David Susskind's television producing company. Besides the Cosmos pro soccer team and Jungle Habitat, Warner Communications also owns Warner Brothers Pictures and Warner Books. And so on.



Once in a while, some overachieving corporation takes too large a bite and exposes some of this wheeling and dealing to prolonged public scrutiny. Last year, for example, the Times Mirror Company prematurely announced that it was about to purchase Random House from the RCA Corporation. The deal was subsequently called off, reportedly because the Justice Department started to raise some prickly

restraint-of-trade questions about the merger. Somebody evidently remembered that TM already held a large paperback house, New American Library, among its many newspapers, television stations, magazines, and publishing companies. Its purchase of Random House would have given it—along with ownership of Knopf, Pantheon, and Modern Library—another paperback company, Ballantine Books.

Undeterred by such setbacks to monopolistic progress, other book publishers are avidly courting corporate connections. Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich, Bantam Books, and Doubleday are all reportedly entertaining industry alliances that would give them an entrée into film and television production.

The trend has been raising a lot of dust within the publishing world (to say nothing of the Justice Department). The Authors' League has taken a strong stand against the corporate mergers that are depleting the ranks of the small, independent publishing houses. Editors argue that books will no longer be created but competitively manufactured, by writers spurred less by dreams of literary immortality than by visions of big-bucks subsidiary spin-offs. Writers fear that their conglomerate-owned publishers will push only those properties that have strong possibilities for reincarnation as films and TV movies or series.

"The situation is not very wholesome for anybody," says Paul Nathan, the rights-and-permissions columnist for *Publisher's Weekly*. "When an entertainment company takes over a publishing house, they become blood relatives. For the publisher, there is an implicit tendency to look even more carefully for books that would make movie or TV properties for the parent company. The author himself has *got* to be influenced; half of his brain has *got* to be focused, while he's writing, on the subsidiary possibilities of what he's writing. And with everybody looking out for the Big Payoff subject that will open the pearly floodgates for an endless stream of books, films, and TV features, this can only lead to a homogenization of the public taste."

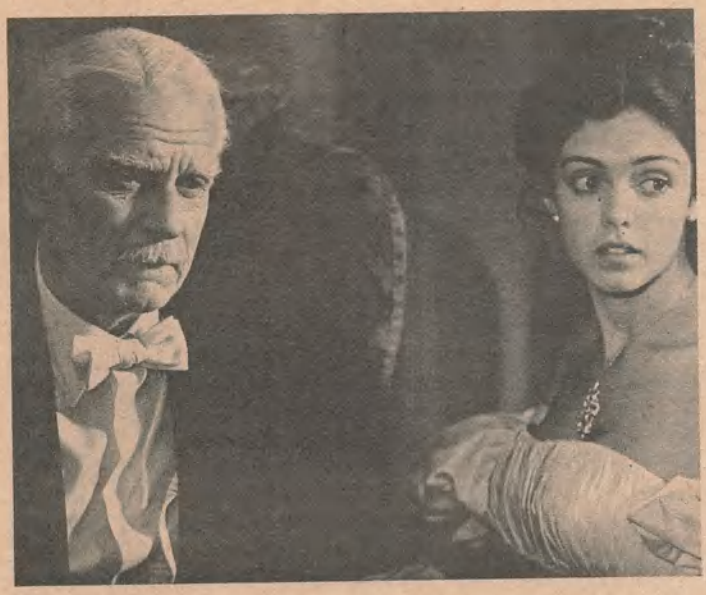
Not so, argues Stanley Newman, the MCA-Universal vice-president responsible for the conglomerate's publishing properties. "There certainly is an exchange of ideas when a major company takes over a smaller one," agrees Newman. "But there is much less influence, much less coordination of property development, than people think."

The merger trend, both its champions and its detractors agree, represents the triumph of the middleman—the agent, the packager, the salesman, the market man. As Newman puts it, "More and more the middle people are working together in a more united way in the creative process itself."

If there's any area for real concern, then this is it. There seems to be no question that conglomerate business practices represent a sophisticated industrial advance for the "cottage industry" of the arts. But the price is clearly an increase in power—creative as well as economic power—for the business middleman.

The more industrious of these middlemen would put the larger conglomerates to shame. Robert Stigwood, who could probably be called "the king of the tie-ins," produced *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever* for Paramount at the same time that he made *Sergeant Pepper* for Universal; he did the record albums, too. What gives him that clout, one might ask? Probably the sweet little three-picture contract he holds on John Travolta, the star of both *Grease* and *Fever*—a property he has lovingly protected, by the way, by spending $3 million to produce *Fever* and a matching $3 million to promote the movie.

Just remember what Sam Weisbord, president of the William Morris theatrical agency and one of the most powerful middlemen in the business, once said: "We try to maximize everything, vertically and horizontally. Our goal is to conglomeratize the world."



The Betsy's *success: triumph of the middleman.*

Tony Korody/Sygma

Stigwood: king of the tie-ins.

SCENES

JUKE BOX OFFICE

In retrospect, 1969 was a pivotal year for Hollywood, as the mass popularity of *Airport* touched off a tidal wave of filmed fatalism while the disastrous *Hello Dolly* sounded the death knell for a forty-year tradition of Hollywood musicals. All in all, it was a banner year for the misanthrope.

The movie musicals, in particular, collectively lapsed into a well-deserved coma, out of which arose an era of cautious, small-budget filmmaking. It took us close to a decade to shrug off such financial debacles as *Sweet Charity, Mame, Paint Your Wagon, Star!, Doctor Doolittle,* and *Camelot*—altogether an off-key lineup whose combined cost ran the studios into the ground to the tune of $90 million. Once bitten, twice shy; you'd think they'd leave well enough alone.

Not a chance.

Those badly gnawed studios are currently mining new versions of the old song-and-dance as though they had discovered pure gold in them thar trills. Innocuous pop slush like *A Star Is Born* and *You Light Up My Life* paved the yellow brick road to hitsville, pumping twangy Muzak straight into the heartland while priming the beat of the national pulse. Following in spirit were *Rocky, Star Wars,* and *The Spy Who Loved Me,* whose million-selling theme songs have garnished every halftime salute this side of Bangkok and thus bolstered ticket sales.

The next step was as obvious as

do-re-mi: time to dust off the dancers and strike up the band. And now movie musicals—or films even remotely connected with catchy numbers—are back in demand.

Most typical is the mindless subculture dance film in the guise of popular art, and we can count on plenty of these quickies being tossed our way in the upcoming months. Here the bump and grind of disco has replaced the stylized grace of swing, and acting has been reduced to a series of facial contortions. John Travolta, compared with Fred Astaire, is an arthritic guttersnipe. Nonetheless, *Saturday Night Fever* is a solid fa-

Disco queen Donna Summer.

vorite at the box office, despite lukewarm reviews. The deft-defying Travolta, meanwhile, has already completed a screen splash of the Broadway musical ***Grease*** (opposite Olivia Newton-John), about a stereotypical group of class clowns in the throes of descendency in the 1950s; a sequel entitled ***Summer School*** is already in the works. Also tripping the light fantastic are two additional discontenders guaranteed to induce sound-track album sales and test our entertainment endurance: ***Disco 9000*** and ***Thank God It's Friday,*** the latter featuring the music of the Commodores and starring Donna Summer as a neighborhood disco queen.

Broadway musicals, which are ofttimes better left undisturbed in their natural form, have always been a celebrated source of film fare, and several have already been slated for imminent conversion to the screen. Oz will take on an all-too-familiar glint of city slickness when Sidney Lumet's version of ***The Wiz*** transports the cast from the story's conventional locale of Emerald City to Fun City, where all roads lead to the World Trade Center. The message behind L. Frank Baum's fairy-tale classic remains virtually unchanged: we all have the essential qualities of goodness deep within us; we just have to search them out to understand what they are. This time, however, Dorothy is a black schoolteacher in her mid-twenties. Played by the ageless Diana Ross, she is joined in her quest by Nipsy Russell as the Tinman, Michael Jackson as the Scarecrow, Lena Horne as Glenda the Good Witch, and, as the hypertensive Wiz, Richard Pryor, whose patented mugging should fit right into the New York setting.

Hair, another pop-oriented trek through the twilight zone known as the sixties, is also making the move from an aborted revival on the boards to cinema. There is much speculation about the story line's being embarrassingly out of date. The task before director Milos Foreman, whose *Cuckoo's Nest* swept the Oscars, is to see what appears on film and then to cut *Hair* to its proper length. That is not necessarily the case with ***A Chorus Line***, Michael Bennett's triumphant portrayal of young hopefuls vying for a minimum of precious parts in the company for a prospective musical, which is too short in just about any form. Movie production will get underway early next year with the original stage cast even though the film's release date is set for 1980.

Pop superstars, as well, are feeling their rock-'n'-rolled oats since the studios have opened their gates wide to the flash attraction of musical dollars. Leading the long-playing list of rock numbers is Robert Stigwood's $12 million production of ***Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band***, starring Peter Frampton, The Bee Gees, and Paul Nicholas. It's based loosely on the Beatles' best-selling album of a few years back and depicts the upward spiral of four teenagers from a midwestern town called Heartland, U.S.A., who get whisked away to Los Angeles, where they are primed for stardom. Along the same lines is ***I Want to Hold Your Hand***, produced by Steven Spielberg. The story concerns four girls who make their way to New York and experience close encounters with the Beatles, who have arrived to appear on "The Ed Sullivan Show." The plot twist is that they are turned off to the antics of their peers, who connive every which way to get tickets and are subsequently turned away from seeing their idols perform.

For those positively devoted to the rock cause, producers are offering a spate of more eclectic oblations reminiscent of the rock-schlock quickies presented in the late 1950s. ***American Hot Wax***, which stars "Saturday Night Live" looney Laraine Newman as a character named Teenage Louise and performers Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis, is the tragic biography of disc jockey Alan Freed, who is often incorrectly credited with coining the phrase "rock 'n'

John Travolta in Grease: *the sequel is already planned.*

roll" (it first appears in rural blues of the 1940s). Song-and-sex goddess Linda Ronstadt makes her screen debut, along with Steely Dan and Jimmy Buffet, in ***FM***, about the madcap goings-on at a progressive pop radio station, and Gary Busey appears as the late hero of the halcyon days of popdom in the movie bio ***The Buddy Holly Story***.

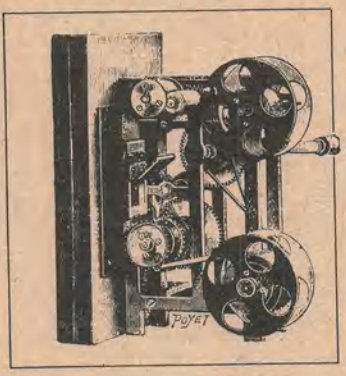
If those don't exhaust the genre, we can always turn to veteran Martin Scorsese (he was the editor on *Woodstock*) for his documentary on the final performance of The Band in ***The Last Waltz***; the film will also include exceptional footage of a Bob Dylan performance as well as interludes by other rock luminaries.

One of the most bizarre, albeit most promising, announcements concerning a musical production was news that Robert Evans has signed Dustin Hoffman and Lily Tomlin to play Popeye and Olive Oil, respectively, in an original screenplay entitled ***Popeye the Sailor Man***, based upon the comic strip and cartoon character. Evans claims the movie musical will be "an amusing parable with social overtones" and will start the ball rolling for similar silliness.

While industry optimism is riding high for the return of the Hollywood musical (and the record industry is reaping seemingly limitless profits from corresponding album sales), there appears to be an aura of concern emerging from the flanks. Says one critic: "The bomb is slowly being dropped from above, and this time it could very well level the studios' solvency. At first, budgets for these features were commensurate with the state of the art, but now they've edged back to where they were when the floor dropped out a few years ago. It's too risky a trend to overload, and we're close to the danger zone."

We're probably better off capriciously kicking our heels in time to some lighthearted songfest than biting into a reality sandwich. But as far as Hollywood is concerned, the tendency to go back to the good old days may elicit nothing more than a prolonged swan song.
—Robert Stephen Spitz

FILMS



UNHAPPY RETURNS

I don't know how many versions, or exactly how many different writers, lie behind the screenplay for Hal Ashby's ***Coming Home*** that finally got made. But I do know that there is a story within the film, noticed but underappreciated and perhaps not properly understood, that keeps breaking in to unsettle a movie that never seems altogether sure what it's about.

The story concerns a California Marine Corps captain, a career officer and a decent but naively patriotic man, who in the 1960s goes off to fight in Vietnam. There he discovers that this war is hell rather than glory, that it has brutalized his men, and that it has rendered himself superfluous except as a public-relations image for the very sentiments his own experience has shown to be a fraud. When he returns home, he finds his wife in love with another man. In despair, he kills himself.

A sad, conventional, but not unfeeling story. In a sense, it is the story of *Coming Home*. Let's try another one: the attractive, faithful, but emotionally and sexually unfulfilled wife of a decent but dull career officer meets another man, a veteran disabled in the war her husband has just gone off to fight. She is a hospital volunteer, and gradually, by dedication and kindness, she wins the veteran's trust. They fall in love; they make love; and though she never intends betraying her husband, she is supremely happy. Suddenly, a letter arrives announcing her husband's return . . .

That's also the story of *Coming Home*, and there are several ways of ending it, all more or less unhappy. The one ending you'll actually see combines the first story with the second story. The husband returns, learns of the affair, kills himself—thus freeing the secret lovers, whom we've been rooting for all along anyway, to face together whatever life may bring.

This is the one totally sour note in an otherwise flawed but often quite lovely movie, graced by two of the most beautiful performances I can remember seeing. The problem is that you can't make your happy future the result of somebody else's tragic fate and get away with it (I'm talking about art, not life), and the problem in *Coming Home* is compounded by the likelihood that the film wouldn't even grant that the future might be happy. There's no romantic clinch, no reconciliation; just a scene in which the husband, alone on the beach, removes his clothes and—too significantly—his wedding ring and runs headlong into the ocean; and then a final scene in which the wife walks through a supermarket door marked "Lucky-OUT"—which is both ironic and not ironic, because at some level we're supposed to feel that the suicide is the film's major moral decision.

But in *Coming Home* the strong performers, Jane Fonda and Jon Voight, play the wife and her lover. A weaker actor, Bruce Dern, plays the captain, and when he appears in the movie—the beginning and the end, essentially—he is almost always seen from his wife's point of view. In a way the imbalance saves the movie, because Voight and Fonda are superb. He is so good you tend to forget he's Jon Voight, or at least you forget his earlier roles. After some initial fury, and playing mainly from a wheelchair (perhaps a useful prop for an actor), he becomes a bedrock of understated sexy sanity.

Jane Fonda has a greater problem—to submerge her off-screen political-activist personality in an on-screen persona that is almost too closely related. It takes a while to accept that she is playing her medium-bright, all-American Marine Corps wife not for satire but for sympathy. Once you do accept it, the character's strength, vulnerability, warmth, dignity, and simplicity merge with the actress's marvelous sense of gesture and detail—and the whole is perfectly achieved and is very deeply moving. She interacts so well with Voight that their pairing becomes inevitable, even before they acknowledge it, which is what "made for each other" ought to mean in the movies. And when they make love, they also make a kind of physical, sensual sense you won't often find in straight, dramatic films.

Against all this, the best actor in the world would have trouble. Bruce Dern, by no means stupid about his role, is simply overwhelmed. Limited by his man-

Coming Home *with Dern and Fonda: private spaces, political points.*

Matthau in Casey's Shadow.

nerisms and even by his tone of voice, he becomes a caricature rather than a character, profoundly out of contact with the woman he's married to, progressing from an idiot self-assurance at the beginning to an equally dumb disillusionment at the end. And yet all the time the potentially important material is his—shoved off the screen, except as needed, to provide a context and a melodramatic climax for the love story.

Like most of Hal Ashby's films, *Coming Home* tries to make a mature and mildly liberal political point. And like most of his films, it ends by blurring rather than asserting its politics. Perhaps it really *is* about Vietnam or the cost of Vietnam (except for a brief location in Hong Kong, the California base hospital is as close as it gets to the war), but Bruce Dern could have been a school teacher, away from his wife on a year's Fulbright to Afghanistan, without much changing the results. As distinct from what it proposes, the movie actually lives not in its politics but in its privacies, its intimate and often rather casual observations and acts of grace. Daily existence, the ways people occupy their flimsy base houses and beach cottages, even the antiseptic hospital clutter, seem more valid and interesting here than in most movies. And more than most movies, *Coming Home* wants to place its characters in a physical and emotional environment that counts as home—the private spaces, sometimes in a soul, sometimes just a living room, that define us and make us worthy of attention.

If you were picking extremes to show where our movies have gone in the 1970s, you might put Martin Ritt's ***Casey's Shadow*** on one side and John Cassavetes's ***Opening Night*** on the other. Both are pure American product, but you'd have a gulf as big as the Grand Canyon between them.

It isn't a question of quality. The two films are perhaps equally bad, though *Casey's Shadow* oozes expertise, and everybody will love it, while *Opening Night* occasionally suggests outright incompetence, and only John Cassavetes's mother could love it—but I think it has its points. Maybe the difference is between tested-safe formula and open self-expression. And though more crimes of art are committed in the name of the latter than the former, this time I'll take the latter.

Casey's Shadow stars Walter Matthau as a poor, rascally, but lovable Cajun horse trainer who, with his three rascally but lovable sons, raises a quarter horse named Casey's Shadow. As the culmination of a long-held dream, he races the horse as a two-year-old in the All American Futurity at Ruidoso, N.M. The horse wins, but only at the cost of an already weakened leg. Will the Cajun agree to a mercy killing? Or will he decide to spend his prize money on a risky and expensive operation and drive back to his farm, still poor and rascally but more lovable than ever, with his kids and with Casey's Shadow, happily in traction, hauled along behind? I'll never tell.

Walter Matthau by now must be able to play this role in his sleep. It's worked through half a dozen movies, and all he has to do is change his accent and his makeup but keep his familiar attitude toward life. He plays the role very well—though it's beginning to look patented. And if it weren't for the fact that the movie reeks of sentimental opportunism, *Casey's Shadow* might for that reason almost deserve a recommendation.

Gena Rowlands, in *Opening Night*, approaches things the other way around. As John Cassavetes's perpetual leading lady (and his wife), she plays a famous and slightly cockeyed actress who must face the fact that she can no longer expect young lovers—or young parts. Her crisis involves a new show in which she has to act her age, and we go along with her through her anger, her terror, her temper tantrums, her dipsomania, and finally her acceptance—all in the context of the production of an incredibly awful play, put on in what looks like a Los Angeles high-school auditorium (supposedly the New Haven tryout) before what the press kit says is a real audience. They like the play; they can't be a real audience.

Gena Rowlands is an awfully expressive actress, whom John Cassavetes photographs (as he tends to photograph everybody) in close-ups so tight that not even an eyebrow can be seen in proper perspective. Cassavetes notices nothing he doesn't more or less shout our attention to. But such openhanded invocation after a while begins to look like a style—an annoying style, to be sure, but one that, after years of seeing Cassavetes's work (*Shadows*, *Faces*, *Husbands*, *A Woman under the Influence*), I have grudgingly come to admire.

The Cassavetes movies don't merely include a stock company—Gena Rowlands, Ben Gazzara (as her director), et al. They really involve a family. Young Cassaveteses pop up in tiny roles; Peter Falk appears in a one-line walk-on. Everybody contributes, and the family feeling works into the film, a little smugly at times perhaps, but vitally enough to support the confusion between art and life by which this kind of cinema survives.

And the Cassavetes movies usually contain something else, something spectacularly good that isn't major (a scene, a single character, something like that) but that still stands out forcefully enough to make you wonder why the rest of the movie should so hopelessly collapse around it. In this case it is Gena Rowlands's past, personified by a young girl (Laura Johnson) whom she sees die in an auto accident and who then comes back to haunt her. She knows this vision is in her imagination; exorcising it becomes a subplot to the movie. But making this beautiful girl a monster was a stroke of some intelligence. Her manifestations really are frightening—and they suggest what a fine psychological horror film *Opening Night* might have been.—*Roger Greenspun*

John Cassavetes's Opening Night: *family support.*

WORDS

WHAT, ME WORRY?

Some say the world will end in fire. Some say in ice. Then there are weed killers, hair sprays, terrorism, liquefied natural gas, deoxyribonucleic acid, sex hormones, microwave ovens, and wet gins.

The prophets of doom abound. Not all of them, to be fair, forecast the ultimate apocalypse, which is the complete destruction of humankind down to the last, noxious doomsayer. Not all of them warn that the time is short, the prospects dire. But it does seem that, unless we repent—a course of action that is generally impossible because of corporate greed, universal boneheadedness, and governmental incompetence—vast numbers of us have had it. We will not even have to wait for the cloud that is built like a mushroom, though that, too, would have to be listed fairly high up in any catalog of the Dread Inevitable.

It is easy enough to poke fun at these fellows, these soothsayers who without surcease cry of death and destruction. They tend to get pretty grim and sometimes even somewhat hysterical. They are all riding their own pet goats and have twin incentives—a world to save and a fortune to make—for giving us a scary show.

It is easy enough—but it is dangerous as hell. For several days now I have dallied with a representative collection of these prophets, and the scariest thing about them is simply this: that almost all of them are onto something big and nasty. With an occasional quirky exception, it must be considered distinctly possible that they all are right, that if depletion of the ozone layer or explosion of a liquefied natural gas tanker doesn't get you, then some crawly thing concocted by some mad biologist surely will. The element of chance involved may not be whether but which of these specters will score the preemptive first strike.

Rachel Carson, of sainted memory, launched the present fashion of apocalyptic prophecy in 1962 with a book called *Silent Spring*. In it she imagined "a town where all life seemed to live in harmony with its surroundings. . . . Then a strange blight crept over the area. . . . Mysterious maladies swept the flocks of chickens; the cattle and sheep sickened and died. Everywhere was the shadow of death. . . ."

Such a place is imaginary no longer. On July 10, 1976, in northern Italy, a small factory owned by the giant Hoffman-La Roche chemical combine blew sky-high, sending a vast cloud snaking across the town of Seveso. A poison called dioxin, which is a great deal more potent than arsenic or cyanide (and which is created when another poison, TCP, is overheated), rained down on Seveso and nearby towns. Eventually, more than 1,500 people were evacuated, their homes at least semipermanently unfit for habitation. Thousands more were forbidden to walk or play outside their houses. Birds, rabbits, dogs, and other small animals died. So did some people. Children were born with malformed intestines, cleft palates, and other birth defects.

Hoffman-La Roche had improved on Rachel Carson's imagined disaster. Dioxin—which attacks the liver and other internal organs—quickly becomes invisible, odorless, and tasteless, and its presence can be detected only through a complex laboratory process. The full extent of the Seveso catastrophe may not be calculable for generations.

Alan Watson

Peter van der Linde: the case against liquid natural gas.

John G. Fuller, something of a virtuoso among disaster writers, has told the story of Seveso in ***The Poison That Fell from the Sky*** (Random House, $6.95). He is an urgent, fluent writer, and his new book certainly holds the attention. It has, on the other hand, been done too quickly and too close to the event to permit a comprehensive report on the extent of the damage. Fuller is hard enough on Hoffman-La Roche, in effect accusing the firm of criminal indifference to the potential for disaster at its Italian plant (the firm is Swiss but operates worldwide) and of covering up, for ten crucial days, the probability that dioxin was present in the great cloud created when the plant blew up. But the author is blindly kind to all the public officials involved, in effect excusing their carelessness and slowness in responding to the crisis. Perhaps he is planning a longer, later version of this book to stand alongside *We Almost Lost Detroit*, his account of the time the balloon almost went up over a nuclear reactor in an American city.

The balloon has already gone up, in fact, over a liquefied natural gas (LNG) tank farm—at Cleveland in 1944, in an accident that killed 130, injured 300, left 14,000 homeless, and did $8 million in property damage. Peter van der Linde, a merchant mariner, and Naomi A. Hintze suggest in ***Time Bomb*** (Doubleday $6.95) that Cleveland got off lightly. The larger installations that now store LNG, as well as the huge tankers that are designed to carry it, have enough destructive potential to make the 1944 explosion look like a picnic in the devil's rumpus room.

LNG is created by chilling ordinary natural gas to 260 degrees below zero. This process turns the stuff into a liquid and compresses it into one six-hundredth of its former space. Linde makes an earnest, impassioned, and discursive case against establishing LNG facilities near population centers. I wish him well. We all should.

Jet Roulette (Doubleday, $7.95), by Fred McClement, is a thorough, readable survey of the follies that men, corporations, and government commit in the name of scheduled air service. It is also replete with disasters, boasting casualty lists in the triple numbers, and with arresting detail ("the body of a young girl crashed into the ground five yards ahead of me. I screamed in horror. The sky was raining death. Next, suitcases began falling all around me").

I'm something of a fatalist and have always enjoyed flying. Despite McClement's harrowing tales, air travel remains safer than auto driving. I don't mean to minimize his report, but it may be more useful for what it teaches

about human ambition and behavior than for any improvement it may foster in air safety. The essence of McClement's crisis in the skies is that there is a vast discrepancy between man's ability to invent gadgets and his diligence and ingenuity in operating them once they are off the old drawing board. Time and again, in all these books, some dumb human sleeps at the switch or gets bored or has his attention diverted, and whammo!

Jet airplanes and air-traffic control centers, chemical factories, LNG tanks and tankers, and an infinity of other high-technology gadgets are designed to be operated and maintained by people functioning well past the level rationally to be expected of humans. Inevitably, someone goofs. It is fair enough to attribute the ensuing catastrophe to human error, but the error might more accurately be credited to those who have expected human perfection rather than to those who have, in a brief lapse, failed to achieve it.

These books also show, and quite routinely, governmental agents and corporate managers forgoing the most basic safety regulations, hiding known lapses in safety performance, and colluding to keep knowledge of dangerous products and practices from the public. Fred McClement offers an excellent reprise of the case of the fatally defective cargo doors on Douglas DC-10 airliners and of federal involvement in shilly-shallying on the problem. Peter van der Linde tells of engine-room fires on merchant vessels that go out of control because sailors have used up their fire extinguishers to cool their soda pop. The lesson in all the books is that we are not careful enough, that the public interest gets shunted aside, that man is very much more clever than he is wise.

A raft of books suggests that that pattern will ultimately repeat itself in the field of biology, where clever men are at work grafting the stuff of one form of life onto the DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) molecules of other forms of life. The overriding fear, which has been expressed by a fair number of scientists as well as by laymen, is that the resultant mutations will escape the laboratory and waste the world in one fashion or another.

As with the ozone controversy, no one can say with persuasive certainty whether the fears about DNA are well grounded. Caution is in order, but the biologists involved offer assurance that they are being cautious. The problem—the same old problem—is that there is really no way to monitor the ethics of scientists or for an outsider to come to a genuinely informed estimate of the risks involved. Even the biologists don't know; they are guessing. ***Who Should Play God?*** (Delacorte, $8.95), by Ted Howard and Jeremy Rifkin, is for those who like to encounter familiar villains and hear rote explanations. The authors, veterans both of the People's Bicentennial Commission, present a straight radical analysis, right down to the explanation that the scientists involved are in it for the bucks. A much better bet is ***Biohazard*** (Knopf, $8.95), by Michael Rogers. Rogers is a brilliant science writer and is sufficiently unregimented to work for *Rolling Stone*. He explains the DNA controversy and—perhaps a greater achievement—manages to put it in the context of our times.—*Patrick Owens*

SOUNDS

CHAVIN, JET LAG

Two years ago a young singer from Texas went to Nashville and recorded an album called *Country Porn*. The young singer's name was **Chinga Chavin,** and although none of the Nashville musicians who played at the session recognized him, it was not long before they knew that they were in the presence of something quite more than just "another young singer."

Chavin has now returned with a new album, *Jet Lag* (CP Records), and it is decidedly less country and even more enthralling than his first effort. It is not inconceivable that the album might bring him his just and hard-earned deserts: fame, broads, and money.

Fast, hard, and electric-tough, *Jet Lag* is the sexiest album of the year. In "Mechanical Man" we encounter a stiff-dicked android lover who machinates through the universe, singing the praises of his own indestructible, unfailing phallus. One will not soon forget the phrase "magnetic rape" or the vision of metallic adulterers who "come together in a pale blue arc."

Chavin is not the first to sing of the precarious thrills of "Jailbait" (Andre Williams's record of the same name is one of the underground classics of the fifties), but who has ever handled the subject with such passion? What is the threat of a statutory-rape conviction when set against the lure of a sixteen-year-old ankle? With vaginal apprehension searing his voice, Chavin yells, "They busted Chuck Berry! They got Jerry Lee!" This cut has all the makings of a hit.

Like "Jailbait," the surly hymn to poisoned matrimony, "Forty-nine-dollar Divorce" might also be a hit, if only society could bring itself to deny the philosophical existence of the Bee Gees. Anyone who has ever found himself kneeling in a dark closet, claw-hammering the heels off his wife's shoes, will appreciate the dignified poignancy of such heartfelt lines as, "You take the pets, take the TV set . . . I'll take a forty-nine-dollar divorce." (One eagerly awaits a cover version by Bob Dylan.) But the most scathing piece here is directed, not toward the spurting iliads of the groin, but toward the music business and its drooling Fritzes. "Bad Guy" is a picture of thieves, fools, usurers, and those sequin-souled insects who rise in accord with the physical

Stephanie Chernikowski

The hard-earned deserts of Chinga Chavin.

law that "scum floats on shallow water."

My favorite moment, however, occurs in the frenetic title song "Jet Lag," in which an exhausted, pilled-up, drunk-out traveler explains his assault on a passing piece of nooky with these faintly rational lines: "I shouldn't have bothered,/But she looked like my father,/Or a little like Hitler in lace."

It remains to be seen whether or not Chinga Chavin can achieve commercial victory in an industry whose most successful depictions of humanity are strangely reminding of those lilting TV advertisements for chewable remedies for bowel-movement irregularity. As Aldo Ray once said, there ain't no justice in show business. Jim Morrison was prosecuted for indecent exposure; yet John Denver has still not been sent to the gas chamber for baring his hideous soul.

But the truth of the matter is that records such as this will endure. Long after the last flirty innuendo has slid through the cocaine lips of the last disco singer, and long after John Travolta gets a job, men like Chavin will be celebrated and panties will moisten on high in homage.—*Tom Herron*

DIXIE ROCK

A new wave of southern rock is abroad in the land, and fans of the blues jams and boogie rave-ups that used to be typical southern rock fare aren't sure what to make of it. One of the new bands, **Sea Level**, opened a recent concert (headlined by the blues- and boogie-prone Elvin Bishop) and neatly polarized the audience. While half the crowd fidgeted, waiting for an appeal to get down that never came, the other half sat entranced by the group's shimmering, jazzy instrumentals and occasional vocals. The **Dixie Dregs**, another figurehead of the South's emerging new wave, have dispensed with the vocals altogether. Their music is a smart, seamless fusion of bluegrass, jazz, classical, and rock. Like the six players in Sea Level, the Dixie Dregs combine an exploratory, progressive approach with fairly faultless musicianship.

Steve Morse of the Dixie Dregs.

New the music may be, but it is still southern, and the musicians are proud of their roots. "Our music is seventies southern," says Chuck Leavell, Sea Level's fluid, inventive pianist. "It comes from roots that are way down deep—the Mississippi Delta, New Orleans—and from contemporary influences like the Allman Brothers."

Leavell joined the Allman Brothers in 1972, shortly after the death of Duane Allman, and was a member until the band splintered. In their heyday, with Duane and Dicky Betts playing soaring twin-guitar leads and a powerful rhythm section driving the group along, the Allmans were *the* top southern rock band. Their sound is alive and well today, in the instrumentation and arrangements of groups like the Outlaws and Betts's Great Southern. It is the sound that people think of when southern rock is mentioned, and when one first hears Sea Level's sophisticated, keyboard-dominated music, it seems very different. But the Allman Brothers Band thrived on improvisation—on a good night they would stretch a single tune out to more than half an hour. Duane Allman was a dedicated jazz fan, with a liking for Miles Davis and John Coltrane, whose lyricism and melodic freshness he tried to incorporate into his own guitar playing. So Sea Level's southern jazz-rock, if one can call it that, comes naturally.

When asked to name his favorite musicians, Chuck Leavell singles out such jazz keyboard players as Keith Jarrett, Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Art Tatum, McCoy Tyner, and Oscar Peterson, and his solos with Sea Level reflect these tastes. But when he sings, Leavell sounds like a southern soul shouter of the Otis Redding persuasion and so does Sea Level's other vocalist, Randall Bramblett. Along with his longtime guitarist Davis Causey, Bramblett joined Sea Level last year in time to play on the group's second album, *Cats on the Coast* (Capricorn). With two solo albums under his belt, the multi-talented Bramblett adds depth and variety to the group's sound, whether he is singing one of his distinctive, philosophical rock ballads, hammering out gospel patterns on piano, filling in on organ, or stepping up to the microphone for a saxophone solo. "Randall is our only college graduate," says Leavell. "He has a double major in religion and psychology, but he cut his teeth as a stand-up singer in a soul band."

This kind of duality fuels the new southern rock. Four of the five musicians who make up the Dixie Dregs met as jazz students at the University of Miami, where their teachers included guitarist Pat Metheny (now a respected jazz guitarist recording for the ECM label) and bassist Jaco Pastorius (now with Weather Report). Several of them boast extensive classical backgrounds as well. But they are not above ripping into a country breakdown tune, and, again, they insist that their music is southern. "It definitely has southern roots," says guitarist Steve Morse, who composed most of the tricky, engaging music on the group's latest album, *What If* (Capricorn). "It's basically country and rock, with all kinds of different embellishments on top. I know there are a lot of intellectual things and classical influences in our music, but I did play country-music gigs. And after you hear that music for so many years, it gets to be a part of you."

Bands like Sea Level and the Dixie Dregs have effected a difficult fusion of musical idioms. But hearing them play, one senses no musical strain; the jazz, classical, country, and rock elements flow together smoothly. The problem so far is audiences that are used to the older southern rock, audiences that want to boogie. "In my compositions," says Steve Morse, "I try to be real conscious of not boring people and keeping them interested." Chuck Leavell admits to a similar concern. "We do best when we're headlining or performing with a jazz-rock group," he admits. "I know some of the more stretched-out instrumental things we do can be boring to some people. But the music is like a symphony. If you don't listen, it can be boring; but if you listen, it can be really exciting." With Sea Level's second album selling briskly and the Dixie Dregs expanding their audiences as well, more and more people are listening, and southern rock may never be quite the same again.—*Robert Palmer*

Chuck Leavell: "our music is seventies southern."

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SAY UNCLE!
THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION OF CANADA

An indictment by a Canadian journalist-patriot

Toronto—The clever chaps who put out the *Random House Dictionary* define colonialism as "the policy of a nation seeking to extend or retain its authority over other peoples and territories." Right on. Colonialism is what the British did to India, the Portuguese to Angola, the Dutch to the East Indies, and the French to Algeria, while they could get away with it. It is also what the Americans are doing to Canada. The northern extension of American power involves no whips, stockades, or gunboats, and the people of Canada hardly feel oppressed—no more than, say, the burghers of Gaul felt oppressed by the Romans. The shock troops of U.S. colonialism are not uniformed or even armed; they are the attaché-case-bearing brigades that swarm out of the boardrooms of Chicago and New York, Los Angeles and Pittsburgh, and their weapons are the stock option, the expense account, and the dry martini. If you have to go, that's not a bad way to go.

But colonialism is bad medicine, and even the kind of genteel, corporate colonialism that Americans practice north of their border won't do either country any good in the long run. When U.S. citizens consider the following incidents selected

BY WALTER STEWART

Illustration by Dickran Palulian

from recent history, occurrences that don't get into the textbooks, they might ask themselves how they would react if they, and not the Canadians, had been on the receiving end.

• A Canadian printers' union is about to conclude a contract with three Toronto newspapers, but the boys in the union's head office, in Colorado Springs, don't like the deal. No vote is allowed on the proposals, which would have been accepted; instead, the Canadians are told to hit the bricks. The strike is smashed, the union is driven out of the newspapers, hundreds of jobs are lost, and the boys in Colorado go back about their business. You can't win 'em all.

• A Canadian company makes a deal to sell flour to Cuba. It can't. The company is owned by Americans, and the U.S. Trading with the Enemy Act forbids the sale. This happens not once, but dozens of times. A rubber company is blocked from selling conveyor belts to China; baby food shipments—dangerous stuff, baby food—are cut off from Cuba; machinery destined to go to Russia is left in a Canadian warehouse. In every case Canadian jobs, profits, and future trading opportunities are lost because of American law. The situation grows so bad that something must be done. It is; the Americans now give permission, in most cases, for Canadians to deal with people the United States doesn't like. Then it turns out that the American-owned Canadian companies won't deal anyway; they are afraid of upsetting their U.S. bosses.

• A consortium of U.S. oil companies petitions the Canadian cabinet for permission to export natural gas to the United States on long-term contracts. There is some uneasiness about selling off gas so cheaply for so long, but, the cabinet is assured, there are hundreds of trillions of cubic feet of the stuff lying around the Canadian North. This is literally a drop in the bucket. The contracts are signed. The outcome is that the boys were only fooling; no such abundant supplies have come to light. Indeed, gas shortages loom, but it is too late to change the contracts. For more than twenty years, Americans will be getting gas at bargain-basement prices while Canadians will pay world prices for oil in order to take up the slack. The Canadian energy industry makes no protest for the very good reason that there is no Canadian energy industry. It is all foreign owned.

• The Canadian government passes a law that will support a failing magazine industry. It is in trouble, in large part because foreign periodicals like *Time* and *Reader's Digest* come into Canada with a tremendous advantage. Nearly all of their costs are paid in the United States, so that advertising space can be sold in Canada at rates that no Canadian publication can match. To restore a semblance of balance, the Canadian government will disallow advertising in these magazines as a taxable expense in Canada, unless the publications agree to become Canadian. In short, they will be on exactly the same footing as that of any Canadian magazine entering the United States. The American reaction is swift and tough. The State Department threatens massive trade retaliation; so Canada backs down. *Time* and *Reader's Digest*, the objects of the law, are exempted from its provisions for more than a decade. When the law is finally applied, in 1977, *Reader's Digest* moves to sell some stock in Canada, while *Time* goes into a sulk, withdraws back across the border, taking its fat profits with it, and the U.S. embassy in Ottawa expresses its grave displeasure. Canadians, it tells us, are isolationists, who will be made to pay for their sins in future trading deals.

• In 1976 Canada raises the price of oil and gas (not already contracted for) to its U.S. customers. The American ambassador in Ottawa, Thomas Enders, promptly accuses Canadians of trying to "gouge" Americans by charging them nearly the world price. He is particularly incensed because there was no prior notice. He says, "Canada can't simply unilaterally cut back on its relations with the United States and expect there won't be a reaction from us." But on August 15, 1971, the United States had slapped a 10 percent tariff on all imports and disrupted Canadian trade on a massive scale; there was never a whisper of consultation. There are rules and rules.

• Canadian culture is almost totally dominated by Americans. Our school texts are produced in the United States, our movies are American, our bookstores swarm with American books, and our magazine racks are crowded with American magazines. Our universities are led by American teachers, who teach us American truths, and when a Canadian dreams of a better life in the sweet bye-and-bye, he doesn't mean heaven; he means Palm Springs. But every time a Canadian stands up to defend his country, he is denounced as a narrow chauvinist.

• Every hour of every day, $616,438 in Canadian funds is drained off to pay the foreign investors who own the commanding heights of Canada's economy; 80 percent of that money flows to the United States. We are now in the position of having to borrow simply so that we can pay the interest on our earlier loans.

• Because both money and power are draining out of Canada, we have lost the right to make our own decisions; particularly in the economic field, they are made for us. For example, in 1929, Canada had the third-largest car manufacturing industry in the world. Now it has no native car industry, only branch plants, and in the interest of the American owners, it has an Autopact agreement with the United States, which was supposed to lead to lower prices for consumers and more jobs for Canadians. It didn't; instead, Canadians pay consistently more for their cars, the companies make consistently higher profits here than in the United States, and

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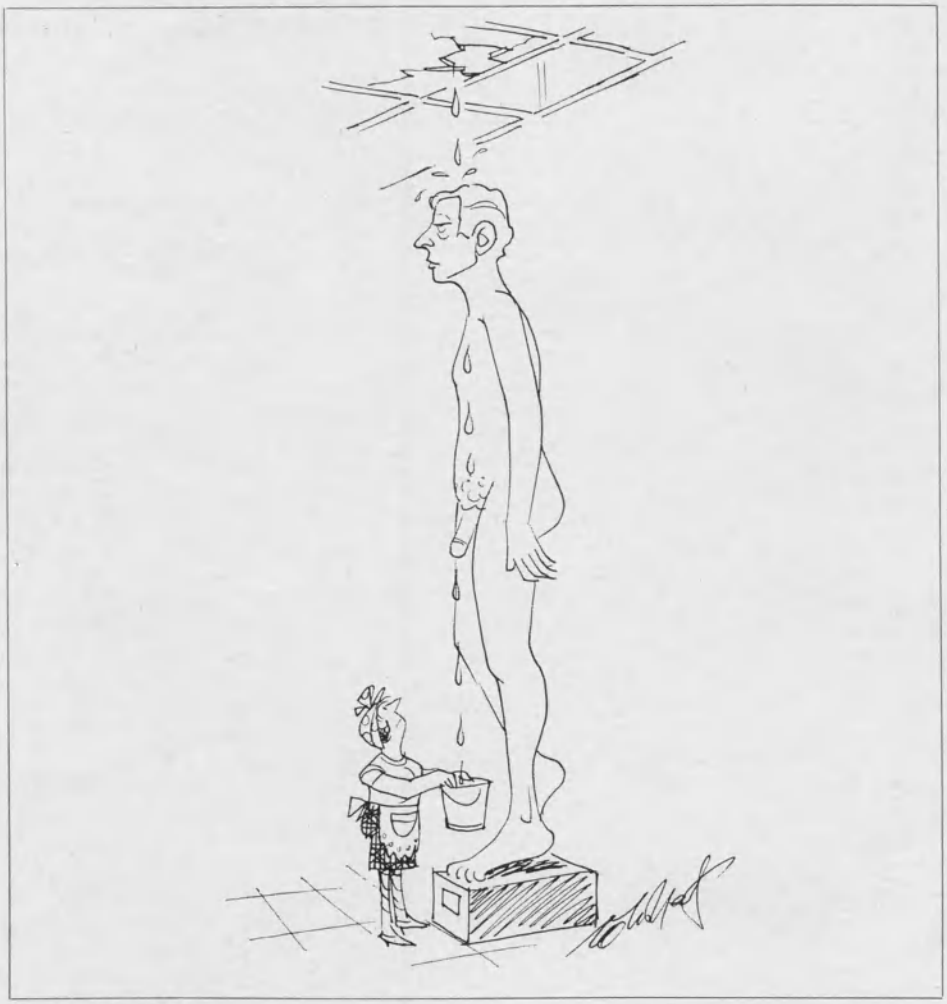
last year there was a $1 billion trade surplus in favor of the United States in cars and parts. That surplus represents thousands of jobs lost; Canada is subsidizing the American job market, not because it wants to, but because it must.

Canada is no longer a sovereign state; it is a client of the United States. Canada's governments rule with the advice and consent of Americans and reject that advice at their peril. In 1962 the Diefenbaker government rejected nuclear arms for Canada, but the U.S. Defense Department wanted Canada to have them anyway (under American control, of course; Canada would buy discarded Bomarc missiles from the United States, which would put nukes on them to be used when and on whom the United States saw fit). The American embassy in Ottawa mounted a massive propaganda campaign that helped to bring down the Diefenbaker administration and included secret briefings for Canadian newsmen in the embassy basement. Lester Pearson came to power; he, too, had been an opponent of nuclear weapons, but he saw the light, and Canada went nuclear. Since then, the normal posture of Canadian governments toward the United States has been one of fawning obeisance. We have learned our lesson.

Canadian foreign policy is set, in large measure, in Washington. During the Vietnam War, Canada, as a member of the International Control Commission, was charged with blocking the shipment of arms to the belligerents. Members of the ICC served as "observers"—that is, spies—for the United States, and the Canadian arms industry, under foreign ownership, sold billions of dollars in war materials for use in Vietnam. Once, while Canada was still loudly trumpeting its neutrality, I visited the Naval Weapons Support Center in Crane, Ind., where an officer told me proudly, "When your bombs go out of here, they're still warm."

During the Vietnam War many Americans crossed into Canada as deserters or draft dodgers. They were not breaking any Canadian law, and our government said that they were to be treated like any other immigrants. They were not, of course; the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, in cooperation with the FBI, kept tabs on them, harassed them, and gathered evidence to be used against them when they returned home. In one incident three deserters who were legally resident in Canada were kidnapped by RCMP officers in a small town in British Columbia, driven to the border, and turned over to U.S. military police. Even Canadian cops work for Uncle Sam.

In theory, Canada and the United States run a joint North American defense policy, in which we are equal partners. The policy is a sham; Americans call the shots; we pay part of the bills and salute on command. When the DEW line was operating, Canadian officials had to receive permission from an American contractor to land at our northern airstrips (imagine what would happen if Americans could visit parts of Alaska only on the invitation of a foreign corporation).



Canada's economy, even more than its defense and foreign policies, is in thrall to the United States. Canadians own less than 10 percent of their own petroleum industry, 7 percent of rubber products, 7 percent of computers, 21 percent of chemicals, and less than half of general manufacturing. In each case, the power is vested in the United States. When American firms get in trouble, they close down Canadian plants in order to protect American jobs. When they are expanding, they direct the new business to plants south of the border at the expense of Canadians. Not surprising, Canadian unemployment has been consistently higher than American.

At the same time, Canadian productivity is lower than American; so Canada is unable to compete on an equal basis in world markets. The reason is not that Canadians are slower or lazier than Americans, but that Canadian technology has been mortgaged out. Consider this small example. Canadian scientists and entrepreneurs developed a technique for extracting oil from tar sands in Alberta, but they were not allowed to market the product. Instead, both the techniques and the lands were turned over to American oil companies, which simply squatted on the discovery until other petroleum sources began to run out. When a tar-sands plant was finally built, it was built by Americans, and now that the plants are being built in series, all the technology and the high-paying jobs belong to the United States. Canadians get to do the digging.

American companies do almost no research in Canada, and what little they do they keep to themselves. Ninety percent of the patents issued in Ottawa belong to foreigners, and two-thirds of these are U.S. residents. Canada is falling farther and farther behind, because it has a branch-plant economy, with little more in the way of innovation, inventiveness, or independence than is evident in Puerto Rico or any other client state of the United States.

Consider for a moment what the U.S. reaction would be to news that the American energy industry was totally in the hands of foreigners, that American manufacturers could sell only where a foreign government allowed them to, that American unions would strike or give up at the behest of strangers sitting 3,000 miles away. Would Americans say wistfully, "Oh, well, that's life"? Hardly.

And yet every time Canadians move to reassert control over their own economy, American captains of industry froth at the mouth, editorial writers swarm out of their caves, clanking their chains, and the State Department, writhing with rage, hurls thunderbolts across the border. Americans are so used to submissiveness from their "good friends to the north" that any display of spunk comes as a shock. When the gov-

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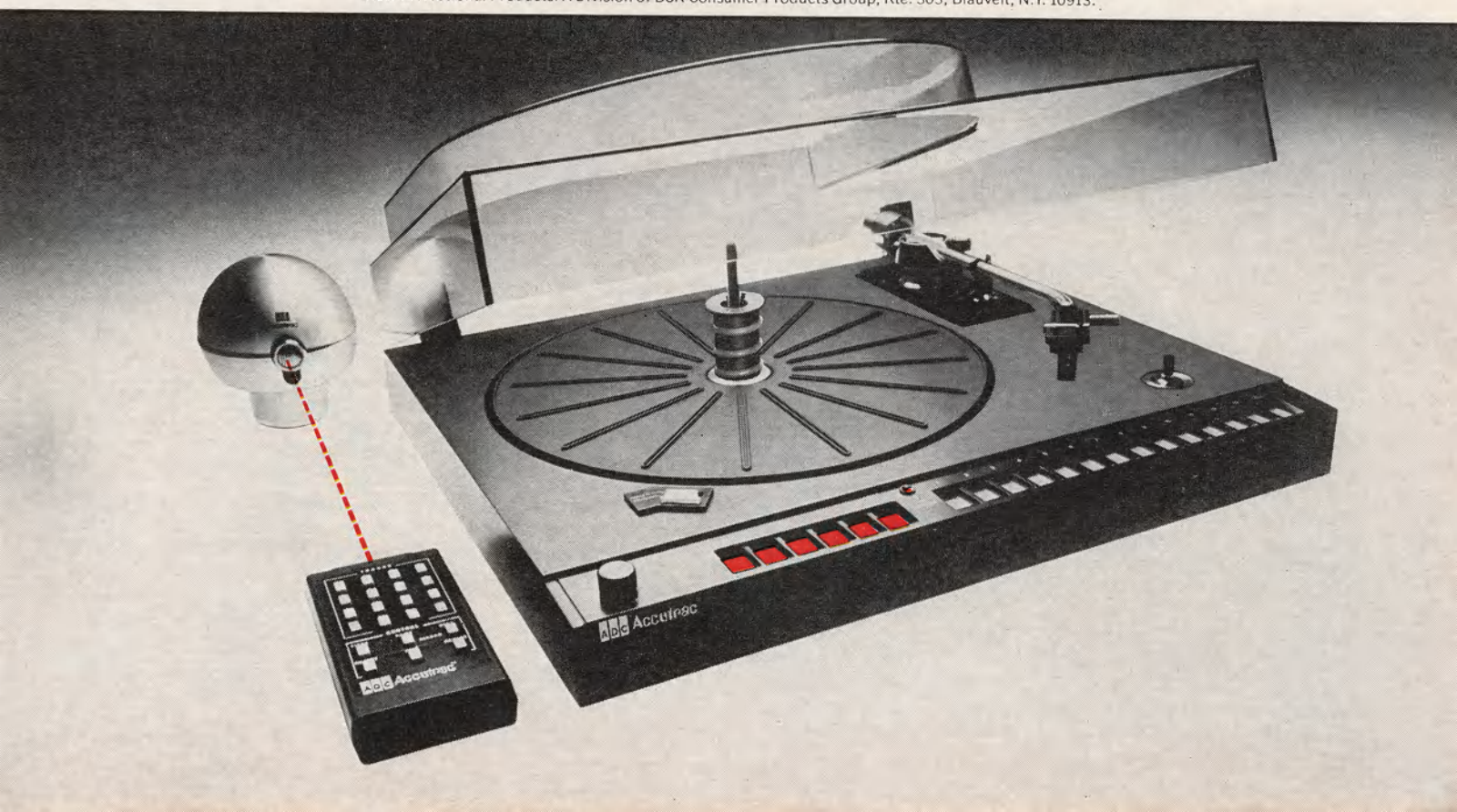


ernment of Saskatchewan announced that it was going to take control of its own potash industry (because, among other things, it thought that the people of Saskatchewan were getting a rotten deal from the foreign owners), Americans reacted as if Premier Allan Blakeney had offered to stage a raid on Fort Knox. The battle to unseat Blakeney at the next provincial election is already under way.

Americans show no hesitation, however, in defending their own interests. Canada has no equivalent of the Trading with the Enemy Act or the Jones Act (which limits the transport of goods between U.S. ports to American ships) or the Domestic International Sales Corporation (which gives American corporations a hidden subsidy, by way of tax deferral, for foreign trade). A great many Canadians who live in southern British Columbia have cottages in northern Washington State. Recently, the U.S. immigration service stated that if these Canadians did their own building on their own cottages, thus depriving Americans of work, they would be barred entry to the country. (The statement was retracted a few days later.) If Canada tried such a stunt, our officials would be summoned to Washington and given a tongue-lashing. Indeed, when Prime Minister Lester Pearson once dared to suggest, mildly, that the United States might do more toward a peaceful settlement in Vietnam, he was haled before President Lyndon Johnson and lectured as if he were an errant schoolboy. He took the scolding, too.

The blunt fact is that Americans are among the most nationalistic people in the world, whereas Canadians have less sense of identity than do the citizens of almost any other nation on earth. One result is that Canadians have been unable to deal with the aggressive zealots who represent the United States abroad; they have given in to American bluster so often that the line between Canadian and American interests has almost disappeared.

Our companies are miniature replicas of American companies. Although the Canadian market could be well served by perhaps three electrical manufacturing firms, U.S. law prevents a rational approach to that industry. The major companies are all American and would be charged with violation of American antitrust laws if they combined. So Canadians pay more for appliances because a small market is divided into so many parts.

The efficiencies of mass production are lost when the production is no longer "mass." It costs much more per unit to produce and distribute a few thousand refrigerators, for example, than to produce and distribute hundreds of thousands. According to economists, Canada could do with two refrigerator firms; instead, it has nine—seven of which are U.S. branch plants. As a result, Canadians pay higher prices than do Americans at home. This principle applies across the board—we sell apples and buy computers; we sell wheat and buy radios. Only the weather prevents us from being a perfect banana republic.

Canadian unions are also miniature replicas of American unions. Instead of one large, well-organized railway union, we have a score of imitation American unions. The result is more jurisdictional disputes, lower pay, and more strikes.

Canada may have reached the point of no return. Canadian nationalists, once a feisty bunch, have assumed the fetal position. *Maclean's* magazine, once the trumpet of nationalism, recently ran a three-page article boosting continentalism (for which read Americanism). The earnest stalwarts of the Committee for an Independent Canada, whose annual raft of resolutions used to give the American embassy fits, is now reduced to putting out explanations as to why it can't get together enough members to promote a decent card game.

Canadians appear to have given up the ghost. In part, the reason is that the problem is so horrendous and its roots are so deep. Foreign capital was invited into this country during the last century, because Canadians knew then, as now, that Canada is a resource-rich, underdeveloped nation. We did not have the funds or the expertise for making the most of our national heritage. We solved the problem by giving away our heritage, but that is not what we set out to do. We set out merely to borrow a little money. At first, the funds came from Britain, and, mostly, in the form of loans—that is, by way of bonds issued by Canadian companies, which paid interest. Then we turned to American sources, and the Americans flooded into Canada, especially after World War II, when the British had no more money to spare. The Americans came, not as lenders, but as investors. Instead of buying bonds, they bought stocks or set up their own companies in Canada, which became a spawning ground for the multinationals. General Motors, General Electric, ITT, Standard Oil, and all their brothers and sisters invested in Canada, and as the investments paid off, they ploughed back some of the profits. They didn't come where they were needed but where the profits were richest. Canadian agriculture is still broke, but it is intact; our oil industry disappeared down the American maw decades ago. Our markets are loaded with vaginal sprays, but we have no solar-energy industry to speak of.

> If the CIA was turned loose in Chile to protect U.S. corporate interests, what would they do to Canada, just across the border?

In theory, we could not have survived without this foreign investment, because we needed the inflow to offset our losses in merchandise trade. Wheat never did sell for as much as radios. We couldn't compete with Americans in making textiles; so we bought abroad. To balance the books, we had to bring in capital. That capital, in due course, bought up most of our textile industry, which is now in an even sadder state than America's. At the time, it all seemed very sensible; at least the books balanced.

A few cranky souls, economists of suspicious political views, sounded a national tocsin from time to time. Canada didn't need the foreign capital, these loonies would say; obviously, the people who put money into Canada did so because they intended to take it out again, with interest. The message was lost in the clink of coin, until we woke up with nothing to show for our efforts but mounting debts and a constant drain of dollars to pay for services that we no longer own. The American companies to whom we opened our arms and pocketbooks send profits home, of course. They send home management fees and patent payments and royalties and interest on loans; they also make sweetheart deals with the parent corporations to escape Canadian taxes and to inflate prices in Canada while they sell Canadian-made goods in the United States at a bargain and cream off the profit at both ends. The more money that disappears over the border, the more we must have to pay our debts.

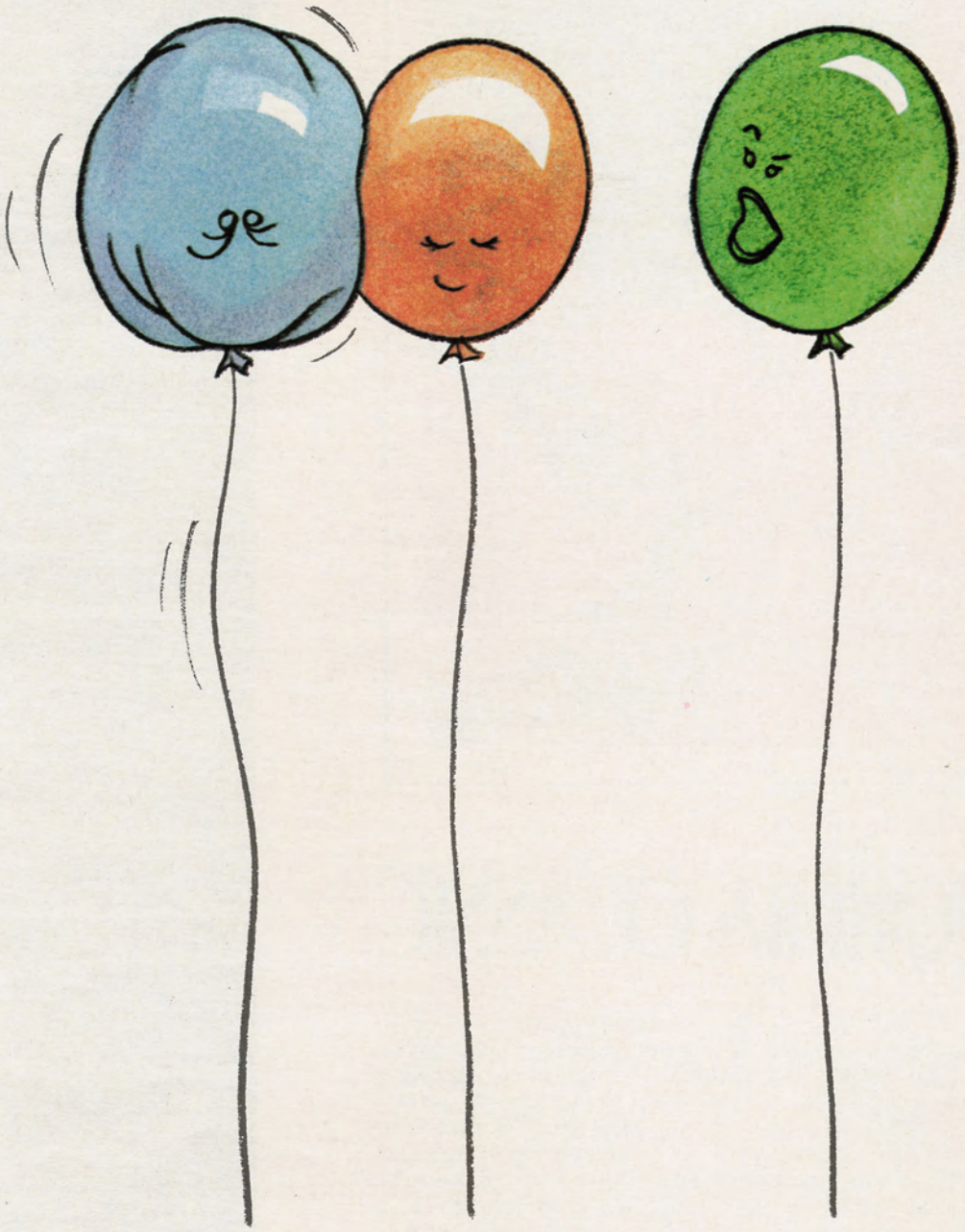
In 1969 foreign investment in Canada—80 percent of which was American—stood at the astronomical figure of $44 billion. By 1976 it had nearly doubled to $81 billion. This is not new money coming in; it is foreign money expanding inside the Canadian economy much as wasp grubs grow inside a paralyzed spider—by feeding on the living flesh. In 1976, the last year for which figures are available, the carrying charges on Canada's foreign debt were $5.4 billion. And, that year, there was a net outflow of capital. American companies no longer needed to invest here; they could continue to grow while sending money home.

So it goes. Now Canada is told that it must have massive injections of new foreign capital. Why? To build, among other things, a $10 billion gas pipeline across the north. Canadians don't need the pipeline; Americans do, so that Alaskan gas can be transported across Canada. The pipeline will be built by a consortium of American-dominated companies, with the help of Canadian governments. It will not do anything for Canada except to disturb its environment, displace its native peoples, and distort its capital markets. But the Americans who set Canadian energy policy want it; so they will have it, and we will be duly grateful.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

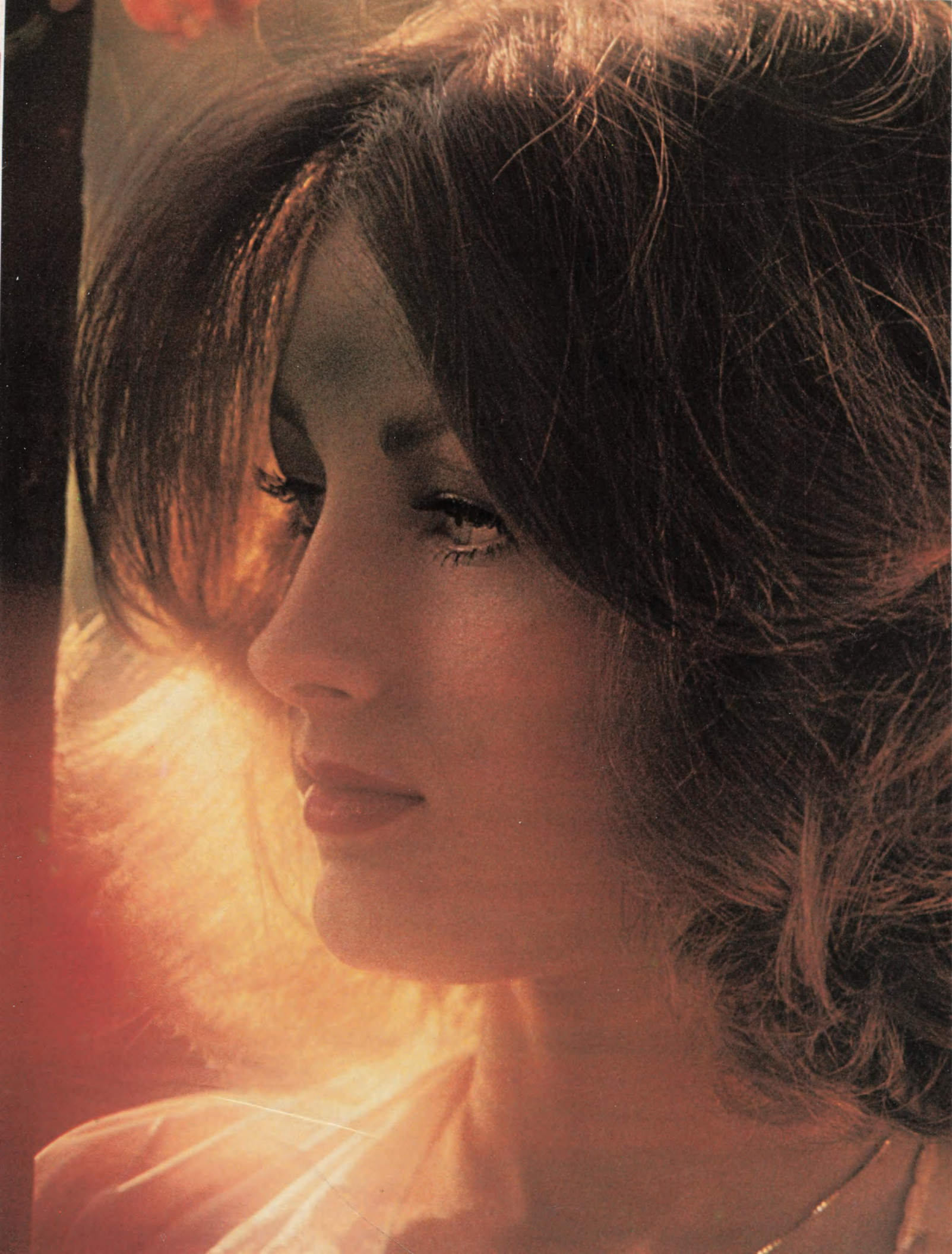


"Look at it this way . . . when you're sixty he'll be over a hundred."

CALIFORNIA CLASSIC

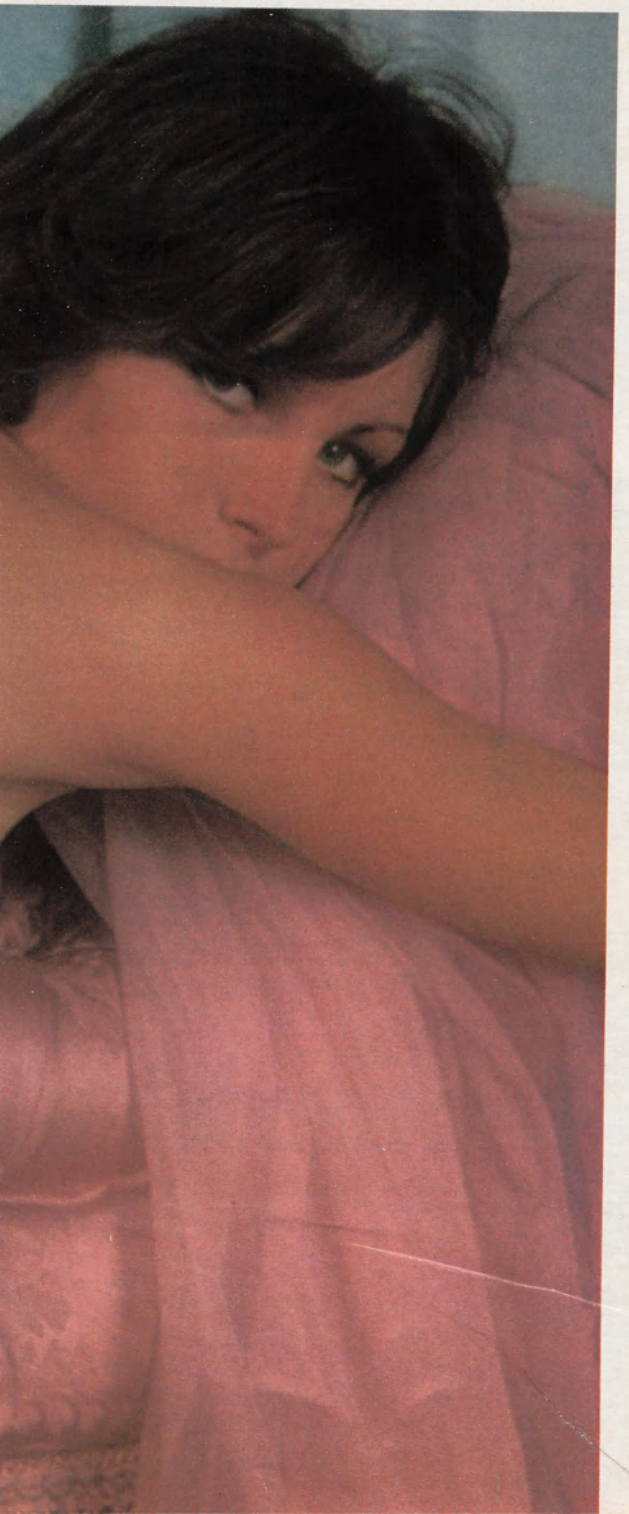
Tracy Gordon is an all-American, adventurous woman. An explorer by nature, she is very well acquainted with the entire U.S.A. "I'm originally from Charlotte, North Carolina," she told us, "but I've been in every state in the Union except Oklahoma. I just haven't had a chance to get there yet. For now, though, I'm settling in California." La Jolla, to be exact. Tracy confessed to a weakness for Pacific sunsets. And what about the men she's met in her travels, we wondered. Does she prefer the West Coast male to eastern men? "Back East the men are more conventional, I think," Tracy answered. "Out here the guys tend to be more flamboyant—the way they dress and romantically, too. One night I was at the Troubadour in L.A., and this really good-looking guy came over and asked me my name. I told him, and he walked away. The next morning he sent me *five* orchids. I still don't know who he was, and I have no idea how he got my address. But I love it."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



"Actually, it's pretty hard to generalize about men, though, isn't it?" Tracy continued. "Ultimately, I love them all. Subtlety is a quality I particularly appreciate in a man—that way some men have of letting you know they adore you just by looking into your eyes without saying a word. That sort of thing has nothing to do with where a person's from. It's an attitude, an understanding of exactly who the female being is and what she wants and needs." At nineteen Tracy already knows quite a bit about men and about herself as well. Sophisticated, bright, versatile, she has all the distinctions of an American thoroughbred and feels as comfortable in tony city bistros as she does on wild-mountain bridle paths of the Sierras.

"Subtlety is a quality I particularly appreciate in a man—that way some men have of letting you know they adore you . . . without saying a word."



Drapes painted by Paul Eventoff, L.A.; clothes by B.J.'s Boutique, Beverly Hills, and Eclectigaria, L.A.; jewelry by Showcase Jewelers, Sherman Oaks; lingerie by Glydons's, L.A.

Tracy measures up to a fantasy of female perfection (34-23-35), and her auburn hair, crystal green eyes, and cameo-delicate features hardly detract from her regal form. She has an easygoing, easy-to-love Libran personality that matches her physical beauty, and she seldom lacks the attention and/or companionship of men. "I really don't understand all this fuss and discussion about relationships these days," Tracy opined. "It all seems pretty natural to me—doing whatever feels right."

"Actually, it's pretty hard to generalize about men, isn't it?... Ultimately, I love them all."

"Men and women just need to take the time to get to know each other," she added. "I spend a lot of time on my writing, and I think I can make a successful career of it, but I'll always give as much energy as I can to the special men in my life."

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THE REAL GODFATHER

Almost fourteen years after the Mafia's National Commission sentenced him to death, Joseph Bonanno has become America's dominant mob leader.

At the foot of a mountain in upstate New York, about eighty miles from Manhattan, is a stone cottage that had not been used since summer came to an early end on the Labor Day weekend in 1964. But now, on a Tuesday evening at the end of the following October, three men stumbled over each other as they hurriedly swept dust off the floors, tossed out empty beer and liquor bottles, and scoured the kitchen.

The men seemed out of character as they performed housewifely duties up in the country. They were broad-shouldered, somewhat heavyset men who threw out their chests so that their bellies wouldn't show. At any other time they would have complained about their assignment, but now they did not, because they felt honored at having been selected to prepare the cottage for the court that would soon assemble there for the defendant whose death sentence had already been passed.

And, as soldiers in the Mafia family of Don Carlo Gambino, they no doubt felt certain that they would have the honor of carrying out the sentence decreed by the court after the necessary formality of a hearing.

It is likely that the three men discussed the impending execution, because it had been talked about for weeks among members of Gambino's family. The execution would have to be swift and would have to be carried out with dignity, because the condemned man was a *uomini rispetto*, a man of respect, a leader of the Mafia. He had violated the rules; he had earned the hatred of other Mafia leaders who would judge him and condemn him to his face, as

BY TONY SCADUTO

they had already done among themselves. But he was a don—Don Peppino, as his men called him with deep affection. He had been present at the creation of the modern American crime syndicate during the early thirties, he had been the equal of legends like Meyer Lansky and Lucky Luciano, and even in death he had to be treated nobly. Yes, it would be an honor and an enormous lift in reputation to execute such a man.

But today, more than thirteen years later, Don Peppino, the condemned man, can be seen in Tucson, performing his daily morning ritual. He gets into his Cadillac, which is parked at the rear of his brick ranch house in the northern part of the city, and drives a few blocks to a phone booth. There are no checks by flunkies to see whether dynamite has been wired to his ignition. He never has a bodyguard; he has no fear of sudden death. In the phone booth, apparently untroubled by the brilliant Arizona sun, he drops in quarter after quarter and speaks for an hour or more to associates all over the country, from New York to California, Alaska to Florida.

This silver-haired, ruggedly handsome man of seventy-three who is called Don Peppino is Joseph Bonanno, known to Mafia watchers and newspaper readers as Joe Bananas. He is the last of the great dons spawned by Prohibition. And he seems to have survived against all odds to become perhaps the most powerful Mafioso ever seen in that honored society.

Law-enforcement officers from several state and federal agencies cannot decipher their recordings of Bonanno's conversation, because for years now he has spoken over telephones in a kind of code that only his closest aides can understand. But an eight-month cross-country investigation into the life and business of Joe Bonanno shows that those cops and agents who are assigned to keep a close watch on him agree on one main point. In the city or state in which the interviewed sleuths are based, in California, Arizona, and Colorado, in Las Vegas and New York, it is believed that Bonanno—despite his continued denials—has become the dominant mob leader for each area.

And some investigators are certain that Bonanno has taken the Mafia into a new phase of development. He has apparently transcended that old concept of power, the "boss of all bosses," and has created a horizontal Mafia organization that is slowly undermining the tradition of vertical "families" prevailing since the thirties.

Interviews with lawmen and mob contacts across the country make it clear that Bonanno has created a conglomerate that has given him enormous influence in once "open" cities like Las Vegas and Los Angeles, that cuts across old Mafia territorial boundaries, and that has blurred the lines between old families.

He has done it through a force of personality that one agent likens to that of "an intelligent, kindly, and free-spending Caesar," a personality that creates a greater feeling of loyalty to this don than to any other in the history of a Mafia that has always been a feudal organization, ruled at the top by greedy, despotic bosses.

He has done it by murder, although even police who would love to send him to prison admit that murder has seldom been necessary.

He has done it by purchasing political clout in several states; in Mexico, which is the source of most of the heroin in this country; and in the Caribbean, where gambling is big business and the mob runs the casinos.

He has done it most of all by setting up in Mexico and Canada the pipelines through which heroin is smuggled and by then munificently giving other Mafia families a share of the multimillion-dollar narcotics business.

In the mob the money-maker is king. Joe Bonanno is a money-maker for several Mafia groups across the country, and he's brought them under his influence.

Bonanno appears to have become in actuality what two other modern Mafia leaders had been in name only—boss of all bosses. Those two leaders of New York Mafia families were Vito Genovese and, after Genovese's death in prison in 1969, Carlo Gambino. Each in turn had gained dominance over several other families in the New York area. Each was then able to direct decisions of the mob's National Commission, a board of directors composed of anywhere from nine to twelve of the twenty-six Mafia leaders in the nation; the commission meets from time to time to settle disputes and establish policy in Mafia affairs, and it generally takes its lead from the New York dons. But Genovese and Gambino never exerted much direct influence in major mob cities like Chicago, Detroit, and Los Angeles.

> "Should I be killed," said Bonanno, "the greatest war in Mafia history will be unleashed. My men are ready to strike— no one will be immune."

Bonanno does have such influence, in New York and other cities, and he is not even a member of the commission, because he was thrown off the board before he was kidnapped and brought to trial. But Bonanno has at least some voice in important Mafia cities across the nation, since, during the past dozen years, he has established alliances with younger men in those cities, men who today have attained stature and control and who venerate Bonanno because he helped make them wealthy and powerful.

And while maintaining the fiction that after his kidnapping he agreed to retire to Tucson in order to save his life, Bonanno has regained control of his old family in New York, established control of at least two other New York families, and has come near to placing one of his most loyal associates on the commission throne as boss of all bosses.

My investigation into the "retirement" of Don Peppino (in Sicilian, Peppino is an affectionate nickname for Guiseppe, which is Bonanno's actual given name) started back in the spring of 1977, after an unusual media triple play occurred in New York. Within twenty-four hours of each other the *Times*, *Daily News*, and *New York* magazine all came on like gangbusters with a startling story—a new Godfather had risen to power.

The latest boss of all bosses, according to these publications, was a man named Carmine Galente, nicknamed Lillo. He had recently been paroled after serving twelve years on a conviction for running a major drug-smuggling ring that, by comparison, made the French Connection group look like drugstore clerks. As soon as Lillo was paroled, the stories said, he rebuilt the old Bonanno family, in which he had been underboss, and worked his way into control of other families in the city.

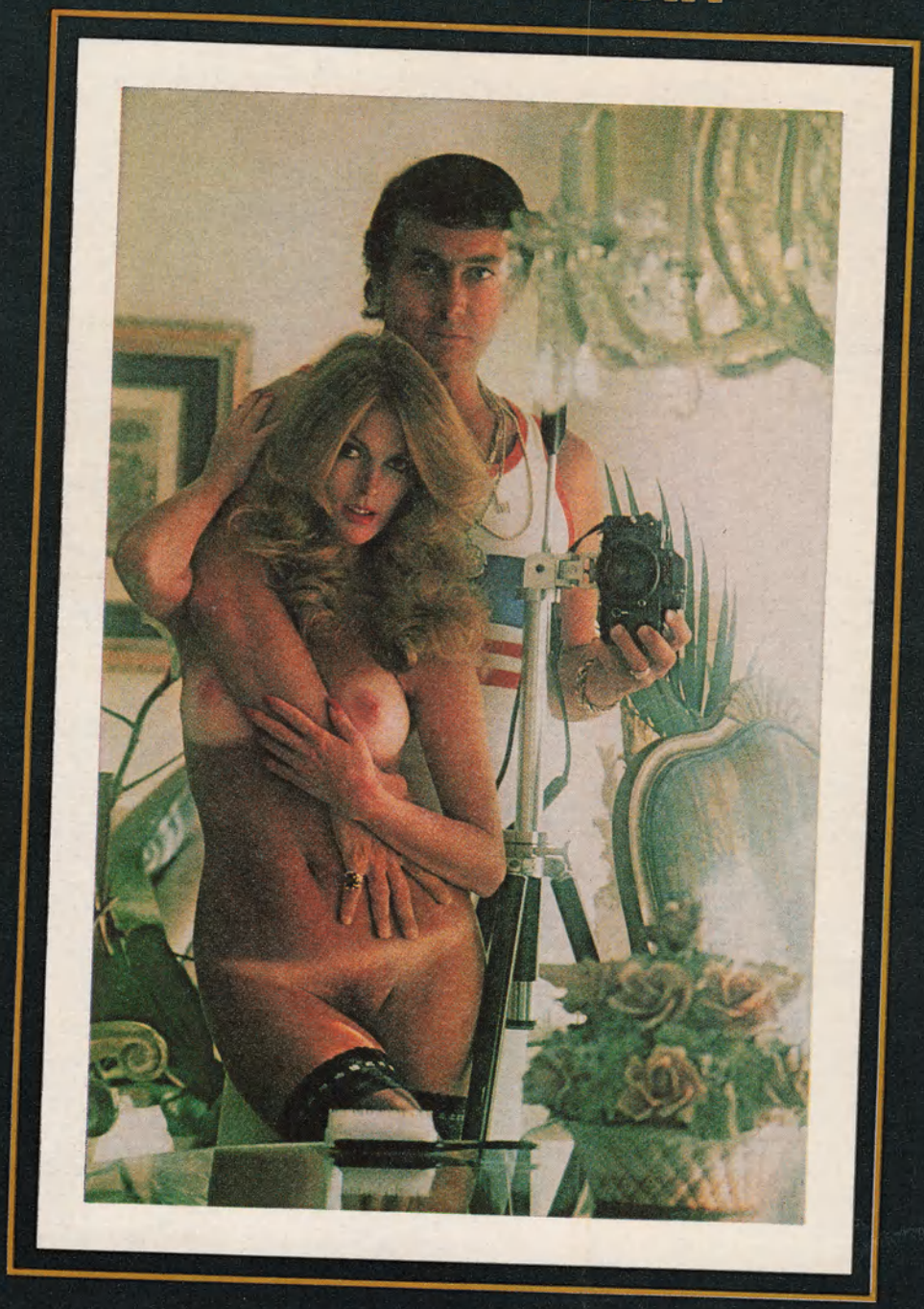
Everything I knew about Lillo Galente told me that he was just a thug compared with dons like Bonanno. Since 1957 and the meeting of more than 100 Mafia dons and their underbosses and captains at Apalachin, N.Y., I had been the "Mafia expert" for the *New York Post*. Long before that, growing up in a Brooklyn neighborhood where the Mafia was and still is strong, a neighborhood where some of the kids with whom I played stickball had fathers and uncles who were Mafia members, I had been a student of mob affairs, intrigues, and gossip. And I knew that Galente was too violent and temperamental to make it to the very top of the Mafia. He was powerful in the mob because he was feared, as any man would be who boasts to associates about the thirty-odd killings he's performed for his superiors. "A stone killer," one Mafia informer called him. It is probable, in fact, that the fear Galente provoked throughout Mafia-land helped Bonanno escape the death penalty, because from the prison where Galente was serving time when Carlo Gambino was trying to have Bonanno murdered, Galente sent out this word: "When I get out, I'll make Carlo Gambino shit in the middle of Times Square. Tell Carlo I'm going to kill him personally."

An important man in the Mafia, this Galente, able to make men quake, but highly unlikely to become boss of all bosses.

A few days after the media investiture of Galente as the new Mafia king, I called an old friend, Frankie Bath Beach, a mob loan shark and bookmaker. We had grown up

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

GET INTO THE PENTHOUSE PICTURE WITH THIS MAN



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A Hot Afternoon at the Quarry

FICTION BY JOHN FERGUS RYAN

A young couple sat at a back table in the Spit Café, next to the *mens*.

He was twenty-two and dressed in a navy-blue pin-stripe suit, a white shirt with a starched collar, a floral print necktie by Countess Carla, black slip-on shoes made in Italy, lots of glittering jewelry, cuff links, a tie clasp, a key chain, a frat pin, and a gold wrist watch.

She was twenty and had on lime-colored stretch pants, a yellow sleeveless blouse, and a pair of white plastic sandals from Kinney's in Memphis. Her hair was long, worn in a pony tail and dyed a strut, gloomy black. Her skin was chalk, and her eyebrows were plucked out and then drawn back on and heightened, black, black, black. There was a space between her two front teeth big enough to stick a pencil through.

The Spit Café in Bloat, Miss., is the town's only resort. You go there or nowhere. A plastic pig revolves on a spit, over a bed of red lights made to look like glowing coals, in one of its two front windows. Hence the name. A four-color illustration on the other front window shows a little fat man with a big nose, wearing a derby, peering out from behind a hamburger as big as he is. Underneath it is the slogan *World's largest hamburger. Takes an hour to eat!*

Two men, strangers in town, entered the Spit Café and were hit by the essence of a good fly spray. They sat at the counter, next to thirty loaves of day-old bread stacked on the floor by the cash register, and ordered the plate lunch.

The Spit Café is decorated by framed photographs of the owner's children, cans of chili stacked in a pyramid, and seven or eight mounted fish, mostly rough stuff,

Fixing to marry
Davy Sue Merkle come
Saturday a week,
Rafe Munger, Jr.,
wanted one last fling with
Sula Jean Measles.

scrod or brakes, taken from the Okipita River.

It was late of a Saturday morning in August. The lunch-hour rush had not yet begun, and it was still slow, cool, and quiet in the Spit. The waitress put a quarter in the juke box and selected a ballad: ". . . Quit snarlin', darlin',/Let's end this silly quarrelin'/and be . . . Tweety birds like we used to be./". . ..Quit snarlin', darlin',/You're snappin' like a marlin,/Chasin' bait fish through the sea."

The waitress served plate lunches to the men at the counter. Fillet of sea trout, pickled beets, baby limas, shredded lettuce with Kraft French dressing, corn bread, and coconut custard.

"I don't like pickle beets," said one of the men.

"I can give you cream corn or slice tomatoes," said the waitress.

"You got any mash potatoes?" asked the man.

"I got bake potatoes," said the waitress.

The two men were just getting into the shredded-lettuce salad when the couple sitting in the back, near the *mens*, started getting loud. The waitress leaned over the counter and confided to the two men. "Back there sits a crying shame," she said. "That boy is Rafe Munger, Jr. His daddy's Rafe Munger, Land Deals. Richest man in town!"

"Prolly as crooked as the hair in a gypsy's nose," said one of the men.

"He is that!" said the waitress. "Rafe Munger owns ever rent house in town, and he'll read you out if you get as much as one month behind in your rent."

The two men smirked and shook their heads in disbelief.

"That Rafe junior; he's spalled!" said the waitress. "Them rich kids is all spalled. That's what they are! Spalled rotten!"

"There ain't no such of a thaing as a happy rich kid!" said one of the men.

"What makes me so all-fired mad," said the waitress, "is that Rafe junior is fixin' to get married, and that girl with him is not the one he's gonna marry!"

"Not his bride-to-be?"

"I'll say not! That's just little ole Sula Measles from out at Four Points! He's fixin' to marry Davy Sue Merkle a week from tomorrow at two o'clock in the afternoon!"

"He looks no count," said one of the men. "I never have had any use for a man with a harelip."

"You can hardly see it, though, through his mushtash," said the waitress.

The couple in the back, Rafe junior and Sula Measles, were getting louder.

"Quit foon with mah tiddies!" she said. "They's tender!"

"They's tender?" he asked. "Who's been foon with 'em?"

Sula Measles stood up, brushed Beer Nuts off her lap, and stormed out of the Spit Café. Rafe junior followed her. Just outside the door, on Main Street, she bumped into an old man in bib overalls, who was delivering a crate of live chickens to the Chinaman's store, next to the Spit.

The old man looked at Sula Measles as she passed him, and he said aloud, to no one in particular, "There go the biggest tits on a white woman in Bloat, Mississippi!"

Sula opened the door of her new car, a sporty little Pimp, which was parked at the curb, and sat down in the driver's seat. She had just bought the car from Boxer's Imports in Memphis and got forty-eight months at a hundred and eighty-three dollars and forty-seven cents a month.

Sula did factory work in Memphis, making dog food at a cereal mill, and her take-home pay was two hundred dollars a week. She had been there eight months and was up for promotion to inspector.

A delivery truck from the Nat Buring Packing Company in Memphis pulled up in front of the Chinaman's store at just that moment and blocked Sula against the curb. Sula wanted to make a quick getaway from Rafe junior, but she would not have been able to even if the delivery truck had not pinned her in, for her bosom had snagged in the steering wheel of the sports car and she had to suck in her breath and struggle a moment to free herself. She was like a little pouter pigeon, with breasts that always snagged in the steering wheel. She could not push the driver's seat back any more. It was already as far back as it would go. The front seat was touching the backseat, now.

Rafe junior, in all his finery, his hair slicked down, his harelip white with rage, ran up in front of the Pimp, holding his hand on the hood, pivoting on it, and opened the door opposite the driver's seat and got in.

"What are you doing in here with me?" asked Sula Measles, angrily. "You ain't going nowhere with me! If you want to marry that little adding machine of a Davy Sue Merkle, you ain't gonna ride in my car!"

Rafe junior had had too much Premium beer and not enough food. He had been drunk every day since he graduated from Ole Miss a year ago.

"Don't chide me, Sula Jean!" he said. "That marrying Davy Sue, that's something she and my daddy cooked up. He wants me to marry her because she can add up a column of figures in her head, quicker than a man with a machine."

"Get out of this car! I mean it, you peckerwood!"

Sula Jean and Rafe junior had been going together off and on for a long time before Davy Sue Merkle entered the picture. They had even been off on trips together. She would drive over to Oxford, Miss., where Rafe junior was in school, and they would go off together someplace for the weekend. Once they had even gone to the dog track in West Memphis, Ark., and Sula Jean had won fifty dollars on a quinella.

"Are you going to do me or not?" asked Sula Jean. "If you won't, they's plenty in Memphis who will."

"Come on, Sula Jean," begged Rafe junior. "Let's drive out to the Barrow Pits. For one last time!"

"You had your last time, Mr. Rafe Munger, Jr. From now on, you can spin your time with Miss Davy Sue Merkle! You can go off with her someplace and spin the whole night looking for her tiddies!"

Como Wing, the Chinaman's son, had come out of the store and was watching the truck driver as he unloaded salt bellies. He had a broom in his hand.

Salt bellies are slabs of white pork fat with thin streaks of lean. They are about two inches thick and two feet wide and four or five feet long. Sometimes they still have the teats on them. Salt bellies are a staple of the diet in Bloat, Miss.

The truck driver finished stacking the bellies on the sidewalk, a sheet of brown paper between each one, and handed Como Wing an invoice which read "Ten salt bellies @ 24½ cents a pound. Six hundred ten pounds and eight ounces." He wanted Como Wing to sign for receipt of that much salt belly.

"Wait a minute," said Como Wing, and he began sweeping the salt bellies with his broom. He swept one side of a belly until he had swept off all the loose salt; then he had the truck driver turn the belly over, and he swept off the other side. He swept all ten bellies, both sides, and brushed off a lot of salt. Then he had the driver reweigh the bellies on the scale in front of the store. The total, now less the salt, was nearly six pounds lighter. When the truck driver adjusted the invoice to show the new net weight, Como Wing signed it.

Sula Jean and Rafe junior were still arguing, and the men in front of the Chinaman's store, the matter of the salt bellies out of the way, turned to watch them. The old man with the crate of chickens, who was a Mr. Ledbetter, now had an audience and repeated, "There sits the biggest tits on a white woman in Bloat, Mississippi!" That was Mr. Ledbetter: He *would* drive a joke in the ground.

"Let's get out of here!" said Sula Jean. "That old man's saying something nasty about me!"

The delivery truck was gone, and she started the engine and slowly pulled away from the curb and headed south on Main Street.

"Stop at the bootlegger's," said Rafe junior, and Sula Jean pulled over, in front of a state-licensed package liquor store. It was not really a bootlegger's. The state had had legal liquor for several years, but people in Mississippi still call the place where they buy their liquor "the bootlegger's" out of respect for tradition. Rafe junior went inside and bought a fifth of Wild Turkey bourbon and a six-pack of Seven-Up. He swayed as he paid the clerk.

"You ought to slow down, Rafe junior," said the clerk, an old man named Roon Bodcaw, who had worked as a switchman for the Illinois Central Railroad in Chicago until he retired.

"You ought to slow down. A young fella like you."

"Shut up, you old fool!" said Rafe junior, and he staggered back outside, leaving change for a twenty on the counter.

Something had happened to Sula Jean while she was waiting, something had softened her heart, and she agreed to go out to the Barrow Pits with Rafe junior for one more time, the last one before he got married.

She drove down Main Street, past the water tower, turned right at the Firecracker Stand—*World's largest fireworks! Cherry bombs as big as Labrador retrievers*—and headed down a dirt road, out in the country, to the Barrow Pits.

The Barrow Pits was the place where the young people of Bloat, Miss., went to "court." They were deep holes in the ground surrounded by tall mounds of dirt, holes made years ago by some company that dug them out to get at gravel or shale. In the years since, the pits had filled up with seep water from the creeks around them and were now deep pools of greenish yellow, stagnant water, filled with all kinds of rough fish, gar, scrod, brakes, and gulpers.

It was a short drive from the Firecracker Stand to the Barrow Pits. Sula Jean turned

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Contrary to popular belief, many more brands of Scotch are bottled in America than in Scotland. They are bulk-shipped and bottled here, often using municipal water.

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this way and that on the narrow roads among the mounds of dirt until she came to her favorite courting spot, a little recess behind a hill where she could park and not be seen from the road. The sheriff's men patrolled the Barrow Pits now and then and arrested "courters." Not that they were not out there, themselves, on their days off.

The Pimp was too small for Sula Jean and Rafe junior to do anything inside it. They got out and climbed up a hill, and Rafe junior poured himself a drink, Wild Turkey and Seven-Up, in a white plastic cup. Sula Jean was not drinking.

"I quit drinking whiskey when I got saved," she said. "I'll drink beer, but I won't drink whiskey, because it's the hard stuff and all it's good for is to get you in trouble."

Rafe junior emptied his cup in one gulp. That boy was going to have a bad drinking problem, one day. Sula Jean was getting impatient. She was a Scorpio and would not be kept waiting.

"Did you come up here to drink that poison or to have one last big one with me?" she asked Rafe junior.

Rafe junior got angry. Here was another person trying to tell him what to do and when. He grabbed Sula Jean by the shoulders and shook her.

"I'm sick of you!" he said. "I'm sick and goddamn tired of everybody! All I ever wanted to do was move to Memphis and make dancing teacher at Fred Astaire, and everybody's always got something else for me to do! I'm sick and tired of it!"

Rafe junior turned up the bottle of Wild Turkey and took a long pull on it.

"Are you going to do me or not?" asked Sula Jean. "If you won't, they's plenty at the Owl in Memphis who will!"

Rafe junior set the bottle down and had at Sula Jean. It was not easy because he was drunk.

"Let's go home," he said later. "I've got to go to a party tonight. I've got to go home and get some sleep."

Sula Jean straightened her clothes and started down the hill to her car, walking behind Rafe junior. He got in the car, behind the driver's seat.

"You can't drive!" said Sula Jean. "You're drunk! You're too drunk to drive!"

"I've got to drive!" said Rafe junior. "I'm too drunk to sing!" That was a reference to an old joke he remembered from high school. No one else remembered it.

"I will not let you drive! This car is brand-new! I ain't even made the first payment yet! Get out from behind that wheel!"

"I can too drive! It's just to my house, not a mile from here! If you don't want me to drive, you can just pull me out from behind this wheel! If you're big enough!"

"You damn bully! If you wreck this car, I'm taking it straight to your daddy!"

Rafe junior started the engine and raced it in neutral until it was screaming. Then he engaged the gears, and the little car shot away from the Barrow Pits, going a hundred miles an hour in seventy-five seconds.

When he got to the highway, Rafe junior tried to slow down to make the turn, but he lost control and the Pimp swerved sharply, narrowly missed a big Buick driven by State Sen. Oscar S. Baymule, then ran off the road, into the side wall of a colored beer joint with *Its a go-go girl in here* painted on the front window. The beer joint had no name. There used to be a sign on it, but someone had shot it off, years ago.

No one was hurt, but the Pimp was destroyed. The fiberglass body was broken into a thousand shards, and the frame was hopelessly bent. Slowly, Rafe junior and Sula Jean crawled out of the wreckage.

Sula Jean saw what had happened to her car and started screaming. Rafe junior leaned on the hood of a car that had just pulled up, and vomited.

State Sen. Oscar S. Baymule, a temperance advocate, had turned back and stopped at the scene of the accident. He went up to Rafe junior, put his hand on him, and said, "I'm holding this man for the law!"

Someone in the crowd pointed at Rafe junior and said, "There's a boy needs put in the pen!" A colored man in the go-go joint telephoned Hazel Catfield, the town marshal.

A young man came up to Rafe junior and grabbed him at the collar and twisted his shirt and pulled him up to his face and said, "I oughta whup yo' ass, buddy! You puked on my brother's Stingray!" Senator

"If I may be so bold, Mr. Havistock, I think you've had enough!"

New Marlboro Lights 100's

Lighter in taste. Lower in tar. And still offers up the same quality that has made Marlboro famous.

The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Baymule pulled the two men apart.

"Let the marshal handle this!" said the senator. "I'm Senator Baymule! Do what I tell you! I'll see that this man is punished!"

Hazel Catfield, the town marshal, was a man, a big man, six foot five, with a massive overhanging gut. He was fifty-six in the waist and wore a size-sixteen shoe. The Sears store in Memphis did not stock his size in anything. Everything he put on his back had to be ordered out of the catalog.

He had been in his office, a mile away, reading that month's issue of *Guns and Ammo*, when he got a telephone call from the colored man at the joint with no name. "Come quick, Mr. Hazel! Boss Baymule is having trouble with Mr. Rafe junior, out at the joint with no name!"

State Sen. Oscar S. Baymule was the political boss of Cocalumba County and the man who gave Hazel Catfield the job as town marshal. When he heard that Boss Baymule was involved, Marshal Catfield threw *Guns and Ammo* in the corner, grabbed his deputy, Burl Parsley, who was getting ready to go over to the Spit and eat a pie a la mode, and the two men raced out in the official city car to the joint with no name.

The first thing the marshal did when he got there was to determine the *type* of problem. "I make this out to be a traffic problem," he said, after he saw the wrecked Pimp. He opened the trunk of the official city car, picked around among some eighteen-by-twenty-four-inch signs there, and found one that read: City of Bloat Traffic Accident Squad. He slipped it into some grooves on the outside of the front door of the car.

"Now, I'm ready to commence!" he said to the crowd.

Boss Baymule pointed to Rafe junior.

"Marshal," he said, "arrest that man!"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Baymule!"

The marshal handcuffed Rafe junior to a signpost.

"What did he do, Mr. Baymule?" asked the marshal.

"Drunk! Driving drunk! Tried to run me off the road! Probably on dope!" said the senator.

"Uh oh!" said the marshall, and he went back to the trunk of the official city car, and found a sign that read: City of Bloat Alcohol and Drug Unit. He slipped it into the grooves on the outside of the car door.

The marshal looked at the Pimp, up close.

"That little car is flat totaled out!" he said. "I mean totaled!"

Sula Jean walked over to Rafe junior, handcuffed to the signpost, and slapped him a good one, right across the mouth.

"Here, now, Sula Jean!" said the marshal, grabbing her and holding her back. "You got no bidness striking a prisoner! That's *my* job!"

"That peckerwood raped me!" she said. "He took me back off up in them Barrow Pits and flat out raped me! Threatened to kill me if I didn't give in!"

The marshal started writing this down on a tablet.

"'Raped,' you say?" he asked.

"'Raped' is right!" said Sula Jean.

Both of them pronounced the word *ripe*, as in peaches, when they get soft and fall off the tree.

"So he used force, did he?" asked the marshal.

"What else can you call it when he held a broken beer bottle up to my throat?" asked Sula Jean.

The marshal turned to Rafe junior.

"Listen to me, Rafe junior! Do you know what's going on here? Sula Jean is accusing you of raping her. That's life at Parchman Farm if you get convicted. But that ain't the worst. According to the senator here, you were doped up and drunk and driving that vehicle when it went out of control. You nearly ran into him and forced him off the road. That's ten years at Parchman, right there! But that still ain't the worst. The worst, I ain't even mentioned yet. You were driving that car. And that car is totaled out. Flat totaled out! A brand-new car with factory air! Totaled out! *That's* the worst! That's enough to put you away for life, even without the rape charge! And you, fixing to get married to Davy Sue Merkle, come Saturday, a week!"

"This man ought to be put away for life, Marshal," said State Sen. Oscar S. Baymule. "As an example to the other young people in this county. The greatest county in the great state of Mississippi!" When Senator Baymule got wound up, there was no stopping him. "I'll personally prosecute him!" he said. "I'll see that he does time!"

"I hope you get the chair, Rafe junior!" said Sula Jean. "You raping peckerwood!"

"Rafe junior," said the marshal, "I'm going to have to take you downtown!"

Deputy Burl Parsley took Rafe junior to jail in a private car.

The marshal changed the sign on the side of the official city car to one that read: City of Bloat Rape Squad. And he and Sula Jean drove back to the Barrow Pits to look at the scene of the crime.

"Up yonder is where it happened," said Sula Jean, and she led the marshal to the exact spot.

Hazel Catfield walked all over the area, picking up Seven-Up cans, paper cups, cigarette butts, putting them in envelopes, and labeling them.

He spotted something caught on a bush and quickly walked over to it. It was a cotton handkerchief. The marshal picked it up with a stick and called to Sula Jean.

"This here will send that boy to the chair," he said.

"What is it?" asked Sula Jean.

"Evidence! See the initials 'RJ'? They stand for 'Rafe junior'! This here is evidence!"

"What's so important about it?"

"This here han'chiff has been used fer soppin' a pecker!" said the marshal.

"Good God, Miss Abercrombie, take that silly grin off your face. Our pygmy guide is missing!"

Our new GS-400X goes flat out without flattening your wallet.

You're looking at Suzuki's lowest priced 4-stroke street machine. Looks good, doesn't it?

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For instance, its 'oomph' is generated by Suzuki's famed Dual Overhead Cam engine. Which is not only fast and frugal, it's fantastically smooth. Thanks to a unique gear-driven counterbalancer.

Other items that'll please both beginner and veteran biker include: Long-traveling front forks and rear shocks with five load settings to smooth out bumps. Sporty one-piece exhaust pipes with a connecting crossover tube to improve performance. And a self-adjusting cam chain tensioner to save you hassle.

In short, our new GS-400X offers just about everything that has made our regular GS-400 one of the best-performing and best-handling vertical twins on the road.

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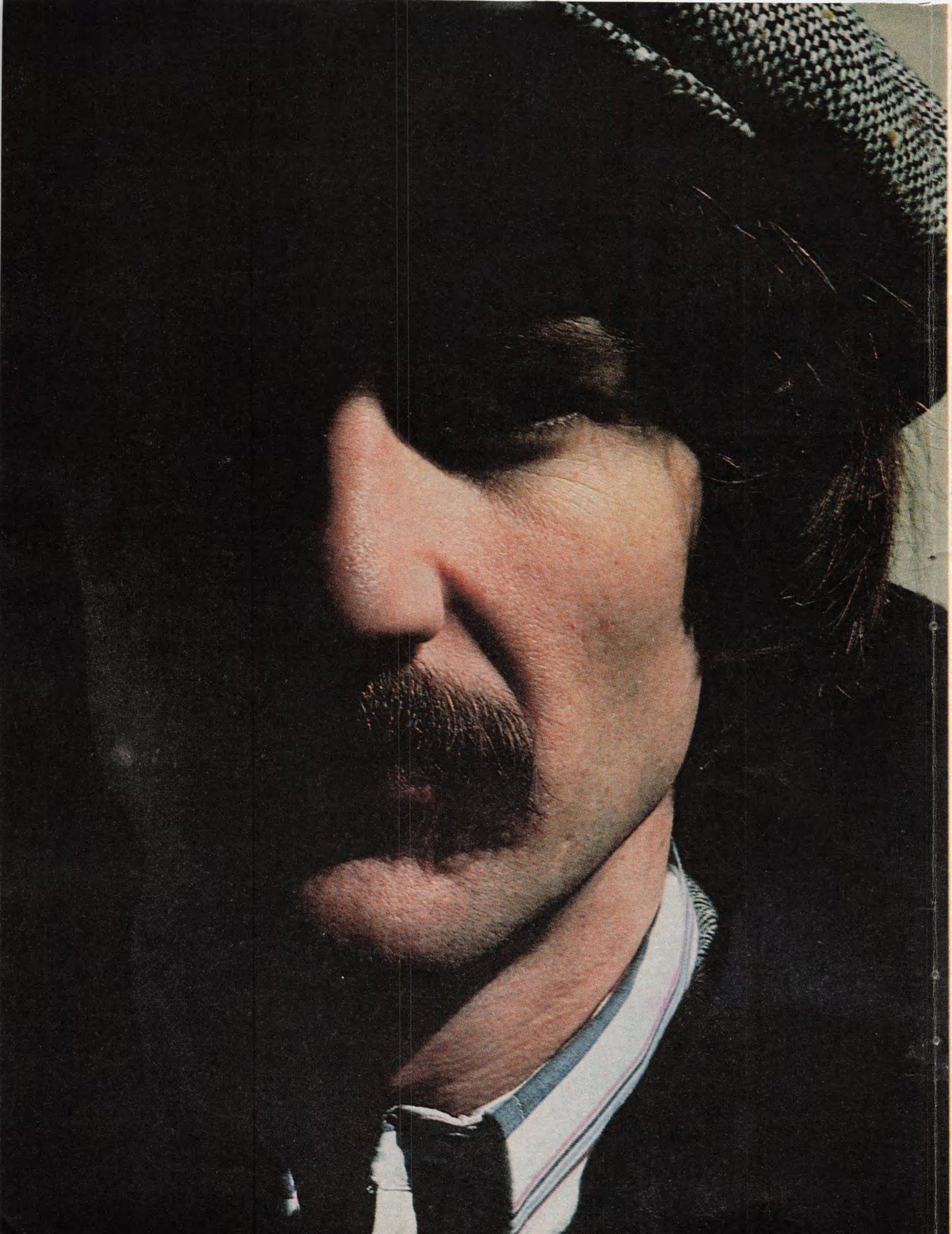

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

DAVID RORVIK

> I think the details of the cloning operation should be kept secret for the same reason that the schemata for putting together a neutron bomb should be kept secret. There is the possibility of abuse . . .

The story broke quietly in late February and exploded into March. It began with an ad in *Publisher's Weekly* announcing the upcoming publication of a book entitled *In His Image: The Cloning of a Man*, by San Francisco-based science writer David Rorvik. The story went unnoticed for more than a week and then appeared in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, as well as in the student newspaper of Western Washington College. Then it was picked up by UPI, and suddenly it was everywhere. The *New York Post* gave it a front-page headline in a type size one would think reserved for the opening of World War III. It was carried by virtually every television station in the nation, if not the world.

The story was this: according to Rorvik, the first human cloning has already been accomplished, and the clone is alive, more than a year old, healthy, and much loved. Rorvik not only reports the story. He also claims to have been instrumental in arranging the cloning itself.

Cloning is a process by which a plant or animal (in this case a human animal) is reproduced asexually, without the union of two sex cells. Anyone who has propagated a plant by taking cuttings, for example, has performed a kind of cloning. All of a clone's genetic information, which determines everything from its sex to the color of its hair, comes from a single parent. A clone is an exact replica of that parent, a kind of identical twin, a carbon copy.

The first cloning of an animal—a frog—was accomplished some two decades ago, but the matter of human cloning, until now, has been largely the territory of science fiction. Some scientists are quick to point out that frog cells are hundreds of times larger than human cells and thus easier to work with. Others respond that it has been twenty years since the first successful animal cloning, and that the technology of cell manipulation has been greatly advanced since then.

Until Rorvik's announcement, there were frequent statements that cloning was just around the corner. In 1967, for example, the celebrated microbiologist and geneticist Dr. Kimball Atwood wrote that "with a crash program, cloning could be done with humans now, but in any event will probably take place within a few years." Similarly, Nobel Prize-winning geneticist Dr. Joshua Lederberg said in 1970: "There is nothing to suggest any particular difficulty about accomplishing this in mammals or man, though it will rightly be admired as a technical *tour de force* when it is first accomplished."

With Rorvik's announcement, however, the scientific community has become more cautious. Critics have noted that, to date, there is no report of a cloned mammal anywhere in the scientific literature. (Rorvik says this is because virtually no one has tried.) And always there are the moral and ethical questions. Will cloning result in a race of Hitlers? Attila the Huns? Richard Nixons? Proponents of cloning usually substitute Einstein, Gandhi, and Jesus. Do the donor and his clone have the same soul? Will men, able to clone themselves, find women unnecessary? Will women no longer require men? (Women have the edge at the moment, for current cloning strategies require female eggs or ova.) Will sexual intercourse become a vestigial practice among humans? The answers to these questions are difficult and will be long in coming.

At the time the story broke, Rorvik was in New York on assignment for *Penthouse*. He was harassed by hordes of aggressive journalists and television crews until 5 A.M. in his hotel. He fled to the offices of his publisher, the J.B. Lippincott Company, only to find reporters there who had been clamoring for him for hours. He finally escaped to his home in California, where he changed his telephone number, contemplated moving, and hid in virtual seclusion.

In brief, the story that drove him underground tells of an American millionaire (pseudonym "Max") who contacts Rorvik with an incredible proposition. Max, who has read Rorvik's published writings on genetic engineering and related subjects, wants to be cloned. He wants Rorvik to set it up. Max will provide the necessary funds and facilities; Rorvik is to find a doctor to carry out the cloning. Rorvik, after considerable soul searching, agrees, locates a willing doctor ("Darwin"), and the cloning is begun. A teenage girl ("Sparrow"), a virgin, is impregnated by an embryonic clone, and nine months later the world's first human clonal birth occurs. That's it, in a nutshell, with only the names, places, and dates changed to protect the innocent.

Photograph by Pat Hill

But is it true? Is there indeed a human clone? Rorvik, who steadfastly claims the clone exists, writes, "I entertain absolutely no expectation of anyone, scientist or layman, accepting this book as *proof* of the events described." Absolute proof, he notes, would require that both Max and his clone be physically present in the same room so that blood, tissue, and chromosome comparisons could be made. Max and his offspring, for example, should each be able to accept tissue transplants from each other with absolutely no sign of rejection. "Anything short of such comparative tests could be faked with ease," says Rorvik. Such tests, of course, would greatly endanger the secrecy that apparently must surround Max and his clone—unless the child is to be passed off as a circus freak.

The question of truth is further complicated by the fact that Rorvik's credentials are impressive indeed. And his description of the cloning process, while lacking in some details (supposedly to prevent the book from becoming a manual for home cloning), rings true. This is the way it could have been done.

Rorvik, born and raised in Montana, graduated tops in his class from Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism in 1967. He was then hired by *Time* magazine and immediately took a leave of absence to become a Pulitzer traveling fellow, studying the press and politics of white-dominated African countries. When he returned to *Time*, he became that magazine's first roving science and medicine reporter and was said to be next in line for *Time*'s prestigious medical-editor slot.

Rorvik chose free-lancing instead and left *Time* after two years. His first free-lance assignment, curiously enough, was a cover story for *Esquire* on various "far out" biological concepts, among them cloning. (For the cover, *Esquire* photographically "cloned" actress Britt Ekland.) Since then, Rorvik has written for many of the nation's major publications—this one included—and is the author of a number of books, among them *Brave New Baby*, *As Man Becomes Machine*, and *Your Baby's Sex: Now You Can Choose*, a book written with Dr. Landrum Shettles that now appears in fifteen languages. He has also been awarded a coveted Alicia Patterson Fellowship to investigate the politics of cancer research.

In the immediate future, Rorvik is going to spend a substantial amount of time involved in the details of his media success. Proof of the hold that cloning has on the public imagination is that paperback rights are expected to sell in excess of $1 million and movie rights for half that sum.

But still the question lingers: is this story fact or fraud? If it is fact, as Rorvik claims, it is the most important medical story of the century, if not of all times. If it is fraud, then it is a grand fraud indeed, reaching deeper than the Clifford Irving-Howard Hughes affair.

Cloning is by far the most dramatic procedure in genetic engineering, as evidenced by the enormous attention paid to Rorvik's announcement. But it is not the most dangerous. The worst that can happen, according to "Darwin," is that the clone will turn out to be "a pain in the ass" for the rest of its life. Other genetic research, while not as glamorous, is far more threatening. For example, some of the new bacterial life-forms now being tailored in laboratories around the world are capable of wiping out the entire human race. Whether Rorvik's story is true or not, it may well be Rorvik's personal warning that the brave new world might just end before it begins.

The much-acclaimed medical writer and feminist Barbara Seaman conducted the following interview with author David Rorvik.

Penthouse: In your book, you speak of journalists who make, rather than report, the news. You've certainly become one of them now.

Rorvik: Yes, I'm afraid that's so. Reporters are calling from all over. I get voices I can't even decipher, from strange lands. I've been hearing from people who claim to be variously the doctor, the surrogate, and even the baby. Congressman Rogers has received so many telegrams demanding an investigation that he has contacted me.

Penthouse: Would you mind a congressional investigation?

Rorvik: Not at all. I'd welcome it. This book is not a hoax, but if it were, the point would be to get these issues out on the table for open discussion. Man has entered a stage of what I call "participatory evolution," where we can manipulate genes and DNA. Science is never evil in itself—it's what people do with it. These questions should be settled by the public, not just by scientists, working in secret.

Penthouse: How do we know you didn't write the book for the money? Why should we believe you?

Rorvik: Look at my credentials and reputation as a science writer. I think they speak for themselves. In fact, there's one aspect of the fuss being made that's getting very tiresome: I can't get interviews with scientists at the moment, so I can't meet my assignments. When I call a scientist to interview him, he wants to interview me instead.

Above all, I don't need the money. You can verify that I've made a hell of a lot of money in real estate, enough to retire right now. Real estate has become, in many ways, my principal passion.

Penthouse: Still, you are going to make a lot more money—a million dollars, at the least, and probably many times that amount. What will you do with it?

Rorvik: I've been thinking that I might use it to have myself cloned.

Penthouse: Why would you want to?

Rorvik: I guess one reason would be that I don't dislike myself, and I think that in many ways I've been a useful member of society. I often think, "Gee, why aren't there more people like myself?" And that's the truth! I really do think that on occasion. I think a lot of people do, if they would only admit it.

It would be interesting, I suppose, to sort of see myself grow up all over again. I would probably do a number of things differently. My clone would not have seven pieces of chewing gum in his mouth at any one time, as I used to when I was six or seven; and when that wasn't in my mouth, there were usually two jawbreakers. By the time I was ten, every tooth in my mouth was filled. It would be very interesting, I suppose, to meddle in the life of another individual, but to do so, of course, in a fashion that . . . that I would at least regard as benign.

I also have something of a mystical outlook on life, even though I don't think of myself as religious in the traditional sense. It's not inconceivable to me that there might be some sort of shared consciousness between members of a clone.

Penthouse: Then, you think psychic research is one benefit that could grow out of cloning?

Rorvik: Yes, there are many possible benefits. Members of a common clone who are engaged in dangerous work or exploration might have special ways of communicating with one another.

Penthouse: Many scientists say that human cloning is dangerous, while others say it's impossible. What is your answer to the latter?

Rorvik: Those who make statements like "We've been trying for a long time to do this, and nobody's been successful" simply don't know what they're talking about. There has been virtually no research—at least, not published research—done in the cloning area for many years, and now the media are getting quotes from biologists and doctors and other scientists who have no special familiarity with the subject.

Penthouse: Your book has extensive notes at the end, citing a great deal of technical literature, some of it quite obscure. Could a scientist who has sufficient knowledge reproduce the cloning from the hints you give in the book and in those notes?

Rorvik: If he had the will and determination, he probably could.

Penthouse: Are you afraid the "code" instructions could fall into terrorist hands?

Rorvik: I think that terrorists would sooner spend their money on guns and dynamite.

Penthouse: In that case, why do you obfuscate so many details—the place, the exact scientific methods, the identities of Darwin and Max?

Rorvik: Max does not want his child to grow up a freak. His terms for letting me cover the story were that every direct clue to his identity be concealed. Max is capable of severe retribution, and I value my life. I don't know his precise arrangement with Darwin, but I gather that the terms are similar.

Penthouse: Couldn't Darwin produce some sort of laboratory proof without jeopardizing Max's privacy? Wouldn't any scientist want the recognition for such a breakthrough?

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Rorvik: If Darwin has proof, he may or may not come forth with it in the future. He is a most difficult and contradictory man, and something of a scientific outlaw.

Penthouse: If Max wanted privacy so much, why did he pick you, a journalist, as his go-between? Couldn't he have found a confidential agent?

Rorvik: Max was well acquainted with my articles and books, and he felt we shared a common viewpoint. He sensed that I might know which scientists would be receptive instead of outraged. When Max first called me, at my cabin in Montana, even I failed to take him seriously. There were numerous meetings and much discussion before we reached an agreement. I spent a lot of time questioning the moral issues. Finally, I decided that I couldn't do it for money, but only if I had permission to report the events.

Penthouse: But *is* it science fact or science fiction? You did write a novel once under a pseudonym. It was about sex surrogates. In 1970 you told a reporter that you also planned to do a novel about cloning.

Rorvik: That's true, but I was joking. I was on a plane that made an unscheduled landing in Great Falls. I dropped in on some old friends at the newspaper. Now, remember, I was a local Montana boy, a poor boy, at that, with no father, who'd made good in New York by his early twenties. Someone said to me, "You've worked at *Time* magazine, had cover stories for *Esquire*, and were even asked to write a science-fiction film script. What next?" I just wanted to say something outrageous, and so I announced: "I will write a pornographic novel about cloning and sell it to the movies."

Penthouse: Well, where did the real cloning happen, and how?

Rorvik: Max maintains both residences and businesses in many countries, particularly where he can get cheap labor. The facility he selected was a small hospital and laboratory, which he had helped construct some years before. It was in a lush jungle, with coconut palms, where Max has rubber plantations and fishing interests.

Darwin, the scientist I found for Max, was secretive and difficult about many details. During the long course of the project, I was allowed to visit the laboratory only three times. Max may have spent as much as two, three, or four million dollars—whatever it took. Darwin and I are no longer on speaking terms.

Penthouse: Why was Darwin evasive, after you had gotten him the job and were also providing him with certain research leads?

Rorvik: I had naively expected that Darwin would start with laboratory animals. He knew I would be astonished when he finally confessed they were "using the best that money can buy"—humans.

Penthouse: From the beginning of the experiment?

Rorvik: Yes.

Penthouse: How did he justify that?

Rorvik: Darwin assumed the role of chief gynecological surgeon for the jungle community. Women were flocking to him for tube-tying operations. If he saw a chance to get some eggs in the course of carrying out such procedures, he took it.

He was also extracting eggs from paid volunteers. In one hour, in his laboratory or operating room, Darwin boasted, these volunteers earned more than they did in a month at a plantation or local factory. I asked about risks to their health, and Darwin protested that the dangerous machinery and noxious chemicals they were exposed to in their usual work were far more injurious than his own experiments. Incidentally, the women Darwin hired were always the youngest and prettiest in the vicinity.

Penthouse: What were the scientific problems that Darwin and his staff had to conquer?

Rorvik: As you know, there is coded in the nucleus of every cell in an organism all the genetic information necessary to produce an organism exactly like it, an identical twin. The problem is to manipulate a body cell— it could come from a male like Max or from a female—and join it with an unfertilized female egg whose nucleus has been separated.

Penthouse: Then Max could have been a millionairess called Maxine? Women can be cloned, too?

Rorvik: Oh, certainly. Women who are still of childbearing age have an advantage in this regard, because, after fertilization, they wouldn't have to "borrow" womb space from someone else.

Penthouse: What were the steps involved in joining Max's body cell with an unfertilized, anucleate egg and then growing the clone?

Rorvik: There were three. The first was to determine the kind of body cell from Max that would best lend itself to this purpose. Examples would be a cell from Max's mouth or head or skin. The second was to keep the embryo alive, and growing, in a test tube, finding the right culture medium so it would develop normally. The final stage was to implant the test-tube embryo in a woman's uterus and have it develop into a normal baby.

Penthouse: What kind of procedure was used for the first stage, the fertilization?

Rorvik: There were two possibilities. One would be microsurgery, such as has been used in the cloning of frogs' eggs by a scientist named Gurdon. But this is difficult with human eggs, since they are much tinier. In 1960, however, it was discovered that something called the Sendai virus, which is rendered noninfectious by exposing it to ultraviolet light, is "fusogenic," which means that it is capable of causing two different cells to merge. Since then, a number of other viruses and chemicals have proven to have this property. I am at liberty to tell you that a fusion, rather than a microsurgery technique was used, but I am not at liberty to divulge the specific virus or chemical.

Penthouse: How did the work on the second stage, involving the growth culture, progress?

"My wife thinks I'm in the Pentagon spending money."

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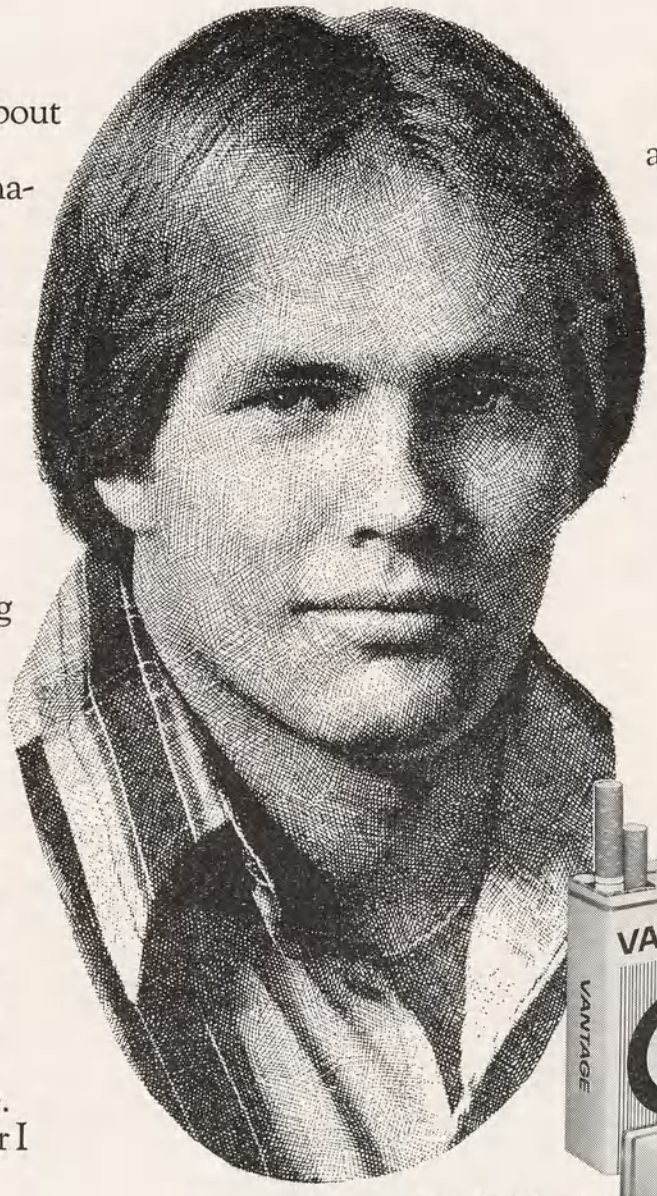

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Rorvik: At first there were many "bench embryos." By that I mean fertilized ova that did not develop normally and had to be discarded or jettisoned.

Penthouse: Wouldn't some people consider that the equivalent of abortion?

Rorvik: I asked Darwin his opinion on that, and he said no. To him an embryo is not a living, viable creature, any more than an egg or sperm cell is, until it is attached to the mother and has a literal grip on life, its cells digging into the wall of the womb to suck up blood and oxygen. Darwin, incidentally, considers most abortions immoral.

Penthouse: What criterion did you use in the selection of "Sparrow"—the woman whose womb space was—in a matter of speaking—"rented"?

Rorvik: Max, Darwin, and the other scientists on Darwin's staff were concerned about several things. Youth and health, of course, and they insisted on a virgin. And, since she would probably become Max's principal mistress as well as the surrogate mother of his child, he had to like her personally.

Penthouse: After selecting the surrogate mother, Sparrow, was implantation accomplished quickly?

Rorvik: No, there were many technical problems and many "pregnancies" that didn't take. Sparrow was not the only woman in whom implantation was tried.

Penthouse: There are people who think that the doctor was a man named Landrum Shettles, about whom you once wrote a book on sex selection. Shettles says that you did approach him but that you then found someone else. He believes your story, but his dates don't square with yours as given in *In His Image*.

Rorvik: There are several possible explanations. One might be that I concealed the real dates, so that no one could trace my comings and goings, or Max's, through a passport.

Penthouse: You thanked Andrew McNaughton, the wealthy Canadian supporter of Laetrile, in the acknowledgements of *In His Image*. Isn't he a bit like Max? Could he *be* Max?

Rorvik: I thanked him because he has become a close friend of mine, and there's no sense in trying to say that he hasn't. No, Andrew McNaughton has spent many, many hours reading various drafts of my manuscript, because this is an area that interests him a great deal. He is not the individual who contracted to have himself cloned. Andrew McNaughton is a bachelor, and he's in his mid-sixties, I believe, and looks about forty; this has been noted in many of the articles about him. There are some remarkable coincidences, as he himself has pointed out. But for a long time, of course, McNaughton wasn't aware that I was working on this project; he knew nothing about it. When I did tell him about it, it turned out that it was something that he had given some thought to.

No, in the book acknowledgments, I was just thanking him for being someone who had very patiently taken time out to read my manuscript and to criticize it, to give me suggestions, and to just basically give me moral support—as a friend. Why don't you ask McNaughton? I'll give you his number. [*Note: Penthouse* thereupon called McNaughton, who stated: "Max is described as a millionaire, which certainly doesn't apply to me." McNaughton adds that he believes the story, because he respects Rorvik's integrity so much. He also has little doubt that cloning is scientifically feasible.]

Penthouse: So Shettles and McNaughton believe you absolutely. Some frontier scientists—but a minority—have also confirmed that your story is plausible. However, those who doubt your claims don't feel you provide enough specific information.

Rorvik: I have excellent reasons for withholding certain facts.

First, the details of the methods of the operation are really the property of the doctor. The precise formulas of the growth mediums belong to him, and the release of this information is his decision. So far he has chosen not to release the details, and I personally agree with his decision. I think the specifics should be kept secret for the same reason that the schemata for putting together a neutron bomb should be kept secret. There is the possibility of abuse; I think it's very small, but it exists.

Second, to identify the specifics of the operation might lead to identification of the individuals involved. You see, there are damned few people with expertise in the fields involved here—in micromanipulation and genetic fusion, for example. What's more, the scientists involved are adamant about not being identified. Also, we must consider the child and *his* right to privacy.

Penthouse: What are the key details you obfuscated?

Rorvik: I didn't obfuscate; I *omitted* details, and I made no bones about doing so. I didn't reveal the precise infusion techniques. I do not provide the precise formulas for the incubation, growth, and maturation media that were used at various stages. I do not reveal the names of the virus and of the chemical compound that were used to effect fusion of the body-cell nucleus and the egg-cell cytoplasm. And I do not reveal the specific type of body cell used for the nucleus transfer, although I do talk about the likely candidates.

Penthouse: How long did this whole process take?

Rorvik: I can't say—and I have reasons.

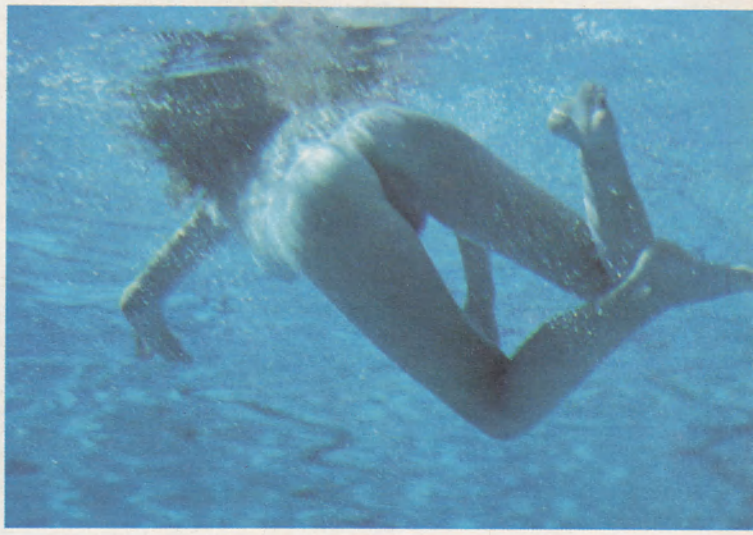
Penthouse: Unless you divulge some of these details, people will say this is all a hoax.

Rorvik: If this *were* a hoax, I think I would not have been so vague on so many issues. I would simply have decided, "Oh, I'll say it was a cell from the lining of the mouth that was used for the nucleus transfer." I could have named any number of specific types of cells, and the reader would have thought, "Gee, he's being very specific and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

"Don't argue. Just give him his lousy 20 percent."

CORINNE



WATER BABY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

A summer reverie of sand, sun, and water. The quintessential scene is where you're most likely to discover a quintessential beach beauty like Pet of the Month Corinne Alphen. "I grew up near Marblehead on the coast of Massachusetts," she told us. "The seacoast always feels like home to me." Corinne spent her childhood summers camping and fishing. While in Miami for this photographic shoot, she headed out to deep waters in search of large marine game. "I landed a four-foot shark my first day out!" she proclaimed proudly.

"I was so innocent when I was seventeen, and I was open to *every* new experience."

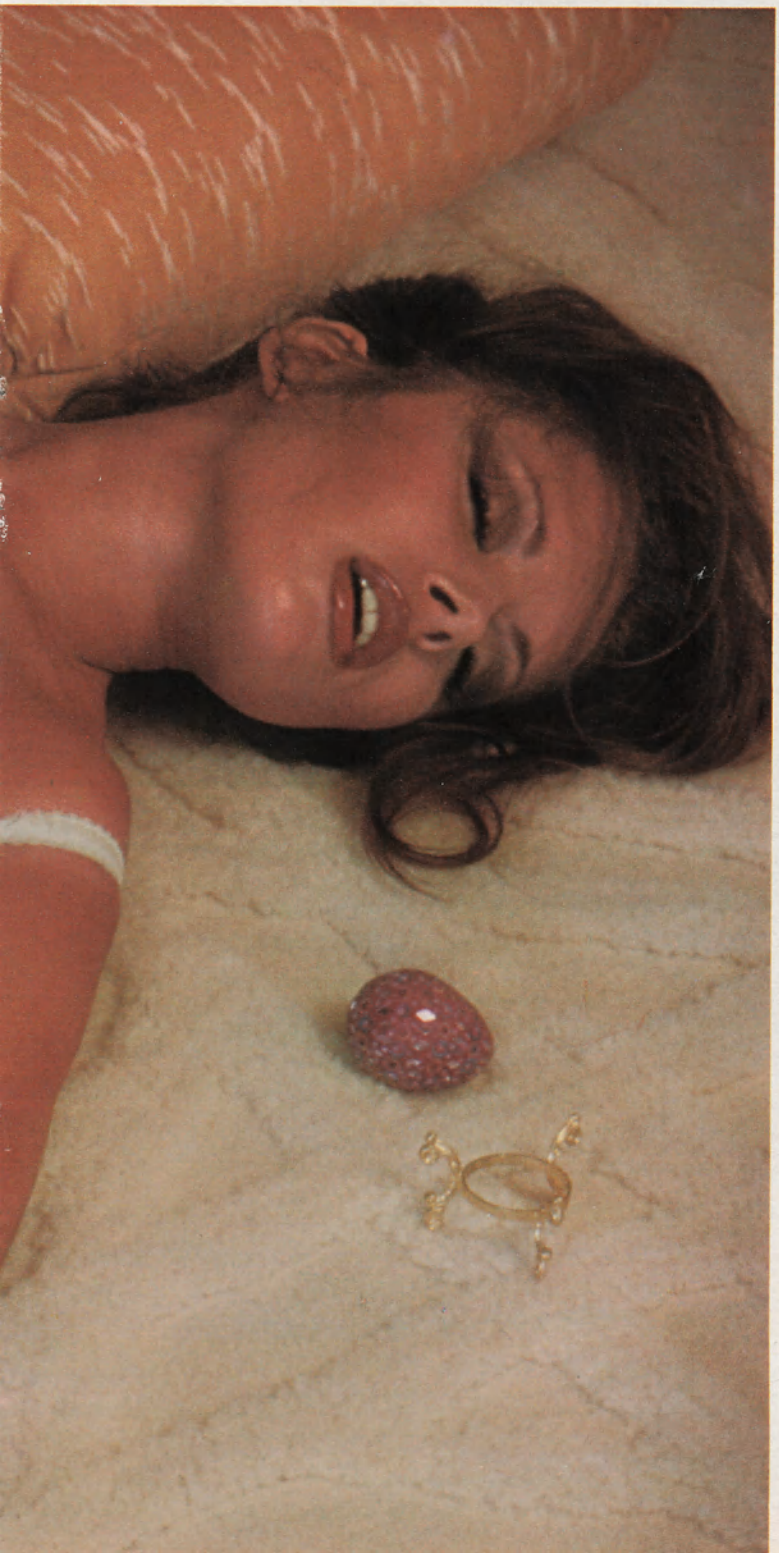
Makeup and hairstyle by Jill Campion of Carousel, Miami Beach; exterior locations courtesy of The Fountainbleau Hotel, Miami Beach.

In addition to skiing well, Corinne aces on a skateboard ("if I do say so myself"), and she gets around the country on her own Harley Davidson motorcycle. The travel bug first bit Corinne when she was seventeen. She hitchhiked from Boston to California with a girl friend that year and recalls it as one of the best times of her life: "I was so innocent then, and I was open to *every* new experience. It was such a marvelously free feeling, being on my own, going wherever I wanted, doing whatever I liked. Some people think that's the kind of thing you can do only when you're really young. But I disagree. I'm going to have a lot more adventures like that in my life. I'd like to make that same trip again sometime on my motorcycle."

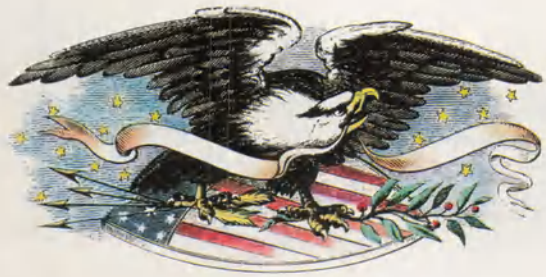
The fast movement, glamour, and glitter of Las Vegas was one of Corinne's first cross-country experiences that really impressed her. And she admits to having a tolerable weakness for gambling. "I don't think I'm self-destructive about it," said she, "but ever since that first time in Vegas, I've discovered I really do love to gamble—whether it's the daily double at the racetrack or betting on my favorite football team on TV." (Corinne roots passionately for the New England Patriots.) "Life itself is really a gamble, don't you think?" she went on. "I think it's important to take chances, and the more precious the stakes, the better. You can't really get anywhere if you don't take risks with what's valuable to you, even when that means risking yourself." Corinne applies this attitude to her theatrical aspirations. A talented actress, she's willing to give all she's got to her career goals.

What, we wondered, are the sexual fantasies, the erotic daydreams, of this twenty-three-year-old, five feet seven inches, 37-23-36 Libran? "I craved attention from the opposite sex from a very early age," Corinne told us candidly. "I went to an exclusive girls' school when I was young, and I still have a fantasy of making love with a teen-aged boy in a car at a drive-in. I guess that's because it's something I never got to do. For now, though, I have no stop signs sexually, and I want a man who's an animal when he makes love to me. I'd also like him to have a dazzling smile, poise, sensitivity —the kind of man who knows how to give me hard sex and also sends me flowers or buys me a soft kitten. My ideal evening with a man? A challenging game of chess in front of a blazing fire." And what does the winner get, we probed. "Oh, I never lose at chess," Corinne answered coyly, "and I always get what *I* want after the game."

“I like the kind of man who knows how to give me hard sex and also sends me flowers or buys me a soft kitten.”



MISS CORINNE ALPHEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Besides the Vietnam veteran's continuing problems in achieving a job, an education, and a meaningful life, another, more subtle confrontation for him is the way he is perceived by the American people. This problem has its roots in the public's ideas about the war itself, in a seeming apathy about the whole painful epoch, in feelings of guilt and hostility toward Vietnam veterans.

Much has been written about the fact that Vietnam veterans received no heroes' welcomes when they returned home, unlike veterans of other wars. But this misses the more important point—that Vietnam veterans were actually looked upon by many with fear and suspicion. Theodore Solotaroff, writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, saw Vietnam veterans as "the sacrificial dupes or violent zealots of Kennedy and Johnson and Nixon and Kissinger. The only servicemen who were real to me were the veterans who opposed the war."

The public's distorted, stereotypical views about Vietnam veterans have produced devastating results. They have unquestionably compounded the difficulty in getting the nation and the government to face up to the very real problems that have confronted the 2 million plus veterans who served their tour in Vietnam and came home to the United States, hoping to resume normal lives. These stereotypes have enabled the Congress to shirk its responsibility to make adequate appropriations for educational benefits, and they have made a mockery out of President Carter's Special Discharge Review program, which was supposed to provide "justice and equity" to some 425,000 Vietnam veterans who are saddled for life with "undesirable" or "general" discharges granted administratively (that is, without court-martial).

> The public's distorted views of veterans have enabled the government to shirk its responsibilities to the more than 2 million people who served in Vietnam.

The list of these sad consequences goes on and on. But lurking behind each is the destructive rationalization that somehow the Vietnam veteran is different and doesn't deserve equitable treatment—even after his personal sacrifice in serving his country.

Although the impact of the Vietnam War has receded from public consciousness in the past five years, today there seems to be some hope that its realities—especially those that affected the men who fought it—will finally be confronted. Here we are referring, not to any secret, political "truths," but rather to the inchoate madness behind the reported and unreported events of the war itself.

For example, Michael Herr's award-winning best-seller, *Dispatches*, clearly sets forth what the Vietnam veteran knows, feels, and believes about his wartime experience but has been unable to communicate to his fellow citizens, family, or the hawks in Congress—who still contend the Vietnam War was no worse than or different from "their" war. Although *Dispatches* in itself is unlikely to change overnight the public's misconceptions about Vietnam veterans, *Penthouse* believes that Herr's book, along with some of the movies now in production or already released that deal with the war and its veterans, will have a marked effect on regrettable public attitudes. These films include *Apocalypse Now*, *Last Days*, *Dog Soldiers*, *The Boys in Company C*, *Coming Home*, *Heroes*, *Deer Hunter*, and *Rolling Thunder*. Each of them challenges some long held assumptions about the war and its participants; and, according to Robert Lindsey, writing in the *New York Times*, when they are released, "disaffected Vietnam veterans will be among Hollywood's new folk heroes."

Lindsey's prediction may prove to be wrong, however. The combination of *Dispatches* and these movies might have a two-edged-sword effect on the adjustment problems of Vietnam veterans. It may, on the one hand, only reinforce the stereotypical views of Vietnam veterans, thereby aggravating the existing difficulties in getting the government to rethink its moribund World War II doctrinaire approach to veterans' services and the current needs of Vietnam veterans (especially those who have been trapped in a vicious circle of unemployment since their return from Vietnam). On the other hand, this overdue examination of the war may provide the means to explain why the Vietnam veteran, upon his return home, was so bewildered by the widespread discord and acrimony he found, as well as by the negative reactions of many persons to the simple fact of his service.

Obviously, one can't predict which way the public's attitude will "go." But *Penthouse* remains hopeful that, as the public more and more has the opportunity to see and read about "the way we warred," the Vietnam veteran will no longer be treated as scapegoat for the mistakes, errors, and public indifference that caused the tragedy of America's combat involvement in Vietnam. The legacy of that involvement is the Vietnam veteran, and payment—in the form of a changed public attitude about his service—is long overdue. O+E

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BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

The author's observations are based on his many years as a reporter, columnist, and television and radio commentator.

MEDIA CLONES

While the public worries about whether reporters should double as CIA agents or whether they should sneak their own biases into the media, the media bosses are concerned about something called cross-ownership. Crossownership occurs when a company publishes a newspaper and owns a television or a radio station in one metropolitan area. A federal appeals court has declared this pattern of ownership illegal. If the Supreme Court sustains this decision, the owners of dozens of TV stations in virtually every big city in the country will have to swap them for stations somewhere else.

The reason for everyone getting up, moving six paces over, and sitting down is that the courts hope that this will provide a degree of diversity in the news and comment. No way. Even in the cities where the newspapers and the television are *not* controlled by the same corporation, there is still no diversity.

The reason is the *Time-Newsweek* cover phenomenon. Have you noticed how very often both these magazines have identical covers? Well, so have executives of the corporations that put the two of them out. For many years they explained this repeated coincidence to themselves by positing the existence of spies—media espionage. Each thought that the other had somewhere in its ranks a paid informer who, as soon as the top-secret cover decision was made, ran downstairs to the lobby and used a pay phone to call its competitor.

But the real reason that the covers on *Time* and *Newsweek* are so often the same is that the people who put out the magazines are so often the same: *media cloning*. The implications of this phenomenom are so distasteful to the executives that they would rather delude themselves by hoping that there is a spy in their midst.

The industry has another explanation for the high incidence of coincidence on its covers, its front pages, and its national nightly news programs. Those in the industry call it news judgment. The reason, they say, that covers on the two magazines are the same is that two different, highly qualified, competent professionals, men or women who have been well trained in their work, will naturally make the same judgment about the importance of the same event and will make the same decision as to how prominently it should be displayed. In that way, two professional journalists are the same as two MDs. Present two different doctors who have the same patient with the same set of symptoms, and they will both say, "It's measles."

But doctors, of course, are scientists who make no bones about telling you that they are trained to think exactly the same way. Should *journalists* be trained to think the same way? It's exactly that quality we object to in the Russian press; yet identithink in American journalism is taken as a sign of professionalism.

The existence of identithink nullifies any diversity you might

> The reason that the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* are so often the same is that the people who put them out are media clones. The implications of this are so distasteful to them that they delude themselves by hoping that there is a spy in their midst.

hope for as a result of forcing diversity of media ownership in the same city. There was an earlier period in American journalism when highly individualist newspaper owners published highly individual papers reflecting the peculiar politics and eccentricities of their proprietors. That was the case with men like William Randolph Hearst, Col. Robert McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*, Joseph Pulitzer of the *New York World*, and Cissy Patterson of the *Washington Times-Herald*, not to mention the members of the Chandler family in the great days of individuality on the *Los Angeles Times*. In dozens of smaller cities, other men and other families ran their newspapers in distinctive ways.

In those times journalism may have been a special calling, a profession, in the sense that its practitioners liked to think of themselves as people doing a very important and necessary kind of job. They would have been appalled at the idea that there could be a single standard of judgment about the way news should be reported, edited, and presented. There was no news in that sense. There was Democratic news, Republican news, Socialist news. The idea of objective, unbiased, *true* news would have been regarded as a presumptuous hoax, a propaganda pose by which political values are disseminated under the guise of neutrality.

Today there is one way of presenting the news, the model for which is the *New York Times*. Papers and even broadcast services are ranked on how closely they are able to copy the way the *Times* does things. Journalism schools train battalions of future reporters and editors to adhere to the *Times*'s way while omitting to tell them about the implicit political biases which that newspaper's approach carries with it. People who question the *Times* as a model for what is correct in journalism are suspected of being goons, brutes, book burners, and book banners.

The fact that the *Times* has become the standard of American journalism is accidental. That wasn't its management's intent. The *Times* has gradually achieved its influence because it is the nation's best right-wing newspaper, the most reasonable and plausible voice of the corporate state, of the marriage of government and money suggested by names like Chase Manhattan and the Bank of America. It is not the only model that the rest of mass media waddles after. The *Wall Street Journal* is also emulated.

The surrender of news judgment to these two organs produces a Pravda-like uniformity in our mass media. This is apparent on the three nightly network television newscasts. Since the executives making the decisions for all three shows have been taught to think alike, the first three or four stories every night are the same on ABC, CBS, and NBC. But the last half of each show has air time for optionals, where the editors are in grave danger of displaying individuality by what they choose. But don't fear. Almost invariably the optional stories will have appeared in the *New York Times* or the *Wall Street Journal* within the previous two weeks.

The ways that uniformity are achieved in the news business are many and wondrous. In addition to those clone factories, the schools of journalism, some news corporations like Knight-Ridder, the largest newspaper chain in the country, administer psychological tests to all job applicants. Whether or not such tests can screen out people who err on the side of being unique personalities or are used for that purpose (Knight-Ridder executives say that they are not), a testing program must induce employees to seek a conformity of behavior they imagine their bosses want. Ask around among reporters, and rarely will you find one who has been censored by the management. A journalist is trained to do that job on himself. Self-censorship, divining and intuiting what the boss wants without his or her ever having to tell you, is how the miraculous levels of sameness and agreement are achieved without a word ever being said, an order issued, or a memo written which might be used as evidence that journalists, like all the other employees in the world, do what they are told.

There are other factors that ensure the sameness of the news. The television-news industry supports a small tribe of nomadic consultants who go from city to city, where they are retained by various stations to hire personnel and tinker and adjust their local news programming. The purpose of this practice is to raise a station's audience ratings, but the effect is to reproduce the same formula for news and public affairs in city after city. That's one more reason why diversity of ownership has scant connection with diversity of programming.

Editors and executives strive to produce noncontroversial controversy and practice safe heroics. The idea is to appear terribly courageous while actually saying nothing anyone anywhere in the world could find objectionable. In this game men like David Brinkley and Howard Cosell are invaluable. A Brinkley can report a cyclone in Kansas so that it appears that he is defying the Supreme Court with his bare hands, while Cosell practices the art of safe controversy by picking on athletes.

Such contrived boldness can make us forget that the substance of what we're being fed by a Tom Snyder or some other simulated controversialist is unmitigated blandness. Blandness is the best way to protect monopoly profits. You go along with the reigning political orthodoxies, make your money, don't do anything to cause attention, and wherever possible trade free speech for government protection.

From the point of view of the stockholders in the communications industry, this policy has paid off. By and large broadcast and newspaper corporations make exceptional amounts of money. But that's all they do. And if you find our politics monochromatic, our government listless, and our democracy strangely without debate or division, that's why.

PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

SINCE THE *PENTHOUSE* READER HAS SUCH A SUPERBLY DEVELOPED EYE FOR FEMALE BEAUTY, WE NORMALLY REQUEST THAT HE HELP SELECT, FROM AMONG THE SEMIFINALIST PETS (SEE FOLLOWING PAGES), THE MOST SUMPTUOUS, MOST DESIRABLE PET OF ALL . . . THE *PENTHOUSE* PET OF THE YEAR. WE UNDERSTAND THE ATTENDANT DIFFICULTIES IN SELECTING THE MOST DELECTABLE WOMAN FROM SUCH A DELICIOUS ARRAY OF ALLURING ALTERNATIVES, BUT REMEMBER . . . THE WINNER *YOU* VOTE TO BE THE 1978 PET OF THE YEAR WILL RECEIVE, TOGETHER WITH HER OFFICIAL TITLE, THE LARGEST AND MOST VALUABLE COLLECTION OF GIFTS AND CASH AWARDS IN THE HISTORY OF BEAUTY COMPETITIONS. SEND THE NAME OF YOUR CANDIDATE TO THE NEW YORK OR LONDON *PENTHOUSE* OFFICE, ADDRESSED TO *PET OF THE YEAR*. THE YOUNG LADY *YOU* CHOOSE WILL APPEAR IN AN ALL-NEW PICTORIAL PRESENTATION TO BE PUBLISHED IN AN AUTUMN ISSUE.

JOLANTA VON ZMUDA
March 1977

"I'm usually quite old-fashioned in my lovemaking," this regal Polish beauty confides, "but sometimes interesting things happen." At 22, Jolanta is decidedly a romantic. Her wistful erotic fantasies include "making love by a bubbling stream," and her preferences in lingerie run to "soft, romantic little things that can easily be pushed aside in the heat of passion." Passion is a sensation with which Jolanta's 36½-23-36 body is well acquainted. She likes "a rugged, good-looking man," has a preference for American males ("because they're considerate and so appreciative of a beautiful woman"), and is outspoken when describing the nature of her sexuality: "If my man turns me on physically, I will make love with him any time of the day or night."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

DOMINIQUE MAURÉ

June 1977

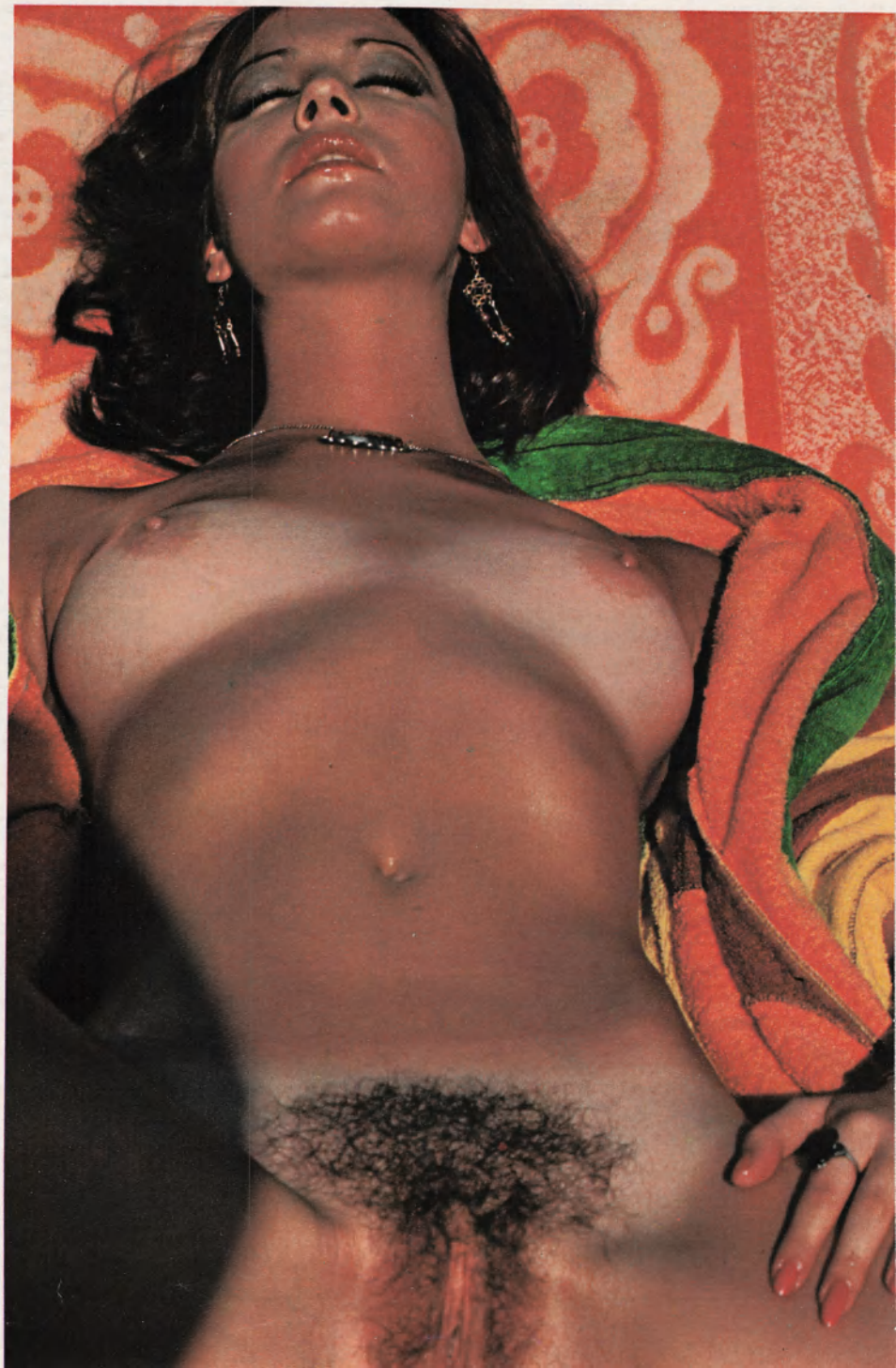
"It's the most natural thing in Haiti to walk around nude," French-born Dominique replied when asked how she liked being on location for her photographic shoot. "Feeling the sun beating down on my body was fantastic! The men didn't want me to leave." Back in New York, where Dominique lives, her 36-24-36 well-bronzed body also attracts a certain undivided attention from men, and she is seldom at a loss for the companionship thereof. Stating her preferences, the 25-year-old Dominique says that she likes "a forceful personality . . . rough and tough men who know how to be gentle with me." A woman of many moods, she confesses, "The mood I'm in most often is an amorous one."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

SUSANNE SAXON
October 1976

"It was the beginning of the best affair of my life," Susanne sighed, describing how she felt about moving from her native Illinois to Los Angeles. Her thoughts on the best affairs with men? "I prefer to settle down with one guy and get into his body and head, to do a total trip—at least for a while," Susanne answered. Although Susanne is a 21-year-old Capricorn, she still feels that there are many romantic and sexual adventures yet to be enjoyed. The 35-24-35 beauty likes men who know how to handle her, how to make her feel "excited and important." About her specific tastes in pleasure, Susanne says, "I love it when a man caresses my shoulders. It makes me feel sexy and wanted."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI



SAY UNCLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Nothing can be done to curb this foreign control, we are told; it provides the capital that is our lifeblood. In January 1978, after the process of erosion and capture had been going on for about thirty years, an economist at the University of Alberta did a cost-benefit analysis of imported capital. His conclusion was that we never did need it. Prof. Thomas Powrie noted that if Canada had stopped all foreign direct investment as far back as 1950, "our national income today would be, at worst, lower by six months' growth." Our treadmill to oblivion is just another piece of expensive junk.

However, we are on that treadmill now, and the key questions for Canadians are these: who put us here, and how do we get off?

The first question is easier to answer. Canadians gave away their country by a combination of cupidity and stupidity. We listened to the conventional economists. When they weren't working for David Rockefeller, they were working for us. And these brilliant fellows, with their graduate degrees from Harvard and Cambridge and the University of Chicago, kept assuring us that American control was good for us or, at the very least, not bad. The conventional economists were listened to for conventional reasons. The decision makers in Canada, as in the United States, come from a small elite, those who had the most to gain and the least to lose from the influx of foreign capital. Theirs were the stock options, the high salaries, the expense accounts; and, when things went wrong, well, it is not the Canadian president who winds up on the breadline when a branch plant closes down. That honor is reserved for some poor bum who has never even seen New York.

So for Canadian capitalists, there has always been a strong motive for selling out, and little or no motive to hold on. The process became irreversible as American control tightened. When the Canadian Petroleum Association meets, the good old boys from Exxon and Texaco and Gulf Oil gather around the table and say, "Let's hear it for Exxon and Texaco and Gulf Oil." When the Canadian Manufacturers' Association sits down to pass on its collective wisdom to the government, it passes on the word from ITT, GM, Ford, and the rest of the bunch from south of the border. The word? Let's give more concessions, tax breaks, and subsidies to the bunch south of the border.

Canadian politicians are receptive to these suggestions. Most of them come from the same class and the same schools, most of them receive hefty corporate checks at election time, and most of them know that the politician who speaks up for nationalism is doomed, while he who talks the language of Lockheed is headed for power, stock deals, and the key to the executive john on the sad day when he has to leave politics.

In 1957 Walter Gordon, a straggler from that endangered species, the Canadian nationalist, chaired a royal commission investigating Canada's economic prospects. The commission found that the prospects were dismal if Canadians didn't do something about foreign control. Gordon was mollified, muffled, absorbed into the cabinet, and later thrust out again, while foreign control bloomed. His place as spokesman for Canadian nationalists was taken by Herb Gray, who, as minister of national revenue, produced a 1972 report that repeated the Gordon warning and produced a series of proposals for reform. The proposals were emasculated, and Gray was dropped from the cabinet. Now, as the member of Parliament for Windsor West, he tacks around the country like a ghost ship, luffing his sails and ringing his bell. Kindly people turn away; the unkind yawn. In the meantime, Mitchell Sharp, the cabinet's foremost continentalist, moved from glory to glory and reached such exalted posts as that of finance minister and secretary of state for external affairs. Who could miss the point?

Eric Kierans, a Montreal economist and businessman, who struggled for two years as a member of the federal cabinet before leaving in rage and disgust, sums up Canada's dilemma this way: "We have lost control in the last ten years because Ottawa has been dominated by people who were raised on the notion that this country is capital short. It wasn't true and it isn't true, but that didn't matter. What mattered was that it was believed. So you had to import capital, and you made all sorts of concessions to foreign investors. That gave them more money and more power, and the thing kept growing until it doesn't matter a damn if the firm is American or Canadian. They all act the same way."

Kierans believes that "governments no longer control companies; companies control governments. A company like Inco [the International Nickel Company] comes into Sudbury, Ontario, and takes out millions of dollars in profits, which it invests in Guatemala. Then it cuts back in Sudbury and throws thousands of Canadians out of work. When the government makes a little noise, Inco says, 'If you interfere with us, we may have to reduce our production even more.' "

The power of multinational corporations is not a problem unique to Canada, but at least Americans can take some comfort in the hope that the profits will come home to roost; for Canadians, there is only the knowledge that for every worker put on the dole, there is another coupon to clip in Houston or Buffalo.

Herb Gray is a little more cheerful than Kierans. One of the recommendations of his 1972 report was a so-called Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA), which would screen foreign capital. Because the American presence is already so dominant

"Oh, still making mountains out of molehills. How is it with you?"

in Canada, Gray and his experts argued that there would be little point in merely examining new capital; the agency would have to have control over all investment here. That proposal was the first thing rejected by government, and when FIRA was finally established, it could screen only new investments. Mel Hurtig, the Edmonton publisher and nationalist, contends that the FIRA guidelines for investment constitute "a pimp's handbook. . . . About the only company that would be locked out by FIRA is Murder, Inc., and I'm not so sure about that."

Just the same, Gray thinks FIRA does provide a starting place. "If we were to expand the agency's powers gradually, to look at all the classes of investment exempt now, we would have a form of review. If we found activities not in Canada's interest, we would have a way to get at them."

It is an interesting hope, but any solution, whether it be greater authority for FIRA or the more drastic cure of Canada's left-wing radicals (in brief, "nationalize the bastards"), will require an intense concentration of national will. There is no sign that such a will exists.

For one thing, Canada's attention is focused on the Quebec Problem. When one-third of the nation is ready to bolt for the door, economic issues tend to fade. However, the Quebec Problem is directly linked to the independence issue. French-speaking Quebecois argue, with some justice, that they are unwilling to leave the defense of their language and culture to a country that is so manifestly unable to defend itself.

For another thing, it is far from certain that the United States would allow a truly independent Canada to suvive. The United States has never shown the slightest hesitation about interfering in the affairs of others, from Vietnam to Cuba, from the Dominican Republic to Guatemala. If Americans turned the CIA loose in Chile, thousands of miles away, to protect U.S. corporate interests, what would they do to Canada, just across the border, if it began to growl at Exxon?

So there is a combination of distraction, resignation, and, to some extent, fear at work in Canada. The question is not whether this country can seize control of its own economy. Of course it can. Japan has laid down strict rules on U.S. investors, and so has Mexico. Canada could pass a law forcing corporations to distribute their profits to shareholders every year and thus break up the massive momentum of growth; it could require foreigners to sell off control or could rearrange tax policy to make them relinquish it over time. The possibilities are limitless. But, however Canadians choose to go, they will find the road to independence rough and expensive and dangerous, and at the moment there is no national compulsion to begin the journey. In the meantime, the chance that we will ever break away from American corporate colonialism grows slimmer with every passing day.

"My agent says it'll gross enough to keep me in Chivas for a year."

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KLOTT

SUDDENLY RICH

Five case histories of Americans whose dreams came true

By Jerry LeBlanc and Rena Dictor LeBlanc

"If I only had a million dollars . . ."

It's a common daydream, one that most people toy with at some point in their lives. However, beyond the fantasy-game appeal of being asked "What would you do if you had a million dollars?" responses to this question carry enough significance that psychoanalysts routinely ask it in preparing the "workup" of a new patient's case history. Those responses reveal much about a person's mind.

The following true stories are about ordinary men and women from all walks of life, from all parts of the country, who *did* suddenly become rich—through an inheritance, a discovery, a lucky break, or some other unexpected source. What happened to these people when a fortune suddenly came their way? Did it solve all their problems? Did they carry out their fantasies and fulfill all their dreams?

Whatever else sudden wealth may have brought about, it almost invariably resulted in a major upheaval in the lives of these people, producing emotions ranging from exhilaration to despair and experiences, good or ill, that would otherwise never have occurred.

CELEBRITY STATUS

In the Hollenbeck Division Police Station—a modern, blue-tile building that clashed with the older adobe and brick structures in the crumbling Mexican-American ghetto of East Los Angeles—a plainclothes cop struggled, tight-lipped, filling out another routine crime report—a burglary—printing the details on a standard form. His green eyes were stern, and his mouth formed a straight line as he wrote.

Besides the official report, the cop also scrawled many things on small slips of paper, private things, notes to himself, which he crammed into his shirt pocket to take home.

During the day he wrote down little occurrences: the way a suspect's eyes moved when he answered a question and the way he licked his lips, the serious expressions when people looked at a cop's gun or when he flashed his badge, number 178, in order to get their attention. He wrote down the little stories cops told each other, about crimes and crooks and getting laid.

Once in a while another cop would ask him why he was taking notes, and he would answer, "I'm writing a book." The other cop would give him a disbelieving look and say, "If it's none of my business, just say so."

But it was true about the book. When he got home every night to his small house in Walnut, a secluded suburb off the San Bernardino Freeway in the San Gabriel Valley, east of the city, he never had much time with his wife, Dee, a pretty, blue-eyed blonde, or the kids. Either he had night school, or there was writing to do.

He'd taken a college class in creative writing and had sent off a police story to the *Atlantic Monthly*. It had been rejected but in an encouraging way. "Dear Mr. Wambaugh," the editors had written, "You may have talent, but this kind of material might go better in the form of a novel."

So Joe Wambaugh had begun a novel. He was a disciplined man, who was able to organize his time and force himself to do work that was hard to do. He was a perfectionist, with a fine eye for detail, and he wrote about police work with all the love and hate that men usually heap on the memory of mistresses lost or disasters recalled.

Setting himself a pace of a thousand words a day, he allowed himself no excuses, pounding the pages out dutifully on a battered old Royal and having Dee retype the finished manuscript. He mailed out his book, and it wasn't long before a publisher sent him a small check for it. But a big complication arose. There was a rule in the police department that any cop who wrote any story for publication first had to have it approved by the high command. And even though this book was fiction, the department, meaning the chief, didn't like a lot of things that were said.

This meant that Wambaugh was in trouble, because he'd already spent most of the advance from the publisher, a mere $3,000. He knew that if he had to make a choice between

From the forthcoming book, *Suddenly Rich* (Prentice-Hall, Inc.) Copyright © 1978 by Jerry LeBlanc and Rena Dictor LeBlanc.

ILLUSTRATION BY KIP LOTT/SKETCHPAD STUDIO

police work and his book, there was no way he was going to give up a job he loved, one that paid $15,000 a year, for a book that meant one little $3,000 check. As far as he was concerned, being a cop was not only the best job he'd ever had but also the highest paying. That pay was one of the reasons why he'd joined the force.

"When I was a kid," he had often joked, "I was so poor I thought the middle class was the upper class."

He had grown up in a lowly suburb of Pittsburg, Calif., joined the marines, and married Dee, an eighteen-year-old telephone operator right out of high school. He had worked in a steel mill before he took the police academy exam.

He wrote about his work because he cared so much about it. So it would have been ironic if what he wrote had cost him his job. No, if that happened, the book would not get published. It was as simple as that. Somehow he'd have to pay back the three grand. Meanwhile, Wambaugh had some vacation time coming, and he needed a break; so he took the wife and kids on a one-week holiday in Mexico.

Returning home, he found in his mailbox a check for $38,000: the Book-of-the-Month Club had read his novel in galley form and wanted it. The next check was for $165,000 for the film rights. George C. Scott would star. And an even bigger check followed for paperback rights. Meanwhile, the chief of police was persuaded that the book, *The New Centurions*, presented police work with a fresh, humanized look which would be good for the department.

Said Wambaugh, "It all happened so fast you can't imagine."

His second book, *The Blue Knight*, which he'd nearly finished before selling the first, scored an even bigger success. The checks were bigger, too. It was turned into a television series after William Holden played the lead in the film version. Then the series "Police Story" began on television, with Wambaugh as story editor. Before the third book, *The Onion Field*, got into print, Joe Wambaugh was a millionaire.

Nevertheless, he stayed on the job as a cop. He was more than halfway to a twenty-year pension, and he was determined to stick the job out. So every morning he got into his Cadillac and drove from his mansion in the rich, old suburb of San Marino to the filthy barrio and its crime and violence.

Taking a lunch break in an expensive restaurant-bar not far from the station, Wambaugh leaned forward, elbows on the table, squinting at faces in the place as though he were searching for suspicious characters. "Why do I still work as a cop?" he asked aloud and answered, "Because for me being a cop is 'where it's at.' For me it is.

"But there are problems when I try to maintain this double life. I have to deal with agents, directors, all kinds of show-business people, as Joe Wambaugh the writer. There's one hard-and-fast rule I had to make: they can't call me at the police station. They're not allowed to bug me in my other life; that's my separate world. I don't have a private secretary. I work in a squad room with a bunch of other detectives, and they get pretty annoyed with taking personal calls for me. Even my publicity agent has to call my wife, and I call her to pick up my messages. That's the only way the writer's world and the cop's come together."

Eventually, however, the increasing problem of being a celebrity cop was too much for Wambaugh. Once he chased a suspect down an alley and collared the boy, spread-eagled him, and read him his rights. When Wambaugh asked, "Do you understand your rights?" the suspect asked, "Hey, can I have your autograph?"

Things like that kept on happening. The last straw came one day when Wambaugh answered an armed-robbery call on a tavern heist. The holdup men had been vicious, pistol-whipping the bartender and customers before they fled. When Detective Wambaugh entered, the bartender, blood streaming from his head, struggled to him and said, "Tell me, what's George C. Scott really like?"

> A best-selling novelist and former cop, Joe Wambaugh commented, "I'd rather tangle with a burglar than a television executive any day."

It was unreal. Wambaugh turned in his badge and gun and tried to abandon his police life entirely, even though his best friends still were cops and ex-cops. "I dream about it constantly," he said. "I'm only forty years old, and I've left an exciting life. I miss it." With a grin he added, "I think it's the lack of aggravation that disturbs me."

Becoming more serious, he admitted that he had been appalled at the lack of integrity in Hollywood. He had fought the television and film executives at every turn, trying to keep them from corrupting his stories, as it seemed to him, with their injection of trite chase scenes, slugfests, and shoot-outs. He'd ended up by suing, for a million dollars, the producers of the film to be based on his book *The Choirboys*.

Wambaugh is now determined to produce the film version of his latest book himself, from his own script. Joe Wambaugh has progressed from cop to writer to film producer.

Chances are that he could show Hollywood how to do it right. He commented, "You have to throw your weight around and use more intimidation in Hollywood than I ever did as a cop. And it's a good idea to keep your ass against the wall, or somebody'll try to unscrew it and sell it.

"I'd rather tangle with a burglar than a television executive any day."

THE BETTER IDEA

Los Angeles Attorney Paul Fegen, a young man in his twenties, began looking for suitable offices in 1961, and he knew exactly what he wanted. He wanted a suite that was reasonable, at a good address, in a building with other lawyers—one that ideally had ready access to a basic law library. He'd be willing to share the services of a secretary-receptionist.

After spending months of legwork in looking for the right spot, Fegen decided that it didn't exist. To get the good address, the first-class decor, and all the facilities he wanted, a beginning lawyer had to join a large, established firm in a very junior position, without even getting his name on the door. Otherwise, in the low price range that he had in mind, the only offices available were gloomy closets in second-rate buildings with dirty windows and creaky, uncarpeted corridors upstairs above stores and banks.

"If I had the money," Fegen thought, "I'd lease a whole floor in the right kind of building. I'd get together a whole bunch of lawyers who were looking for the same thing I was, and we'd all chip in on the rent."

Having no money, he compromised. He took a small, bare office alongside a half-dozen other independent lawyers who also were just starting out. In the pursuit of his attorney's profession, Fegen developed a facility for getting promising cases—especially personal-injury suits in automobile accidents. In fact, he attracted so much business that he began to let other lawyers down the hall do the actual work of building up a case and trying it, if it went that far.

In 1966 it all came together for Paul Fegen. He'd never been satisfied with his suite, and he was always complaining, making constant suggestions to the men who held the lease.

"If you think you can run this place better," the landlord said in exasperation one day, "why don't you run it yourself?"

Fegen took over the lease, without the heavy investment that would normally have been involved. He had been making a good living as an attorney, but suddenly he found himself making ten times that much by leasing and subleasing offices. Fegen's idea, creating first-class suites of offices, became so profitable, so quickly, that he eyed a new bank building under construction on fashionable Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills.

He plunged in and leased the entire penthouse floor. He divided it up into luxurious offices, all for lawyers, whom he charged enough to make a fantastic profit. His suites followed a formula: luxury touches like expensive carpeting and

paneling. A seventy-thousand-dollar law library on each floor. A conference room. Lawyers flocked to his doors. In the profession they began to call them "Fegen Suites."

The next year he took another floor in a new building across the street, then two other floors, and then four more. He couldn't afford to practice law anymore. Money was coming in from all directions as his idea swiftly grew into a multi-million-dollar business, one of the world's largest subleasing operations with a half million square feet of the most expensive real estate west of Arabia.

As landlord to a thousand lawyers, Fegen thrived. He blossomed. He fulfilled his dreams. He instinctively knew that one of the basic necessities for the successful operation of luxury suites devoted to the practice of law was the presence of beautiful young women on the premises: receptionists, telephone-switchboard girls, secretaries, file clerks, stenographers, typists, librarians, duplicating-machine operators, office-supply people, personnel assistants, errand girls. Girls, girls, girls.

Fegen took personal charge of hiring, surrounding himself and his lawyer tenants with the most beautiful girls in Los Angeles. The consequence is that when two lawyers in a Fegen suite discuss a legal matter and take note of a Fegen beauty passing by in the course of her work, "Er, what was I saying?" is a typical response.

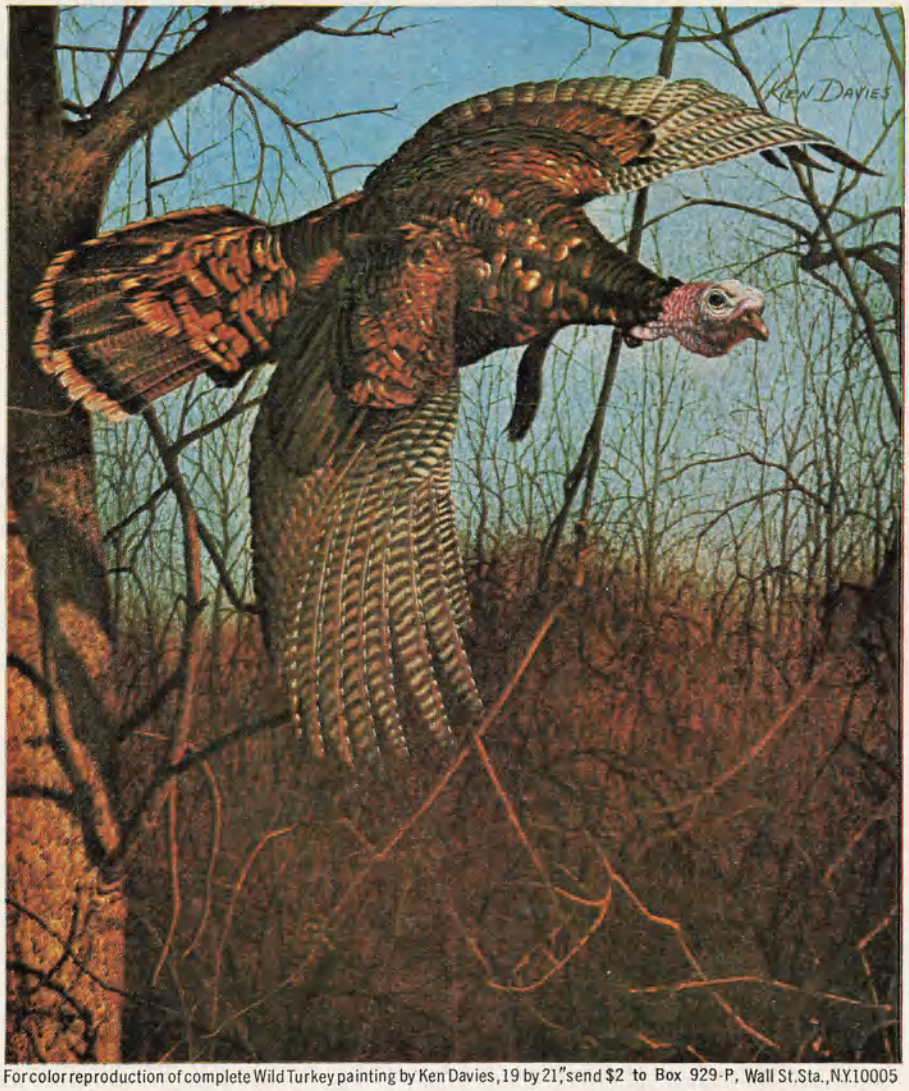
In the process of acquiring wealth and hiring beauty, the Fegen of teenaged fantasy emerged into real life. He grew a long, scraggly, hobo-type beard that lifted his average face out of the ordinary. He stood out in a crowd.

He bought a $30,000 Excalibur sports car—open topped, of course—and cruised the popular Sunset Strip with his trusty 200-pound black German Shepherd perched in the backseat like an elephant on a drum. And, with a special loudspeaker system rigged to his dashboard, he hailed the prettiest girls on the sidewalks, stopping to chat and invite them to his next party.

The parties are held regularly, most of them in his five-bedroom, five-bathroom house in the hills just above Sunset Boulevard, from which there is a fantastic view of the city. The events have become so popular that fifteen policemen are required to block the streets and direct traffic. Pretty young girls have been caught climbing across rooftops, trying to crash Fegen parties.

Only 300 people are invited to the regular weekly Fegen party, on a ratio of two women for every man. Five hundred have to be turned away.

In his gigantic penthouse office, Fegen keeps two Rolodex files for parties—one listing women; the other, men. The girls' cards contain a name, an address, a telephone number, and a personal note, such as, "Barbara———: fantastic body, likes to dance and swim. Met her in Malibu restaurant." Or, "Helen———short blonde,



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sensational face, bubbly personality. Introduced to her by Bob———at party."

Fegen has ways of getting attention. He will send one of his secretaries to the bank for hundreds of crisp, new bills, which he then has a printer make up into hundred-bill pads. Fegen then amuses himself, and others, by peeling off bills from the pads and giving them away. It's a surefire crowd-pleaser.

He likes to dress in wild costumes: in a silver jump suit and the goggles of a biplane pilot, as a clown, a spaceman, a Renaissance member of the king's court. He can juggle tennis balls and ride a unicycle. Once he threw a $35,000 party in order to celebrate his first haircut in ten years.

His bedroom, a spacious affair whose dark woods and heavy beams give it a Mediterranean ambience, has its own bar, television, and a push-button bed that does everything but fly. Music, lights, and all electronic conveniences of the house are controlled by button from the headboard. And into this room have stepped eagerly hundreds of the most beautiful young women in a city known for its beautiful young women.

"It's incredible, just incredible," said Fegen over a breakfast in a dim café on a Beverly Hills thoroughfare, "for someone like me who remembers when girls didn't kiss on the first date. Now I say, 'Linda, what skin! Your body is just beautiful. Take off your clothes and let me look at you.' And they do it. They just do it.

"You know what they say? I hear this from so many girls, gorgeous young things built to perfection, perfect face; they say, 'But why do you want *me*, Paul? You can have any girl you want.' And I tell them, 'Because you're so beautiful.'

"It's not true that I can have any girl I want, of course. There are a lot I can't have, and when that happens, it becomes a challenge, of course, but if I can't get some girl, it doesn't hurt my ego, because there are hundreds I can have.

"It's not the money. Girls don't like me for my money. You know, I'm over forty now. One night, last week, I was sitting with a girl at one of my parties at the house. She was eighteen and just stunning. She wanted to stay the night, but I was committed; so I pointed to a good-looking guy against the wall, a guy about thirty-two who's got as much money as I have, and I suggested she talk to him, but she said, 'Oh, he's too old for me!' I said, 'Well, you know I'm older than he is.' And she said, 'But you're Paul Fegen.'

"If a girl likes me for my money, I'm not offended. I like her for her body, her beauty. Believe me, that's fair.

"You don't think about money when you have it. Not the way you think about it if you don't have it. I have this ring here, with a diamond. If a girl told me she liked it, I'd probably give it to her. It cost me five hundred dollars, but if it will please her and I can just go out and by another one, why not? I frequently give things away, because they don't mean that much to me.

"Money? I like to give it away. Throw it away. I enjoy it. It's surprising, but sometimes you can't give it away. If you offer some money to people, they get suspicious. Why? they want to know. Younger people react best. They say, 'Gee, thanks, that's awful nice of you.'

"I really do love young people. Especially women."

"I know he's young and modern, but he sure caught me by surprise when he told me to piss in the bottle."

EASY COME, EASY GO

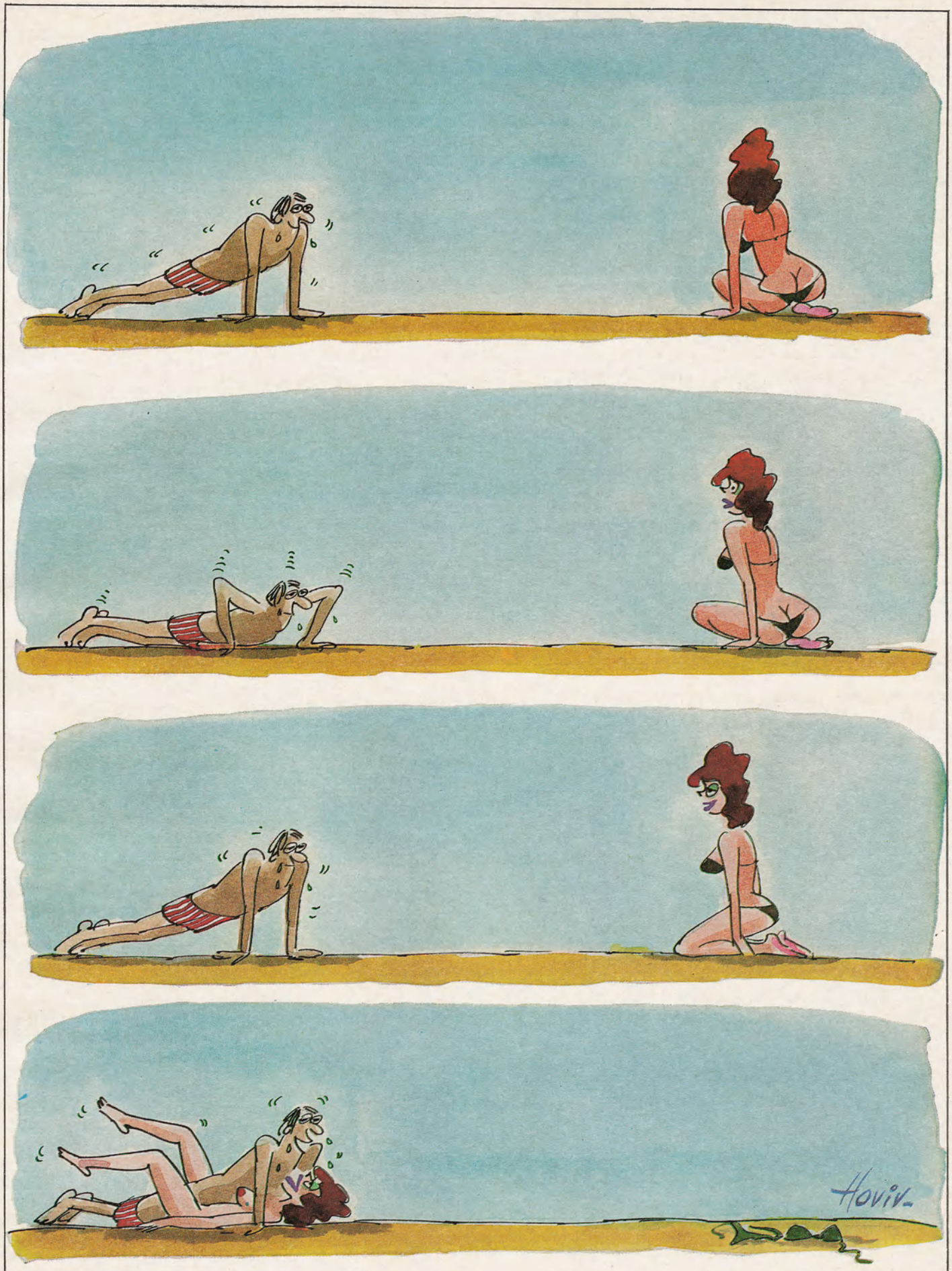
It was late July 1952 when Charlie "Hard Luck" Steen reached the lowest point in his thirty-two-year life, a life already beset by enough misfortune to discourage any other man. Thin and balding but endowed with wiry strength and determination, he stood alone on a sun-baked plateau in eastern Utah, near the Colorado state line—a ragged, fiercely independent prospector, his work clothes and open-top miner's boots stained with the red earth of that desolate area. He cursed to himself. The borrowed drill rig he was operating had just broken down a few feet short of his intended goal. It was almost ridiculous. Here he was, prospecting for uranium and too poor to afford even the basic Geiger counter.

He had started out more than a year before with a trailer that would house himself and his wife, Minnie Lee, and their three children. Then she got pregnant, and the fourth child came. There wasn't even enough money to buy milk; so they had to feed the infant tea instead. The trailer had to be sold for living expenses, but in Cisco, Utah, behind a gas station, they found a tar-paper shack—which actually was the shell of an abandoned railroad freight car—without running water or toilet. It rented for fifteen dollars a month. The kids hadn't had a decent meal in months, and Steen owed everybody.

Most galling of all, though, to Charlie Steen, was the fact that people didn't take him seriously. He was always talking, always borrowing, always giving them his hard-luck stories and telling them that, this time for sure, he was hot on the track of a million-dollar strike.

Although he was best known as a carpenter and odd-jobs man in the area, Steen had a geology degree from the El Paso School of Mines, Texas, had apprenticed in the Peruvian jungles searching for oil, and knew as much as anybody else about the newly precious uranium. Still, it took a dollar to file a twenty-acre mining claim in the sparsely populated area, and he was finding it harder and harder to borrow a dollar these days. Despite his insistent optimism, he knew that people considered him a loser, a loudmouth, a nut, who was accepted because prospecting always attracted a lot of odd people anyway.

The problem of the broken drill confronted him now, however. The expensive diamond bit, which belonged to a friend,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had broken off short of the 200-foot level, which he had decided he must reach, and there was no way to retrieve the bit with the equipment he had. To most people, that would have been the last straw. He'd have to go back home again, with another hard-luck story, and try to borrow again.

His worn-out jeep stood nearby. Before getting into it, he remembered the samples of a strange, blue-black substance that he had hit halfway down in the drilling process—too soon to be anything important, he thought, but material he couldn't readily identify. It was a long, dusty drive back forty-five miles north to Cisco. A bitter drive.

Buddy Cowger, the gas-station operator who was a part-time prospector, owned a Geiger counter; so when Charlie Steen pulled up, he decided to try the instrument on the unknown mineral samples before going back to face Minnie Lee.

When Steen ran the prong of the Geiger counter over the samples, his heart jumped. The machine cackled wildly, and the needle leaped immediately to the farthest point on the dial and never wavered. Then he knew. It was that rarest of all substances, pitchblende, the most concentrated form of uranium known to exist!

The strike, which was the first and biggest discovery of uranium in America in the newly born atomic age, eventually proved to be worth about $60 million.

For a long time the celebrating never stopped. Steen ran wild. And why not? He felt that he deserved his success. He made no apologies for his money, declaring, "I didn't steal it, I didn't inherit it, and the only blood on it is my own."

Steen's discovery was only the first of many as the area boomed, and he reigned for a time as the generous, uncrowned king of Moab, Utah, becoming popular enough to win election to the Utah State Senate.

As a spender, the new Charlie Steen was big. He bought a fifty-foot yacht and spent $150,000 in getting it just the way he wanted it. Gradually, he acquired a fleet of private planes. But his crowning glory was yet to come. Upset at the rigid morality of the Mormon-dominated Utah, Steen moved to the green, forested Sierra slopes in northern Nevada, where he designed and built a spectacular thirty-five-room mansion costing $1.5 million. Its five domes were like circus tents, and the inside alone covered a sprawling 24,000 square feet, big enough for the average three-bedroom home to fit in Charlie Steen's living room, with landscaping included.

The parties were endless—especially those marking the July 27 anniversary of the big strike. He would send his planes to pick up guests. He had firm loyalties, and the old prospector who had once lent him a needed wrench was treated as royally as the banker who tended his fortune. "I used to get a kick out of mixing them," Steen said. "There'd be bankers standing next to scruffy prospectors. It was quite an assortment."

Said a friend who often attended Steen's parties: "They had as many as eight thousand people straggling in and out over a period of days in one single party. People would carry off twenty-pound pieces of barbecued meat and bottles of booze in the trunks of their cars."

Steen, who, when he traveled, carried around a briefcase full of hundred-dollar bills for expenses, commanded the treatment of a king and always received it. But he remained at heart a simple, shirt-sleeved fellow, never pretentious, always willing to talk to anyone. He enjoyed life and didn't have a worry in the world.

After all, the strike was worth $60 million. Even if you never took it out of the bank, it would earn you $3 million a year in interest, which gives you $8,000 plus per day for living expenses. You'd have to spend $400 an hour every waking hour just to exhaust the interest, and how could you do that without acquiring an awful lot of assets?

In the early 1960s Steen sold his lucky Mi Vida mine for $25 million, after a decade of prosperous ore sales. Advisers—he had a whole staff of them—had told him that he must diversify. Others suggested that he buy bonds and clip coupons for the rest of his life, but that idea ran contrary to Steen's makeup.

He began diversifying. He bought a copper mine, a marble quarry, an aircraft factory, a cattle ranch, an orange orchard, even a pickle factory—thirty different companies in all. In his home and in his office in nearby Reno, he welcomed ideas from anybody. The door was open.

Things began to happen. A strike of smelters halted shipments out of his copper mine. Steen insisted on keeping his miners on full pay despite the shutdown; after all, it wasn't *their* fault. The aircraft factory was suddenly flung out-of-date by the introduction of the Lear jet. Beef prices fell below cost. His orange groves never produced. And even the pickle factory failed when the cucumber crop froze two years in a row. Flop, flop, flop. All around him it was happening. The marble quarry, promising a hundred million dollars' worth of fine stone, proceeded nicely, but by 1967, when the enterprise still needed another six-figure sum if its raw materials were to be brought to market, Steen was in financial trouble.

Without warning, on February 28, 1968, agents of the Internal Revenue Service, using a statute generally employed against Mafia types who were likely to flee the United States, marched in and promptly boarded up Steen's office.

The IRS destroyed him, Steen said, by freezing him out. It tied up all his assets, stopped all his income-producing operations, and left him sitting penniless in his mansion for several years, while others to whom he owed money pressed him for payment. One by one, his assets went on the auction block. His yacht was sold for $25,000, which was a fraction of its worth.

"May I butt in?"

His planes were seized and sold the same way, and everything else went piece by piece, for pennies on the dollar, until finally there was nothing left but the final disgrace: bankruptcy and eviction from his mansion.

Steen went back to prospecting, prowling from the California desert to the Utah mountains, working out of Salt Lake City, determined to find another pot of gold.

"I'm still better off than I was before I struck it rich," he said. "That's one good thing about this mess. I've gotten out from behind a desk and into the field, where I belong. And this time my four kids are all grown up and provided for; so I'm that much better off, ain't I?

Undaunted and willing to start all over in his fifties, Steen said, "I know I'll be wiser next time—about a lot of things. For one, I'll know who my friends really are. There are people I helped make millionaires who now act like they never heard of me."

Steen doesn't talk about *if* he strikes it rich again, but rather *when*. And he can be philosophical about it all.

"Through the years I've seen and done everything a man can do with money, and nobody can ever take that away from me. If I've learned anything, it's that there's no such thing as financial security in this world. Opportunity yes, but no security."

THE MISSING INHERITANCE

In Prattsville, Ark., there is no traffic problem, no welfare problem, no crime problem, no drug problem, no smog problem, and God is not dead.

For a dozen years, through a maze of courts all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court, tedious legal technicalities had been argued, receiving little public attention, in a case alleging that a small, partially submerged island at the mouth of the Mississippi River, at Buras, La., had been wrongfully occupied by oil companies, which assumed that they could drill there under the provisions of a long-standing off shore rights agreement.

On October 31, 1970, the authoritative, ever-watchful *New York Times* was the first to report that a decision had been reached in the case, with the Supreme Court ordering the oil interests to pay the sum of $86.5 million to the Buras family, which claimed ownership of the island. The report added that Mr. Buras, who had filed the suit years before, had become totally disabled and had transferred his power of attorney to his son, Jack Buras, of Prattsville, Ark.

The world soon beat a path to Jack Buras's door, finding him a hundred miles north of Louisiana in that small Arkansas town, population under 1,000, the kind of place where everybody knows everybody else personally.

At the farthest edge of town, next to an untilled field, sat an aluminum-sided mobile home. A wooden step led to the metal door of the home where Jack Buras lived with his wife, Barbara (the daughter of a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

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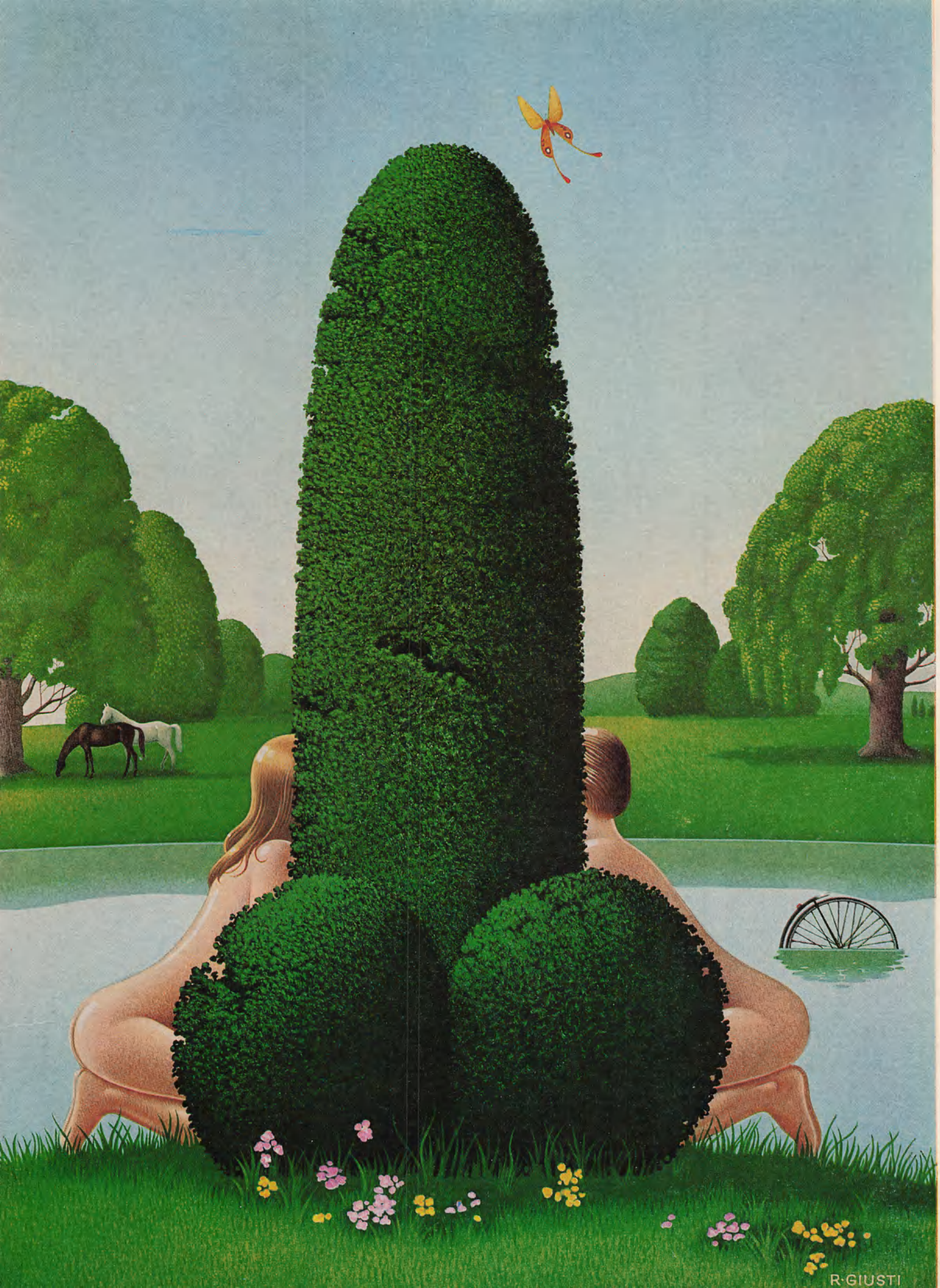
R·GIUSTI

Part Two

The continuing adventures of a young English girl in her search for lust's own reward

May 21

School's over for a while, and I am at Buxton Hall in Norfolk. I drove down, and it was a good journey, except that a policeman drove in front of me on the motorway and stopped me and said I was going too fast. He gave me a ticket and said he was very sorry. I was sorry, too, because he had such blue eyes with thick, black lashes, but there was nothing but the hard shoulder on the motorway and there wasn't even a bush for miles, certainly not a hedge or a wood or anything; so I really had to go.

Buxton Hall is a very nice manor house, with a big garden and a long lawn and a park with trees and a lake at the bottom. Aunt Loo bought the house with the money she made sculpting horses, and she has made it very nice,

By Cindy Peach

if you like a lot of hunting prints and chintz covers and copies of *Sporting Life* everywhere. She was on the lawn in her hammock when I arrived, and she waved and shouted to me in her usual friendly way, but she didn't get out of the hammock, because she is quite large, and getting in and out of the hammock is difficult for her; so I went straight across the grass to meet her. There were quite a lot of horses roaming about eating the grass, as there always are at Buxton Hall, because Aunt Loo considers that horses are people and should live freely and not be shut up in stables like animals.

"Hi!" shouted Aunt Loo, waving the hunting bowler she always wears to protect herself from the heat of the sun. "Glad to see you . . . have a good run?"

"Hallo, Aunt Loo." I gave her a respectful kiss, because I know she likes me to do this, and she leaned out of her hammock and hauled up a garden chair with one of her powerful gestures. She has very strong arms because of her sculpting, which she can do with both hands, since she is ambidextrous. "How are you? It's so kind of you to let me come and stay with you."

"Not kind in the least. Wanted you to come." She looked me up and down with the sort of expression she uses when she is thinking of buying a horse. "You're a fine filly, Cindy, a damn fine filly. But you look a little exhausted from that long drive." She pointed to the pond at the far end of the lawn. "Take a swim, dear. That's what you're here for anyway, to rest from all that schooling. Go on now!" And she dismissed me with a wave of her hand.

I walked down to the pond, and I took off my clothes. I put one foot in, and there was a good deal of mud, which came right up over my foot, but I could see that it would be all right once I was in. I swam right out into the middle, where there was no shade from the trees, and I splashed about and got my hair really wet so that it floated all round me on top of the water, looking quite dark.

After a while had passed, I began to think that I ought to come out and get dry and put on some clothes lest I catch cold. Suddenly, I saw the bicycle. It was not just a bicycle, of course; there was somebody riding it, a man, and it was coming down the slope toward the lake, very bumpily because the grass is rough and not often cut, and it was not being steered straight, if at all. It was tacking, like a yacht, and sometimes one of the wheels would leave the ground altogether so that it looked very dangerous. As he came on, very fast, and getting faster all the time, I could hear that he was shouting something in a polite but desperate kind of voice, as if something dreadful were about to happen and he knew that he wouldn't be able to stop it from happening. When he got near enough, I could hear the words he was shouting: "My brakes are not working. Help. My brakes are not working. Be careful. Help. I am going to fall into the lake. Help. My brakes are *not working. Help*."

He may not have said these words in this order, but this is the gist of what he was saying, and I could see at once that he was quite right. The bicycle was moving faster and faster, and it was getting nearer and nearer to the bank. The young man—for I could see, now that he was near enough, that he was very young—seemed to be most distressed, and I could see why, because to swim in a lake with nothing on when you are hot is one thing, but to ride in on a bicycle whose brakes are not working and with everything on is quite another. He went over another large bump, and I called out as loud as possible, because I felt that if he was going to join me, even against his will, in the water, we ought at least to exchange names first: "Hallo! I'm Cindy Peach. Who are you?"

The bicycle was almost upon me. I just heard his last despairing cry as the bicycle hit a tree root, shot up into the air, and began to fall, very gracefully, toward the water.

"Aubrey Thred, curate. How do you do? I say, I'm most frightfully sorry. Do mind out——"

There cannot be many girls who have given their all, for the first time, in the belly of a Trojan horse made of reinforced concrete and milk-bottle tops.

The splash he and his bicycle made was truly tremendous. I thought at first that he was drowning, because for quite some time after the splash the bicycle seemed to be on top, and so I swam as quickly as I could toward the scene of the accident and did my best to help by lifesaving the young man, which meant getting behind him and putting my arms underneath his arms and attempting to tow him toward the bank. He must have been very upset by the accident, because he kept his eyes tightly shut, and he kept saying things like, "Oh my goodness. Now look here. No, please don't. Really, Miss. Oh my goodness. Goodness me." He said these things while I was towing him as well; so he really must have been very upset indeed.

However, as I say, he was so upset, and, really, when you think that he had just ridden into a lake on a bicycle, this is not very surprising; he climbed up the bank quite nimbly, and I was pleased to see this because I like people to be fit, especially when they are young. He was very young, even younger than I, and considering that he had fallen into the lake and that he had quite a lot of very wet clothes on, which made him appear rather draggled, it was quite surprising how well built he was.

I knelt beside Mr. Thred, and he sat in his wet clothes and shivered quite a lot, still with his eyes shut. I can't imagine why, because now that he was out of the lake and in no danger of falling in again, I couldn't see why he looked so frightened.

"I'm very sorry about your bicycle," I said.

"That's quite all right."

"I expect Aunt Loo can get her friend Mr. Hogbin to fish it up for you."

"Yes. I expect so."

"It isn't very deep there."

"Isn't it?"

"Only about four feet. It won't be very difficult to get it up."

"That's good."

He moved his position a little, and I couldn't help noticing, although of course I tried not to, that when he moved, he squelched because he was so wet.

"You are wet," I said.

"It doesn't matter," he said.

"You might very well catch a cold," I said.

"I never catch colds," he said.

He moved again and squelched some more.

"You really ought not to be wearing those wet clothes," I said.

"I like wearing wet clothes," he said.

This idea was new to me, because I really don't think that most people like sitting in wet clothes so that they squelch when they move.

"You really ought to take some of them off," I said.

"No, thank you. I'd really rather not, Miss—I'm afraid I didn't quite catch your name."

"Peach." I said. "Cindy Peach."

"How do you do, Miss Peach? I'm Aubrey Thred."

"How do you do, Mr. Thred?"

"I am the curate here. I was coming on my bicycle to see your aunt about arrangements for the church féte—she is very active in the parish, you know—and unfortunately I discovered that the brakes on my machine were defective.

"I feel I owe you a debt of gratitude. For saving my life." His eyes were open now, but he was looking past me, in the direction of the horses gathered together under the trees. "I am very grateful to you for your swift and courageous action, Miss Peach."

"Not at all, Mr. Thred."

When I put out my hand to shake his, he really couldn't pretend he hadn't seen it, and so we shook hands, and really his hand was very strong and muscular, which I suppose one would expect, because Mr. Thred was a very large and muscular person; one could see that quite clearly because of his wet clothes, which were sticking to him.

"You really must at least take off your socks and shoes," I said. "It's terribly bad for you to be sitting there all wet."

"Well——" he said. "Perhaps just my socks and shoes."

"I do think it would be sensible."

"But no more than that—only my socks and shoes."

In the end I took them off for him, because he really did seem very clumsy, perhaps because of the shock. He had very nice long feet, and I could tell that he was glad to be rid of the wet shoes because of the sigh of relief he gave as I eased them off. He didn't actually watch me as I did this, but I could see that his eyes weren't properly shut anymore.

"Is that better, Mr. Thred?"

"Much better, Miss Peach."

I knelt beside his shoes and socks, and I could still see that his eyes weren't properly shut.

"I really do think you should take off your shirt, Mr. Thred."

"Oh, no, I couldn't, Miss Peach."

"Let me help you."

"But——"

"It won't take a minute to dry. We can lay it out on the grass. The sun will dry it in no time."

He tried to say no again, but really couldn't, because I had started to undo the buttons, and when someone is kneeling close to you undoing your buttons, particularly when she is not wearing any clothes, it is difficult to push her away.

"You will have to kneel up," I said, "because I can't pull it out of your trousers in that position."

He looked so surprised that for a moment I thought he was going to get up and run away. I can't think why, because after all, when you are taking someone's shirt off, you have to pull it out of his trousers first, or he goes on sitting on the tail and it won't move. But then he slowly knelt up, and so did I, and we were kneeling quite close to each other; in fact, I was almost touching him in places. And I peeled the wet shirt down off his shoulders and his back and down over his arms and put it on the grass. I have to admit that he was very manly without his shirt, and not like a curate at all, and we went on kneeling opposite each other, almost touching, and I noticed that he was looking at me, not actually at my face, but looking. It was funny, really, the look he had on his face, and I can't describe it properly except by saying something that may sound silly; but I don't care if it does because it really is the only way I can describe it. He looked like a little boy gazing in a sweetshop window.

"Mr. Thred."

"Yes, Miss Peach?'

"You can if you like."

"Can what?"

"Touch."

"Touch?"

He really did seem rather slow, but that may have been because of emotion.

"You know. Touch."

"I don't think I ought to."

"Why not?"

"I'm a curate."

"Don't curates touch?"

"I don't know."

"Do you want to?"

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He swallowed twice, and I could see the muscles of his throat going up and down, and the skin of his neck was very fair—white, even, where it usually went into his shirt, and it had very fine little fair hairs on it.

"Yes."

"All right, then." I said. "You can."

And even then I had to help him. But it was very easy, really, because I only had to lean forward about an inch, and I was touching him. After a little while he said with reverence, "Oh, Miss Peach!"

"Cindy," I said, because you really can't let someone who is doing what he was doing call you "Miss Peach."

"Cindy," he said. "Oh, Cindy!"

I could tell, really, that he hadn't had very much practice, but once he started, he was very eager to learn, and before very long it didn't seem at all fair that he had his trousers on; so I said, quite politely, in case I frightened him, because I could see that he was a very well brought up young man, with very good manners, in spite of what he was doing at that particular moment, which in any case most, if not all, people do at some time or another, manners or no manners. So I said, "Would you like to take your trousers off, Mr. Thred?"

"Aubrey," he said. "Please call me Aubrey."

I felt that I would soon be beyond speech, because of what he was doing, particularly with his right hand; so I said, "Would you like to take your trousers off, Aubrey?"

"Are you sure you don't mind?"

"I would like you to."

"Well, if you're sure——"

"After all," I said, "I haven't got anything on; so why should you?"

It was much better in every way without the trousers.

"Oh, Cindy!" he said, after I'd removed them.

"Oh, Aubrey!" I said.

I was very overcome, because he was a very large young man, and I have to be honest, because I don't think one should hide things, even if they are rather embarrassing, and I must honestly admit that I was beginning to wonder how I would manage. I hadn't fully realized just how much there was, and I felt full of doubt as to where it would all go. I mean, I expect a lot of girls have these feelings, and it isn't just me, particularly if they have been saving themselves for a very long time and then get to the point where they are going to be swept off their feet. Actually, I wasn't swept off my feet but onto my back in the long grass, and it really was lovely, what with the flowers and the bees and Mr. Thred—it's no good; I really can't bring myself to call him Aubrey except to his face—and the afternoon sun and everything, and it seemed silly to go on waiting when I didn't even know when I would see Harold, and however much intellect he might prove to have, I really was convinced, just by looking, that he simply couldn't have as much of everything else. So I braced myself, remembering that, after all, this came to all girls sooner or later, and so far as I knew, they usually seemed to manage to find somewhere to put it, even one as large as this, and I said, "Oh, Aubrey!"

"Oh, Cindy!" he said.

After that, we were both rendered speechless, and quite soon it seemed that I really was at last about to find out exactly what it is all about. His manly organ was poised, and I had put my knees up and spread out my feet because the books say that this is the best way to begin, although there are many good variations for later when one is more sure of oneself.

And it was at this moment that I heard, and then Aubrey heard, the sound of the hunting horn as it burst out behind us, the thunder of horses' hooves, and then the voice of Aunt Loo, which really is very loud, when fully raised, trumpeting: "Rape! Rape! My little Cindy is being raped!"

I can say only that I had had no idea that anything so splendid could wither and droop and become so very uninteresting in such a short space of time. For a moment or two we were transfixed, listening. Then, with the leap of a tiger (except that from the back he looked more like a very large shrimp or a lobster just beginning to turn pink) Mr. Thred was away. I have to admit that he was a very fast runner, even with no clothes on, and while I can also run very fast and I used to win all the races on Sports Day at the convent—although on these occasions, of course, I was wearing clothes—I couldn't catch up as he flew across the grass toward the house, his pale legs twinkling as he went and his round white behind bouncing and yet rather sad.

Behind us, came Aunt Loo mounted upon Barbara Hepworth and blowing into her hunting horn. Behind Barbara Hepworth, which was galloping like mad, came Mr. Hogbin. He was on Brancusi, which was slow but what Aunt Loo calls "a stayer," and behind them came Mrs. Hogbin on Henry Moore, which is aging and doesn't care very much for hills and so is inclined on longer gallops to get left behind. Aunt Loo was blowing her horn and shouting, "Save my little Cindy from rape! Save my little Cindy from rape!" Mr. Hogbin was shouting, "Rape! Rape! Rape!"

Mrs. Hogbin was not shouting anything, because she is not an expert horsewoman and she was having to use all her strength and energy and both hands lest she fall off Henry Moore. It soon became obvious that Mr. Thred, perhaps because he was looking for a refuge and felt that the modern horse of Troy would offer him a suitable hiding place, was heading for the studio in which Aunt Loo kept her horse sculptures, including her masterpiece—a giant Trojan horse, hollow, of course, where forty men could have hidden. I thought that it would be a good place for us to hide, and we could comfort each other and offer each other moral support in this time of danger.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

STRIPPING THE NIGHT FANTASTIC.

LX 14. Black nylon boy-leg teddy. Swiss embroidered lace yolk. 32-34-36 at $22.00.

LX 04 (bra) & LX 07 (bikini). Sheer black butterfly Swiss embroidered lace. Bra in 32-34-36 at $9.00. Matching string bikini of ivory satin with black lace inset in S-M-L, $7.50.

LG 17. Body cover of black Lycra-Spandex molds to body. Has gentle underwire bra with adjustable satin beaded straps. Lace-covered snap crotch. 32-34-36 at $22.00.

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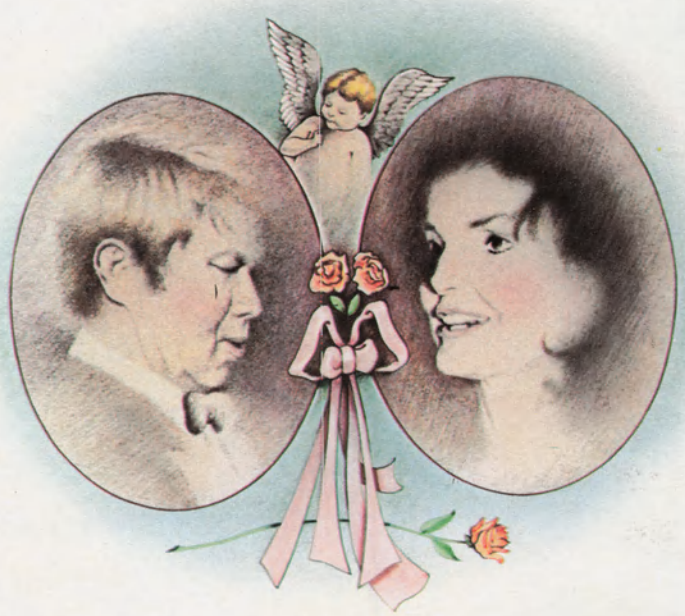
THE ADVENTURES OF JIM CARTER

A presidential hallucination becomes mandatory behavior for the White House staff.

Q. Would any sane person want to be president?
A. Obviously not!
Q. So what's wrong with Jimmy?
A. Sawyer's Syndrome—a severe neurosis resulting from total stupefaction as an adolescent, the inability to relate to one's environment because of sheer boredom. The syndrome, which is most commonly found in rural areas of the United States, affects the entire populace of New Zealand. The victim lapses into a fantasy that he is someone else somewhere else leading a more exciting life. Oddly, the usual choice is Tom Sawyer—hence the clinical name Sawyer's Syndrome. Colloquially, it's known as "Born Again." Realizing the condition of our president's mind, a loving family and a devoted staff have done their best to reinforce what is known on Capitol Hill as "Jimmy's Kink."

A Fantasy in Pictures and Words By Wayne McLoughlin



The president's favorite picture: his brother Billy with fiancée Jacqueline Onassis. Out of compassion for his sick brother, Billy has spent years in acting out the role of Huck Finn—drinking, swearing, and doing his best to be a genuine rapscallion. Actually, he is an urbane wit, a grand master chess player, and one of the leading authorities on Dutch medieval art. He has a doctorate in twelfth-century English literature from Cornell.

Andrew Young (known affectionately around the White House as Nigger Jim) is seen carrying a stolen melon for the president, while crossing the Washington Tidal Basin on a crude raft. As a matter of fact, Mr. Carter will not eat a melon that is not stolen. To aid Young in carrying out his orders, the Department of Agriculture planted a five-acre melon patch at the base of the Washington Monument.

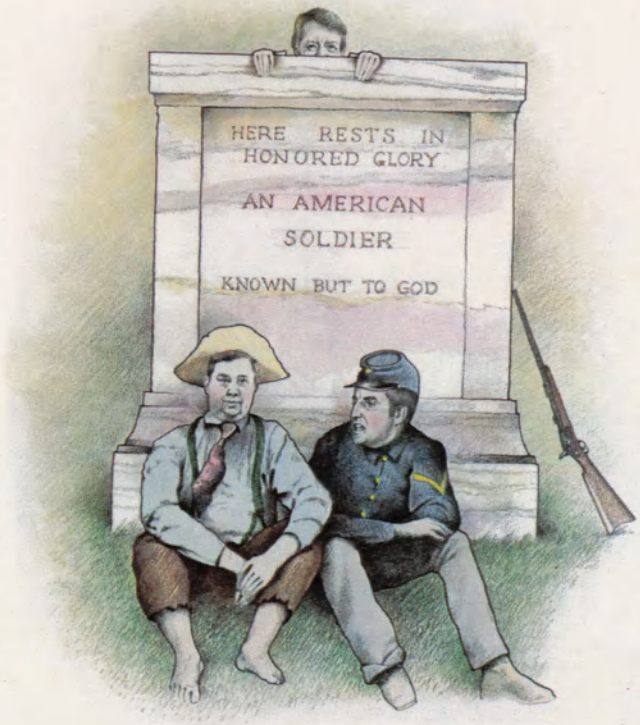
The lowest point in Carter's presidency thus far came on April 24, 1977, when he held a midnight meeting with the governors of all fifty states. They were forced to shed their formal attire, don ragged costumes, and help Mr. Carter bury dead cats all over the White House lawn. Here a stunned Gov. Jerry Brown of California complies.

Jimmy and his sweetheart, Rosalynn, follow a kite cord through underground White House corridors. The papier-mâché stalagmites visible in the background were constructed for the president by the Army Corps of Engineers. Jimmy loves to wander around down there for hours before finally tracing the cord to the Oval Office. Every time he enters, all staff present are under orders to cheer, "Huzzah, they're found! They're found!"

Here David Rockefeller, the new rich kid in town, gets a solid thrashing from Jimmy. David has been forced to shoot marbles with Carter and lose, fish for crappies in the specially stocked White House fountain, and allow the president to beat him silly. The fight always ends when Rockefeller snivels, "Nuff, nuff." Incidentally, David has always dressed this way.

The commander in chief's chief chef—Hamilton Jordan—proudly displays a seventeen-pound catfish. One of Georgia's leading fashion designers, Jordan dazzled that state's taste-makers with his now-famous pink-macramé bib overalls seen so often in Atlanta's jet set. He was appointed White House cook after the president had tasted Jordan's recipe for channel cat filet with carp sauce (a Carter favorite) during a camp meeting. Jordan lives in the Winnebago that's up on blocks behind the East Wing.

Former Budget Director Bert Lance listens intently as the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier (PFC Walter Mondale) outlines the course that this nation will follow regarding fiscal policy. A disturbed president eavesdrops. Contrary to media reports, it was not this discovery which prompted Mr. Carter to demand Lance's resignation. The final straw came when the budget director proposed that the poor people of America could relate better to the presidency if all White House limousines and official cars were painted to appear rusted out.



Press Secretary Jody Powell is shown painting the new White House fence. The privilege cost him seven marbles, two fishhooks, and a brass andiron knob. As Carter's second choice (Hal Holbrook was first but declined), Powell spent the first month in office wearing a white suit and a white curly wig and mustache while he read the president to sleep each night with a chapter from *Life on the Mississippi*. The prearranged hour for the story to begin was 10:30, at which time the president would climb through the bedroom window from the White House lawn. About this activity and others, the Secret Service is sworn "not to tell Aunt Polly!"

All of which raises some unsettling questions. Who pretends to be Aunt Polly? Is it Miz Lillian? If so, how much power does she wield? And, finally, are Pentagon rumors true that Aunt Polly and Deep Throat are one and the same person?

"There's always a little pain with pleasure, isn't there? I sometimes feel very tender and passionately violent at the same time."

LATIN PLUS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIETER SCHMIDT

Hilary Corona was born and raised in Buenos Aires. Her father is Argentine, her mother English. Flawless British skin, a statuesque figure, and fine facial features are her Anglican heritage. Smoldering dark eyes, silky coffee-colored hair, and a very passionate nature are obviously her Latin endowments. She moved to New York several months ago, specifically to an apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Does she miss the more easygoing environment of her childhood in South America? "Not yet. I grew up in Buenos Aires, which is a crowded, sophisticated city. The size and scope of New York still overwhelms me a little, but so far, I love it here."

"New York men are so appealing," twenty-year-old Hilary confessed. "Successful businessmen whirl you around to places like the Tavern On The Green for supper, and starving writers always know some cozy, Italian restaurant, where you eat homemade pasta and sip espresso till midnight."

Despite Hilary's rather delicious 34-23-35 configuration, she has a keen competitive mind and enjoys physical challenges ("playing tennis with a man much better at it than I am, taking mountain hikes in upstate New York"). Hilary also likes to pamper herself. "I don't think I'm narcissistic" she told us, "but I really like the way my body looks and feels, and I take care of it. I appreciate being a woman, and I am very much a female, both physically and emotionally. I can be very strong, but I can also be very vulnerable."

Given her bilingual, bicultural background, and the fact that she is a Gemini, Hilary has a natural understanding of life's little dualities. "There's always a little pain with pleasure, isn't there?" she mused. "And when you really love someone, you also hate him just a tiny bit, too. I sometimes feel very tender and passionately violent at the same time. Some people find that very confusing, I guess. I think it's one of the things that make life so fascinating. There are some things we can never really explain. And I think experiences are more meaningful than explanations, anyhow."

GODFATHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

together in the Bath Beach section of Brooklyn—hence the pseudonym I protect him with—and over the years he has given me accurate information on the Mafia.

"Hey, did you see that bullshit about Lillo?" Frankie said without even a preliminary greeting.

"That's why I called. Why's it bullshit?"

"Because Lillo's just a front man for somebody else. He's fronting for Joe Bananas."

It would not be the first time Bonanno pulled back into the shadows, directing his family's affairs from his home in Tucson. I had first investigated Bonanno in 1963. And I had discovered that until Joe Valachi told federal narcotics agents about the inner workings of the mob, all investigative agencies had believed Bonanno's story that when he moved to Arizona in 1943 for the sake of his eldest son's health, he gave up his earlier criminal associations and was devoting his declining years to his real-estate investments in Arizona and cheese-processing companies in Colorado and Wisconsin. Because he was believed, investigators usually left him alone and went after more visible Mafiosi.

I got together with Frankie that night, and he repeated what I knew about Galente and again insisted that although there could be no doubt Galente had become one of the top powers in New York, whatever he had accomplished had been done for Joe Bonanno.

"You know one reason any move Lillo makes is for Bonanno?" Frankie asked. "Because he's so loyal to Bananas he'd burn down his parish church before he'd cross the man. Everybody who works for Bonanno is absolutely loyal. And the main reason is that he's fair—about everything. He's not cheap, like other bosses are. Other bosses treat their men like dirt. Bonanno gives his men lots of authority; he makes them feel important."

But Galente and New York are just a small part of the Bonanno organization, Frankie said. Ever since Bonanno escaped execution, he had been taking over the Southwest and California Mafia families and now had an important voice in Mafia groups across the country. Evidence of that would not be hard to obtain, Frankie said.

"Just nose around, and everywhere you look in the big rackets there's a Bonanno man in charge. Pornography is big in Los Angeles, maybe worth a hundred million a year. A Bonanno man with a big piece of porno in New York muscled a monopoly on it in California. Heroin? Check Bonanno's connections with the Mexican importers. Vegas? Bonanno people run some of it; a Chicago guy who owes Bonanno a lot runs another part of it. Dope and whores and gambling up in Alaska? The Bonanno men put it together to rip off the pipeline workers."

I asked Frankie what gossip he'd heard about Bonanno's escaping execution by the commission. "I'm not sure," Frankie said. "All I know is the story everybody gives you about why he wasn't killed is another crock of shit. I don't have the details, but what I hear is, Bonanno had Carlo Gambino by the balls and he squeezed them till the old fuck hollered uncle.

"I'll tell you this," Frankie went on, "Joe Bananas in no way retired after that commission trial. No way could it happen."

He pointed out that Bonanno's father had himself been an important member of Sicilian society and that the son was an object of respect from the day of his birth. In 1924, when Bonanno was nineteen, he emigrated to America. As the son of Salvatore Bonanno, Mafioso, Joe was given every possible advantage. He was greeted at the dock by Willie Moretti, a young but important Mafia bootlegger, and was taken to meet Salvatore Maranzano, a childhood friend of his father and head of one of the two biggest Mafia groups in New York. After only a short time in Brooklyn, Bonanno was inducted into the American Mafia. By 1931, perhaps earlier, he was a don.

> Everybody who works for Bonanno is absolutely loyal. Galente would burn down his parish church before he'd cross the man.

"The son of a don, a don himself when he wasn't even thirty," Frankie said. "You know these old Sicilians, how proud and vain they are. Multiply it by millions, and that's a don's mentality. Stripping Bonanno of everything just can't happen without killing him. Maybe a pope can be deposed. Or a king, like Nixon. But you don't depose a don—unless you bury him real deep."

The investigation that I began the day after meeting Frankie confirms in practically every detail what he'd outlined to me months ago—Joe Bonanno is probably the country's *Mafioso supremo*.

First, we must go back to the events surrounding the attempt to execute Bonanno and the manner in which he survived, for his later actions are closely linked to those events. After the boss of all bosses, Vito Genovese, went to prison in 1960, Carlo Gambino began to manipulate other dons in an attempt to seize the throne. Gambino was aided in his drive by Sam Giancana of Chicago, the same Giancana who was hired by the CIA to assassinate Fidel Castro and whose mistress was also a mistress of President Kennedy. In Gambino's maneuvers to become boss of the Mafia, he attempted to gain control of Bonanno's family. But he was too wily to move against Bonanno himself. Instead, he enlisted the aid of Bonanno's distant cousin, Steve Magaddino, the Buffalo Mafia boss. Magaddino was involved in the drug traffic across the Canadian border and was jealous of Bonanno's greater share of that traffic. And a Magaddino relative who was a captain in the Bonanno family had been passed over for promotion—a deep insult to Magaddino. That relative was persuaded to get revenge by seizing control of Bonanno's family, with the full backing of Gambino, Magaddino, and another commission member, Tommy Lucchese, whose daughter had married Gambino's son.

When Bonanno learned of this interfamily conspiracy, he came to a carefully reasoned decision. He would have to kill the three dons plotting against him. Mafia regicide cannot be committed in haste or unilaterally; so Bonanno sought the assistance of the other two New York family bosses. The imprisoned Vito Genovese, furious at Gambino's attempt to seize his crown, sent word that he supported the murders. The other don was a close Bonanno associate, Joe Magliocco, known as the Fat Man. He was not actually a don as yet, which is why he quickly joined the plot. The Fat Man had been underboss to Joe Profaci, his brother-in-law, who had died of cancer in 1962. The commission should have automatically approved him as boss of the Profaci family, the Fat Man felt, but the crown had been denied him as part of Gambino's power play.

Bonanno and the Fat Man came to an agreement about the murders—the hit contract would be assigned to Joe Colombo, a captain in the Fat Man's family and director of an efficient assassination squad. But Colombo promptly ran to Carlo Gambino and revealed the infamy of Bonanno and the Fat Man. Gambino called a meeting of the commission, which ordered Bonanno and the Fat Man to give an account of their treachery. Bonanno refused to attend. The Fat Man did go, certain that he would be killed. He laid the full blame on Bonanno. Fined $40,000, he was told that he was out—Joe Colombo had been rewarded by being named the new don of the Fat Man's family.

Bonanno, in the meantime, simply gave the commission the finger. He met with commission representatives and kept stalling a sitdown. Angered at his refusal to place himself in their hands, commission members sent Bonanno word that he was dismissed from that august body and that his "family" was being placed in receivership, to be run by the commission, meaning Gambino.

That maneuver was rammed through the commission with the assistance of Sam Giancana of Chicago, who had long hated Bonanno. For years the two men had engaged in bitter territorial disputes in

California, Las Vegas, Wisconsin, Colorado, Canada, and in Haiti, where Bonanno had established with the island's dictator, Papa Doc Duvalier, a close relationship that gave him control of Haiti's casinos. In these disputes Bonanno usually came out on top. The extent of Giancana's rage became known from one wiretap in which the Chicago boss, informed that Bonanno was ducking the commission, shouted: "Kill! Kill! Why don't you just kill the guy!"

By October 21, 1964, it seemed likely that the mob had done just that. As Bonanno was getting out of a taxi on Park Avenue a little after midnight that morning, two men grabbed him and dragged him to a waiting car. "Come on, Joe," one of them said. "My boss wants to see you." He was forced into the car and driven directly to the upstate cottage where his trial was to be held.

Most of the machinations leading to the kidnapping have been correctly reported in the past. But the long-accepted version of the Mafia trial of Joe Bonanno has been incorrect, according to more knowledgeable informers for the FBI. Among them was a man named Frank Bompensiero, a San Diego Mafia boss who had helped Bonanno extend his influence into California and who was murdered in February 1977, apparently after it was discovered that he was an informer. For twelve years before Bompensiero's death, he had been the highest-placed Mafia informer in history, and he had related certain anecdotes that he had heard from Bonanno's own mouth.

The original version of the trial is that Carlo Gambino, acting as prosecutor, surprised all the others present by asking that Bonanno's life be spared. In return, Bonanno had to promise not to interfere with the commission's choice of a new don to rule his family and had to go to Tucson and retire—for real this time. Bonanno agreed. He was held prisoner for two months, which would give the commission time to make changes in his family, and he was released just before Christmas. He then went into hiding, from which he did not emerge for another sixteen months, when he broke his promise to the commission by starting a war for control of his family.

What actually occurred, according to Bonanno himself as he told it to Bompensiero and others, is that when he was taken to the cottage to stand trial, Gambino was hardly in a forgiving mood. He recited details of Bonanno's murder plot and insisted that the malefactor be made to suffer the death penalty. And then Bonanno was permitted to speak in his own behalf.

He did not plead for his life. Angrily, imperiously, with the force of his birthright and forty years of Mafia service, Bonanno laid out a series of facts the commissioners may not have known and a scenario for the future should the commission dare execute him.

Years before, Bonanno began, the commission had ordered the bosses to "close the books"—to freeze Mafia family membership at the level then existing. "I went along with that," Bonanno said, "even though it hurt my business. All the dons obeyed.

"But not Carlo. He's been deceiving us. He's expanding his family by smuggling crazy Sicilians in and making them members. He's grabbing the Profaci family, he's interfering in the Genovese family, he's grabbing my family. He has his hooks in everything. He wants to get so big he can take us over."

If Bonanno had joined a plot to murder Gambino and his cronies, he explained, he had every right to do so because it was self-defense. For Gambino and the other two had plotted to place another man in charge of his family, knowing that eventually they would have to kill him.

Bonanno cited several other violations of commission rulings and then commented on the future, playing on the very real fears, and the paranoia, of his jurors. Should I be killed, he said, then a war greater than all the wars in syndicate history combined will be unleashed. My men are ready to strike; no one will be immune. If I have to destroy all of the Mafia, tear it down in my death throes, I will do so. Within each of your families are men who owe me much. You will never know who these men are, never know whether the bullet comes from your own bodyguards, nephews, cousins.

> Maybe a pope
> can be deposed. Or a king,
> like Nixon. But
> you don't depose a don—
> unless you
> bury him real deep.

And then Bonanno sat down.

The reaction of his enemies has not been recorded. But the scales of mob justice tipped in his favor when, at the end of his speech, Anthony Accardo of Chicago took the case out of the commission's hands with a ruling none dared disapprove.

Accardo is the elder statesman of the Chicago mob. His roots trace back to the earliest days of Al Capone's reign, and his association with Bonanno started before 1928, when Bonanno was shipping liquor and machine guns to Capone. When he became Chicago's don in the late forties, Accardo, like Bonanno, decided to remain behind the scenes, making major decisions but leaving daily operations to others. The man who acted as boss in Chicago and represented Accardo at all commission meetings was Sam Giancana, who was now so anxious for Bonanno's death. But faced with such a major event as the capital trial of a fellow don whom he respected enormously, Accardo had benched Giancana and reclaimed his seat on the commission.

Accardo rose to speak. He had known Don Peppino for almost forty years, and he had always been a man of honor. It was not possible that Bonanno would falsely accuse Gambino of such serious violations. His accusations required a complete investigation. I will personally appoint several men, Accardo said, send them to Canada, to New York, to wherever necessary, to learn the truth. Until their report is in, Don Peppino will be a guest—not a prisoner, but a guest—of the commission, Accardo said. He will be taken to neutral territory, where his safety will be guaranteed; he will be taken to live in one of the hotels in Miami Beach owned by Meyer Lansky.

And so it was done. While most of the world was searching for Bonanno as far away as Tunis and Sicily, he was living in a penthouse suite in Miami Beach.

Another meeting of the commission was called in December. The evidence laid on the table proved that Bonanno's accusations were true. The commission then ordered Gambino to cease all his violations and send his illegal Sicilian troops back, and it made him promise not to interfere in the affairs of the Bonanno family. Bonanno was cleared of all the charges against him.

On his release he went directly to Haiti and spent months in the safety of Duvalier's country estate, where he was absolutely immune from gunmen were Gambino to make another play immediately. But the fear of a double-cross was only a part of the reason why Bonanno stayed away for more than a year. His kidnapping had resulted in several grand-jury investigations, and he was waiting for the official furor to subside. While he was gone, his eldest son, Salvatore ("Bill"), was assigned to keep the mob family together.

During Bonanno's absence Gambino made another move to confiscate the Bonanno family, persuading the captain who was Magaddino's relative to defect and take as many Bonanno men with him as possible; about a third of them went with the defector. With the don still in hiding, Bill Bonanno gathered his father's loyalists around him and worked to lure back defectors and to keep others from joining the opposition. In January 1966 the turncoat captain lured Bill to a peace meeting and tried to kill him; dozens of shots were fired by both sides, but no one was hurt. Joe Bonanno then returned to take personal charge of his family, but he became so bogged down in grand-jury appearances that he was unable to act immediately.

Gambino struck first when hit men from his family shot but failed to kill two Bonanno men. The Great Banana War of 1967–68 broke out, in which a dozen men were killed or vanished forever and others wounded. The war ended only after Bonanno sent word to all the "neutral" families that "the

next time you hit one of my men, you lose one of your captains, first in one family, then in another," and then had a captain in the Colombo family murdered. Fearing that Bonanno would begin the destruction of the Mafia he had promised at his trial, Gambino and the others pulled back. And Bonanno slowly rebuilt his New York family.

Long before Joe Bonanno's troubles with the commission, he had begun to expand his Mafia business outside of New York, because he believed that the city's mob bosses were becoming as grasping and unpredictable as Al Capone had been. Now he wanted no part of the commission, no part of the intense competition that he knew would create publicity and official heat, which could only be harmful. He left his New York family in the care of two of his captains. He warned Gambino against any further attempt to interfere in the affairs of the Bonanno family and its business. And he headed west.

During the following years Bonanno stalked through the West, a modern sort of gunslinger in business suit and Cadillac, building up a new organization by creating alliances with the few and relatively weak western mob families. An examination of what investigators have learned about Bonanno's operations out West clarifies why he is now believed to be the dominant mob figure in the nation.

For example, when Nick Licata, the aging don of Los Angeles, died in 1974, two of his elderly underbosses ran the family as caretakers until a new boss could be named. The choice of Licata's successor would normally have been made by executive members of his family and then announced to the commission for its approval. But tradition was not followed this time.

Instead, a group of men held a series of meetings in Malibu and in Murietta Hot Springs, the desert resort near San Diego. Those meetings were kept under surveillance by federal and local police agencies.

One of the men present at the meetings was Frank Bompensiero, the San Diego don—and later informer—controlled by Bonanno. Another was James Fratianno, who had begun his career as a mob executioner and was now an assistant to Bonanno. A third was Michael Zaffarano, who had been Bonanno's bodyguard in New York and had risen to become overseer of his West Coast interests. Also present was John Roselli, the West Coast representative of Anthony Accardo and other Chicago leaders associated with Bonanno; Roselli had worked with Bonanno in liquor and gambling on the East Coast during Prohibition, and through the years they had developed a close relationship, particularly in Las Vegas. Among other Mafiosi present were the two caretakers of the Licata family and Louis Tom Dragna, a young captain in the family.

Finally, there was Don Peppino himself, Joe Bonanno, the true boss of bosses.

Frank Bompensiero later told the FBI that Bonanno had called the meetings so that he could help the Los Angeles family select a new don. And he personally chose Louis Tom Dragna as the newest boss in the West. Dragna was just the latest in a series of dons who owed a great deal to Bonanno, the informer said, and who recognized the benefits of coming under the corporate umbrella of what some investigators are calling "Bananas Enterprises, Inc."

Given the style of this man, Mafia experts aren't surprised that Joe Bonanno was able to dictate his own choice to head one of the three California families. He has effected enormous changes in the structure of the Mafia because of what his associates call his open-handed generosity but what actually seems closer to ego-stroking.

Historically, the West Coast had always been considered "open territory" for Mafia bosses in the East and Midwest. California bosses had little voice in activities in their state. Treated as if they hardly mattered, they were left with comparative crumbs. But Bonanno was a different sort of don.

> There's a Bonanno man in charge of all the big rackets. They even put together dope, whores, and gambling for the Alaska pipeline workers.

When he began doing business in California more than thirty years ago, he cut in on all his deals the first important Los Angeles don, Jack Dragna, and consulted him often. Bonanno shared his bonanzas with successive dons and treated them with respect, assuring their loyalty. And now, by naming the new don, Louis Tom Dragna, the nephew of the first Los Angeles boss, Bonanno gained effective control over that family.

In the same manner, Bonanno became the actual boss of the San Diego family of Frank Bompensiero. Bompensiero was a beefy, balding, highly trusted Mafioso who performed a vital function for the dons who monopolized California rackets. He was the man called upon to mediate disputes between out-of-state families, to negotiate deals between them, and to transfer the large sums of money required for closing the deals. In spite of his stature and his value to the nation's mob families, Bompensiero was seldom cut in on the most lucrative deals he helped negotiate. He was a relative pauper compared with members of other mob families, in which even captains were millionaires. Because other dons kept him in relative poverty, he took foolish risks. One of them resulted in his being indicted, in 1966, on rather lowly charges of cheating employees of his construction firm. He was then sixty years old, and he did not want to go back to prison at his age. Offered a way out, Bompensiero became an FBI informer.

A few years later Bonanno came along with another kind of deal. He offered Bompensiero a share of the Mexican heroin trade that he was just organizing. And he said he would back Bompensiero if he could persuade the independent Sica family of Los Angeles to bring that area's gambling, which the Sicas controlled, into the Bonanno organization. Bompensiero moved in on the Sica group and demonstrated to them the wisdom of throwing in with Bonanno.

From information supplied by Bompensiero, from wiretaps, and from surveillances, Bonanno's control of the California Mafia becomes clear. One of the agencies that has been investigating Bonanno and his associates is the Organized Crime Intelligence Division of the Los Angeles Police Department. When members of the squad became aware of Bonanno's interests in the area in 1973, they began keeping him and his men under surveillance. Reports of this squad and of other agencies have shed much light on Bonanno's influence over the West Coast Mafia.

These reports detail the dates, the times, and the places of the meetings where Bonanno, his sons, and his chief California aides like Bompensiero have gathered to formulate Bonanno family policy and to set up deals. "They meet to discuss various aspects of business in California, Vegas, Mexico, and other areas," says one of the Mafia watchers. "They meet with representatives of the Chicago family, the Detroit family, with Mafia men from Vegas, with all the big mob figures west of the Mississippi. We are certain they meet to make Bonanno's pleasures known."

As one reads through the surveillance logs, it becomes evident that at least one of three men who worked the hardest for Bonanno attended every meeting. They were Bompensiero (until he was murdered), Jimmy Fratianno, who was Bompensiero's chief aide and has been made boss of that family, and Michael Zaffarano.

Zaffarano appears to be the key man in the all-embracing organization that Bonanno has set up across the country. He plays two vital roles in that organization. As an operating executive, he oversees the group's California interests, including gambling and the $100-million-a-year pornography business (a business in which he is also heavily involved on the East Coast). Even more important, Zaffarano is the man who carries Bonanno's recommendations and orders to associates all over the nation, including New York, where Bonanno has once again achieved a dominant position.

Police and federal agents have been able to document Bonanno's influence throughout the nation in part by keeping Zaffarano under surveillance and by keep-

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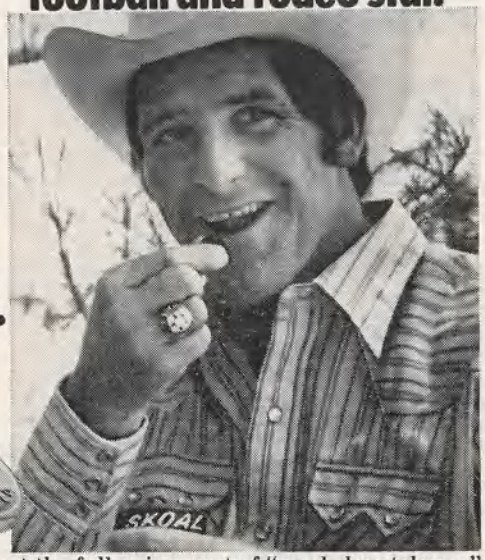

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ing track of his conferences with Bonanno family members and leaders of other families. Some of these conferences have been called for the purpose of discussing the mob's role in the coming windfall from legalized casino gambling in Atlantic City, at the other end of the continent from where Bonanno supposedly lives in retirement.

One meeting in July 1977 was held at the Miami home of a long-time associate of Meyer Lansky in mob gambling operations. Attending the meeting were Santo Trafficante, the don who had been Bonanno's partner in the Havana casinos before Castro closed them down and who today has a working relationship with Bonanno in the importation of Mexican heroin; Jimmy ("Blue Eyes") Alo, one of the top commanders in Bonanno's New York family; Zaffarano; and Angelo Bruno, the Philadelphia don.

According to federal agencies, the meeting was called to make it clear to Bruno, whose family controlled Atlantic City, that the rules were being changed—the resort was now an "open" city like Las Vegas, and Bonanno and his associates were going to get a piece of it. Bruno, most naturally, agreed.

Zaffarano reported back to Bonanno at a meeting in Palm Springs and then flew to New York in early August and met with Carmine Galente, the Bonanno loyalist whom the newspapers are calling the new Godfather, and several of Galente's top lieutenants. Several points are said to have been discussed at the meeting. First, Zaffarano gave Bonanno's New York family members advice and instructions regarding the purchase of Atlantic City properties, and he discussed Bonanno's wishes about buying hotels on Long Island and in the Catskills for the day the state declares those areas open to gambling—an event the mob feels certain will occur, because all families are pushing it along through friends in the legislature. Second, Zaffarano and Galente discussed the latter's attempt to gain control over other New York families and thus dominate the commission.

(Two months after this meeting, Galente was returned to prison as a parole violator; the publicity about his new status had done him in. But another Bonanno loyalist, Jimmy ("Blue Eyes") Alo, has simply taken over from Galente in the jockeying to dominate the commission.)

After the New York meeting, Zaffarano flew to Tucson to pass along to Bonanno information that he'd received from Galente about the family's growing influence over the East. Two weeks later, in late August, Bonanno and his youngest son, Joe, Jr., and another Bonanno aide went to Detroit to bring Bonanno associates in that family up to date on recent events concerning Atlantic City, Las Vegas, and other franchises they shared.

"These movements of Bonanno and his men and dozens of other meetings we've monitored," a federal agent said, "show the Mafia network Bonanno has constructed. It's like a spiderweb, with Joe Bananas at the center."

In Tucson, where police also keep a close watch on Bonanno, the most illustrious of about 200 Mafiosi living there, intelligence reports further dramatize the don's hold on the Southwest and California. An analysis of those documents shows that Bonanno men control most of the illegal enterprises in Tucson, Phoenix, and Lake Havasu City, in Arizona; Denver and other cities in Colorado; and other major urban areas in the Southwest. Once again, Bonanno has achieved that domination by making men wealthy through partnerships, especially in the importation of Mexican heroin.

Drugs have always been the greatest source of money for all the Mafia, and for Joe Bonanno's family in particular; it was his group that established the original heroin pipeline through Canada in the fifties, a business that made Bonanno and all his men wealthy. Since Turkey cut off its flow of heroin in 1972, Mexico supplies most of the drugs coming into the United States.

Investigators feel strongly that Bonanno's men, and Bonanno himself, have set up the Mexican drug flow, and they say that their surveillance reports back them up. To cite just a few of them: on March 1, 1976, Bonanno flew from Tucson in a private plane and landed in Culiacán, the heroin distribution center of Mexico. There he conferred with the man who operates one of the two largest heroin-smuggling rings in Mexico and with a Colombian who is the largest supplier of drugs from Central and South America. Some time after Bonanno returned to Tucson, he entertained in his home a Chinese-born hood who is another major trafficker in Mexican heroin. Bonanno aides then met in Tucson, Phoenix, and Southern California with Mafia men who have long records as drug distributors. Although no one will ever catch Joe Bonanno with heroin, Mafia watchers are certain that these meetings mean that Bonanno controls much of the heroin coming into Tucson, which is the American end of the heroin trail.

One federal agent who believes that the evidence is strong enough to prove that Joe Bonanno has become the dominant Mafioso in America told me: "We've just begun to seriously analyze this information, and what comes out is the fact that Bananas is calling all the shots. Everywhere you turn, from Arizona through California and up to Alaska, wherever there is an organized crime group operating, the members of that group are meeting constantly with Bananas or one of his close aides. You know they're not talking about golf scores. They're talking business. And it's clear Bananas has a piece of every mob business going in the West. We have no doubt he's running the show, out here and back in the East. He lived long enough, and he picked up all the chips."

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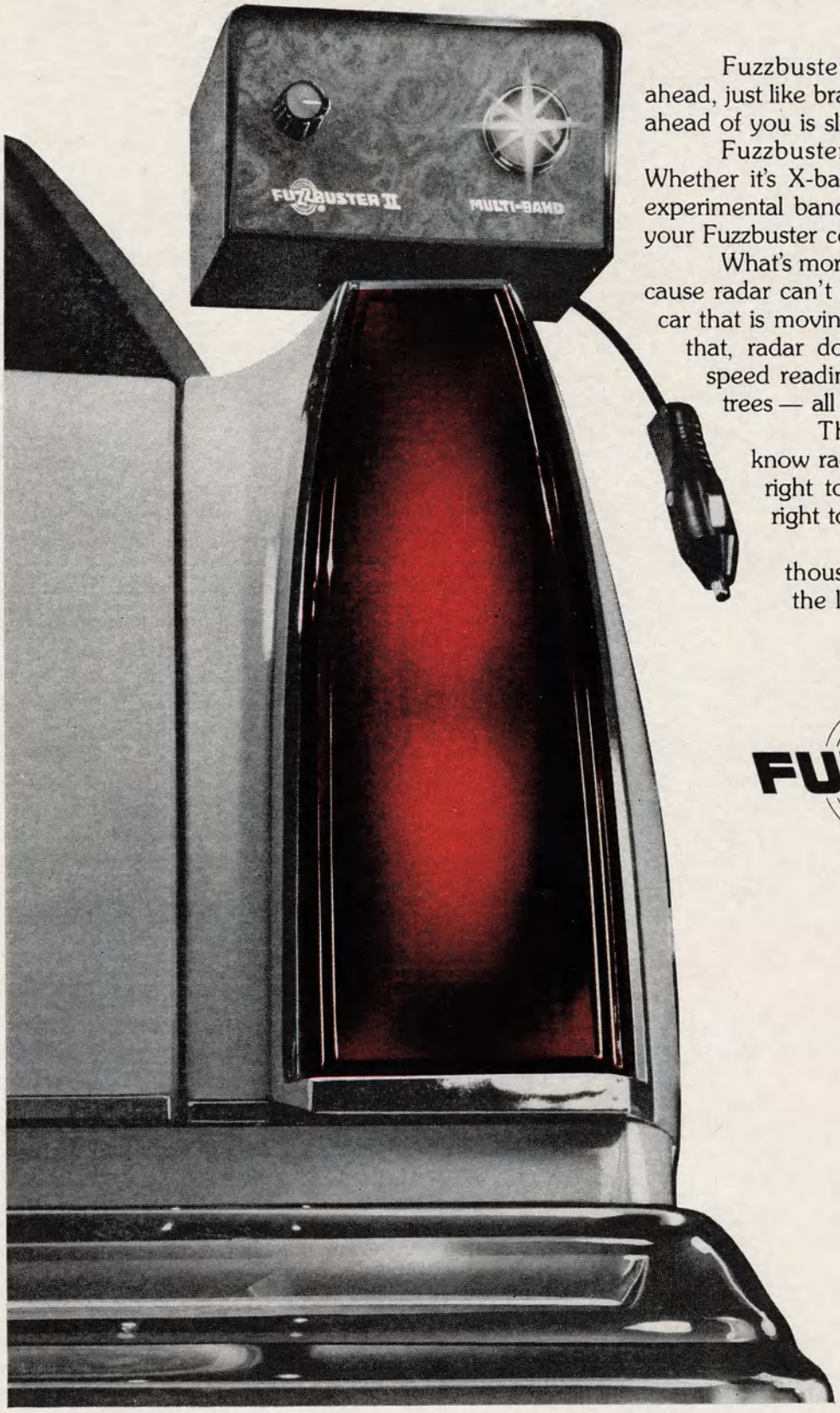

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Mazda RX-7: the world's only rotary-engine sports car.

ROTARY DIVERSION

BY WADE HOYT

Most cars take some getting used to before you can really open them up. They're solid and steady at low speeds but get light and twitchy past 100 mph. They start to tremble as you approach the red line, and so do their drivers.

The new Mazda RX-7, on the other hand, is the kind of car that instills confidence from your first moment at the wheel. Hop right in and take it to the limit without trepidation. I was able to do just that at Mazda's Miyoshi test track, just north of Hiroshima.

This rotary-engine two-seater feels as firm and stable at high speed as the famed Bullet Train that brought our group of journalists down from Tokyo. (The Bullet Train, in fact, has about the same top speed as the RX-7: 200 kilometers per hour, or 124 mph.) After just one lap on the high-banked Miyoshi tri-oval track, I felt as if I had owned this car for years and was familiar with its every mood. Careful attention to aerodynamics, suspension design, and assembly, as well as the incorporating of an improved version of Mazda's twin-rotor Wankel engine, make this innovative car seem like a reliable old friend.

The handling is neutral without being skittish. In tight turns, you can make the front end "plow" by coming in too fast and then cranking the steering wheel over too hard—an all-too-human error. But you can also bring the rear end right out with the accelerator pedal when you need to; and if the rear end starts to slide when you don't want it to, just lifting off the gas (the natural reaction) will snap it right back into line—even at over 100 mph.

The impressive RX-7 package is comprised of some rather ordinary, and therefore inexpensive, parts, including MacPherson struts up front, a solid rear axle, Pitman steering, and disc-drum brakes. Mazda has done a careful study of the North American sports car market and decided that what Americans really need is a high-performance car without a high-performance price. The RX-7 is aimed directly, then, at the Porsche 924, Datsun 280Z, and Triumph TR-7 market. Since the Mazda is lighter, faster, and cheaper than any of them, dealers should have no trouble moving RX-7s out of their doors at the expected rate of more than 20,000 cars a year.

The base model, with its four-speed transmission, steel wheels, and 165/70HR-13 steel-belted radials, sells for under $6,000. The GS version (shown in our photos) has a five-speed overdrive transmission, 185/70HR-13 steel radials, and other goodies for about $500 more. These days, that's a steal. Options include air conditioning, automatic transmission, cast-aluminum wheels, and a sunroof.

Photographs by Larry Griffin

Mazdas have always been noted for impressive performance, and the RX-7 is the quickest of the breed yet, doing 0–60 mph in 9.2 seconds and a quarter-mile in 16.7 seconds. Detail changes in Mazda's twin-rotor engine, including some daring and exotic metallurgy, have improved its fuel economy dramatically and its performance slightly and made it easier than ever to start and care for. Horsepower is an even 100, torque 105 ft-lbs. (up 5 hp and 3 ft-lbs. from the 1977 engine). It will rev freely to well over 8,000 rpm with no immediate damage, although this will shorten the life of the rotor seals and is not recommended. A buzzer sounds off at 6,750 rpm, reminding the euphoric driver to shift.

The new engine meets 1979 U.S. antismog specs and is expected to score 19 mpg in city driving, 29 mpg on the open highway, and 23 mpg on the combined EPA city-highway test. These outstanding numbers are a tribute to the dedication and skill of Mazda's research-and-development director, Kenichi Yamamoto, and his staff. There are now twenty companies licensed to produce Wankel engines in various sizes, for everything from lawn mowers to aircraft. Although General Motors, Mercedes-Benz, Citroën, and Audi-NSU have invested millions in rotary research, Mazda is the only auto manufacturer that has been able to "get it to run right"—and is currently the only company offering rotary passenger cars to the public.

You may remember the old Mazda ads of the early 1970s that said their engines went *hmmmm* while everyone else's went *boing-boing-boing*. You don't see those ads anymore, and for good reason: Mazda itself has always produced more *boingers* than *hummers* anyway, and since the energy crisis of 1973–74, the firm has put the advertising emphasis on their piston-engine cars, such as the GLC hatchback.

Before the Arabs turned off the tap, Mazda was so bullish on the rotary engine that it was installing it in everything from sporty coupés to four-door sedans, station wagons, and pickup trucks. These vehicles were fantastic fun to drive and capable of blowing the doors off many heavier domestic cars, but when the fuel crunch hit, people started asking why these supercars didn't get the same kind of fuel economy as other small Japanese jobs. It wasn't a fair question (other Japanese cars weren't out-dragging V-8s), but enough people asked it to set Mazda sales back drastically.

Now Mazda has a new management and a new marketing philosophy: put piston engines into all the sedans and coupés and reserve the rotary for those sportier models having a performance image, like the Cosmo coupé and the remarkable new RX-7, which is certainly Mazda's best effort yet.

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FRANCHISED LUST

Will Plato's Retreat become the McDonald's of sex?

BY PHILIP NOBILE

Jack Usdan Photographer/Transworld Feature Syndicate Inc.

Eye hath not seen nor ear heard what delights await the stout-hearted who venture into Plato's Retreat. Neither Emperor Claudius nor Pope Alexander VI nor even King Farouk, who were among the great carousers in history, could have imagined the debauchery that obtains in America's first on-site swingers' bar, on Manhattan's Upper West Side.

The stouthearted gain entrance to Plato's basement emporium in the landmark Ansonia Hotel for the price of thirty dollars a couple—in order to keep the war of the sexes even stephen, only couples are admitted; that is, no unescorted male marauders or ladies of the night in search of a captive audience are allowed. A polite but no-nonsense palace guard screens out drunks, tertiary syphilitics, and other troublemakers in the darkened foyer. After signing a statement attesting to foreknowledge of Plato's exact purpose, the visitors check their coats and walk down a short flight of stairs to the scene of the merriment. Even if they have attended erotic shows before, the spectacle that unfolds at Plato's five nights a week from 9:00 P.M. to 6:00 A.M. is bound to impress them. (Mondays and Tuesdays the owners give it a rest.) For it is not just anyplace, anytime, that one can witness 300 or 400 naked couples acting uncivilized.

My dozen expeditions are blurred in a seamless safari of images. Chronology fails me, but I vouch for the real characters and close encounters in this dispatch. Only some names have been changed in order to protect the guilty.

At Plato's, everything is permitted everywhere. A great deal of the torrid match-ups occur on the establishment's holy of holies—a carpet of multiple mattresses the size of a small helicopter pad. But people also do it in the warm waters of the Jacuzzi, in the pool, on the surrounding chaise lounges, and even on the rug alongside the disco platform. One gallant lady feeling no pain went so far as to incite a gangbang in front of the buffet table beside the bar. "Even if you don't take your dick out," remarks one enthusiast who flies in from Kansas City on weekends for strictly Platonic reasons, "it's the greatest show in town."

By eleven o'clock the action slips into gear. Half the dancers are half-naked, the Jacuzzi is already a Ganges of hard lingam and wet yoni, but the mattresses are almost deserted. Few souls are exhibitionistic enough to hit the mats in the early hours. Anyway, it takes a while, especially for first-timers, to attain the mood. Some never do. But slowly the pounding waves of erotica tend to erode inhibitions. By two o'clock 90 percent of the populace has undraped and sought some form of venereal pleasure. With the possible exception of the Reverend Moon rally, I have never seen so many people feeling so ecstatic in one place. Plato's is supreme wish fulfillment, a moral holiday, a beatific vision of pure sex.

For whom? you may rightly wonder. Certainly for a hard-core band of swinging devotees who have surfaced from the vast though invisible erotic underground. These are people from lower social levels whose grand opera is group sex. Advertisements in the *Village Voice* and the *New York Post* expanded the clientele beyond the readers of *Screw*. But not until *New York* magazine put Plato's on a November cover did the place start jumping with middle-class thrill seekers and marvelously tailored slummers. I observed one stunningly gorgeous and obviously well-bred woman, dressed in a diaphanous black blouse and floor-length, black-velvet skirt, gawking at the goings-on in the Jacuzzi. She and her equally well-groomed escort appeared to feel far above such native ceremonies. Yet ten minutes later the same woman was dancing without a stitch—tossing her Tiffany tits to the masses and loving it. The patients are no longer in charge of the asylum. Millionaire Huntington Hartford, no greenhorn on the sexual frontier, once dropped in with three girls. Philanthropist Stewart Mott also popped by, as have an assortment of the celebrated, like Jerry Rubin, Buck Henry, Hugh O'Brien, Gay Talese, Margaux Hemingway, and Harry Reems. Plato's is the Studio 54 of fornication.

As pure theater, Plato's is priceless for its dramatics. Of the 8 million stories supposedly unfolding in the Naked City, a good number originate here, at Plato's. To wit, I offer several UFFOs, or Unidentified Fetishes and Foolery Observed.

- A man dancing naked with a raging erection—a rare phenomenon at Plato's—ejaculates in the direction of a very sexy black dancer without touching himself.
- Two swinging couples face off in the doggy position, the women being fucked from behind as they kiss each other with fervor; then a third fellow intervenes for a bilateral blowjob, which the women happily bestow.
- An intimidatingly sensuous black woman, while being eaten on a poolside chaise lounge, opens her bag, pulls out a white plastic bottle, and squeezes out drops of lotion, which she rubs slowly around her nipples and over her breasts.
- A couple submerged in *soixante-neuf* on a chaise lounge stop a waitress, to request a round of drinks, and then submerge themselves again.
- An Orthodox rabbi discloses the existence of a ring of swinging Hasidic rabbis in New York; it's called the 612 Club, because the Talmud has 613 rules and the rabbis keep all but one.
- A former intelligence agent compares the relaxing ambiance of Plato's to that of Saigon's lamented No Name Bar, which American embassy officials frequented for the house's R&R speciality—oriental head.
- An embarrassed niece bumps into her uncle in the buff.

Theoretically, everybody belongs to everybody else at Plato's. Even so, I did not notice much switching, the *sine qua non* of swinging. Since the majority of couples come for a lark as a twosome, which *a priori* negates the possibility of swapping, only a minority takes full advantage of the place. What is astonishing is that the brush-off, sometimes positively cryogenic, is received with equanimity. Nobody pesters. Although totally exposed to undesired approaches on the mats, one only has to shake one's head in order to shoo away an unwelcome hand or hard-on. Plato's could not survive without such manners. Although women, including a smattering of lesbian couples, freely caress each other on the mattress piles, I've never seen a single man lay a hand on another fellow.

As for VD, none of the regulars seems concerned. "Swingers are clean," assures one of Plato's bouncers. "If they catch something, they don't come here." Passing out condoms would assuage the worries of female drop-ins, but this precaution is the swinging equivalent of bad breath.

Can the unseemly activities at Plato's Retreat be entirely legal? Apparently. State and city law does not intrude on harmless behavior between consenting adults in private clubs. But the beverage authorities, ever alert for the mixed combination of firewater and lewd and lascivious conduct, have intervened by restraining the place's free-liquor policy. Plato's already has competition from a few imitators in the city, and there is talk about franchising the name nationwide. The public orgy could be big business in an uncivilized society. For it was inevitable that onlookers would climb out of the sexual grandstands and swarm onto the field. The orgy question seems no longer "Why?" but "Why not?" The 800 or so couples who find their

way to Plato's every week are voting the future with their feet and other body parts. Who they are and what they're doing there and how it all fits is the real object of this story.

"It was the most exciting night of my life," Alona Toscano admitted, "but I can't go back." Alona is a fortyish, bosomy Israeli who is married to an Italian painter. Although she and her husband, Fredo, were accomplished in the art of ménage à trois—always with another woman—orgies had passed them by until Plato's. Fortified with five joints, Alona stepped onto the mats after an hour of suppressed hysteria. "I guess I'm just a voyeur," she said. "I adored all the sights. Everything I had ever fantasized was happening in front of me. The first time I saw Fredo make love to another woman—he let me watch from behind a curtain when he seduced an old girl friend who was from France and was staying in our loft—I came without even touching myself." And she watched excitedly again as Fredo stole the affections of another woman in mid-fuck. (Cutting in is permissible even in *flagrante delicto*.) The woman reached over to rub Alona's thighs, and Alona responded by massaging the woman's breasts. This troilist idyll was interrupted when the fellow who had been cut out closed in on Alona. She pushed the interloper aside and dragged Fredo over to another corner of the mats, where she had spied two Sapphic black beauties.

Alona started rubbing down the one on top, who arched up, allowing access to her cunt. Alona delighted in rubbing the black woman's back with her left hand while she got her off with the right. But as soon as Fredo stepped in, the lady on top turned to Alona and said that she had to go to the bathroom. And so she quit the mats, leaving her girl friend in the lurch. Alona was crushed by the rejection. Suddenly, she hated Plato's—the music, the smells, the food. "Neither of us wants to return," she said defensively. "We've seen it once already, but that's not the real reason. If I'd had a good time, I'd go twice a day."

Indeed, Plato's is a state of mind. You can't rush an orgy or always predict your reaction to one. Orgies are idiosyncratic. One's entire sexual history can bubble up from the unconscious as one drowns in a riptide of sensations: sink or swim, Plato's goes deep, at least on site.

For example, I met a film director who drops by each week with various attractive women. There is nothing he hasn't done in bed. For the life of him, however, he cannot bring himself to participate. Nor can any of the many friends he's introduced to Plato's. "I don't know why," he confessed. "Maybe I'm afraid to lose control. I also think of myself as being different from other people. So maybe that's why I can't join in. Every time I think tonight's the night, and I hate myself afterward."

Women are the most unreliable of orgiasts. I spoke to one six-time visitor who's batting only .500. After living it up at her debut, she went into an unanticipated slump the next three outings, despite great expectations and heavy doses of Quaaludes. There must be a reason why women *generally* must be dragooned into group sex—perhaps females are naturally averse to orgies, as they are turned off by other offbeat kicks, such as flagellation, transvestism, and a wide variety of fetishes, that appeal to men. Kinsey believed that conditioning isn't sufficient for explaining the psychosexual differences between the sexes. He theorized that the male and female sexual responses may be hooked up to different parts of the brain. Whatever the reason for the disparity, there is no doubt that the orgy is a peculiarly male phenomenon. For instance, all homosexual baths have orgy rooms; yet orgies are virtually unknown to lesbianism. Therefore, an element of pure maleness is inherent in this erotic mode, whereas pure female sexuality has no connection with it. I described Plato's Retreat to Rita Mae Brown, gay activist and author of the lesbian novel *Rubyfruit Jungle*. She confirmed the nonexistence of the orgy among her kind. "Where could I go and find three hundred naked women in the same place? Nowhere in the world. You're not going to get them to do it." In contrast to Kinsey, Ms. Brown thinks that lesbians may eventually catch on. "We're just emerging from 10,000 years of vicious sexual repression. Give us time. My curiosity would get the better of me. I'd have to have a peek."

Some women, however, lust with more than their hearts and regard Plato's as a kind of second coming. Meryl Lynch, for instance, got laid seven times on her first night. Meryl is not a swinger, but merely a woman of extraordinarily high sexual outlet. She averages five different men a week, mostly pickups from bars or work. She is a twenty-eight-year-old Wall Street analyst and vice-president of her firm. She masturbates on awakening in the morning, repeats herself in the ladies' room on the job if her day goes wrong, and sneaks in another self-induced quickie while she unwinds at home in her mirror-lined bed. Meryl, who is darkly attractive and has the muscled thighs of a serious jogger, knows what she likes—swift, anonymous, no-strings sex where she is in total control. Thus she restricts her seductions to men of trim medium frames, that is, men who cannot overpower her physically. Plato's seemed a compatible environment for Meryl's spectacular drive. *Wow, this is me*, she thought when she read about the place in Howard Smith's *Village Voice* column. So she invited an office colleague, whom she'd been screwing off and on, to go to Plato's with her. The following is Meryl's first-person account of the way she rode the magnificent seven on the mats.

"First, I started going down on the guy I was with. Then someone climbed on me from behind. I wasn't really excited by that, because I couldn't see who the guy was. So I pushed him away and finished blowing my friend. Then I crawled over to a guy smoking a cigarette and asked him if he wanted to screw. He said yeah. I went down on him, and we screwed, and I came. He was still lying on me after climaxing when another guy came over and tried to stick his dick into my mouth. He looked kind of nice; so I asked the guy still in me to get off. Then the new guy mounted me without any foreplay and came. I sat on the sidelines, watching for a few minutes, and then I saw a guy eating a girl—she was standing up, and he was on his knees. I asked him if he wanted to be blown at the same time. Apparently, he preferred me to her. I often climax when I'm blowing a guy—as long as I can rub my cunt against his leg—which I did with him. I really like to feel the dick get very big and surge; I climax shortly after the guy comes in my mouth. That's two orgasms for me now. Next I was watching a gorgeous couple straight-fucking, and a guy asked me if I wanted to imitate them, which was a cute way of getting laid. So we got it on. Then I met one of the owners, Steve, and he was very good. I climaxed a couple of times with him. He was amazing; not only did he fuck me acrobatically, but also five minutes after climaxing he'd be hard again. I've never met a guy who came back that fast. At this point my cunt was hurting. When the next guy approached me, I told him that I'd really like to screw, but I was awfully sore. 'That's okay,' he said, 'I'll just eat you,' which he did, and then I blew him."

Our Lady of the Mats keeps her gynecologist on his toes with her double life. Although she flirts with horrible disease every day with her pickups, the spirochetal possibilities of Plato's has diminished her ardor for off-the-street orgies.

Laura Coeur d'Or, however, adores Plato's. I was chatting at Plato's with one of America's most influential reporters when Laura

insinuated herself into the conversation. She had short legs and long, frizzy black hair and was dressed in a green-checked flannel shirt, which fell to the floor, revealing a blazing red Frederick's-of-Bayonne cutout half-slip. Perhaps struck by Laura's brazenness, the reporter satisfied her in a backroom cubicle while a half-dozen voyeurs cheered them on through an open door. Why does Laura, a fifty-dollar-an-hour prostitute who sells herself to at least twenty men a week in an East Side house give it away for free at Plato's? "Instead of being chosen," she said, "I get to do the choosing here." (Her entrance was secured by the company of a bearded companion.)

Buck Henry was relaxing on a chaise lounge beside the pool. His companion was a beautiful photographer. "I thought Buck Henry was gay," a friend of mine remarked when I pointed Henry out. Ridiculous. Just because you look like Wally Cox doesn't mean that you're homosexual.

"My friend is surprised to see you here," I said, kidding Henry. "He thinks you're gay."

"Thanks a lot," Henry replied, seeming to get the joke.

"Then, again, if you were gay, you'd want to be seen here for the cover," I kept on. "But _____ _____ isn't here," I said, referring to a Hollywood creep who was famous once for dating the homely daughter of a president.

"Is _____ _____ here tonight?" Henry replied, mentioning a gay-blade matinee idol, now retired, who had starred in Hitchcock films. I knew I was safe.

I wondered whether Plato's was *déjà vu* for an old Hollywood hand like Henry.

"Hollywood swinging occurs mostly among studio heads. But I stay away from those orgies. There's too much coke and amyl nitrate in that scene. And I'm totally psychotic about drugs." The late Jack Cassidy, David and Shaun's dad, was one of tinseltown's biggest devotees.

"I wish I had all the girls in the rumors," Henry remarked. "I hear the craziest stories about myself. You know, I rather envy myself for all the stuff I'm supposed to be getting. I just heard that I made it with Claudia Cardinale."

"How was she?" I inquired.

"Great," Henry said, tapping his forehead.

Henry is intrigued enough by orgies to have thrice visited Sandstone, a California sex retreat far more restrictive than Plato's. While his companion stood staring at the bacchanalia on the mats, Henry drifted off with an actress whom he had met at an audition and who by chance happened to be supine on the adjoining chaise lounge that night. The photographer, whom I bumped into later at a party, told me that she'd been back three times just to look. She is not the only woman to be so mesmerized.

What does swinging sex do to your sex life? "It's got to destroy it and more unless you're a fucking ape to begin with," commented Henry. I disagree. Henry is projecting, as most of us do when criticizing the extremes of others. Swinging might destroy him or you or me. But we can't speak for swingers. How come everybody who gets more sex than we do is sick or compulsive?

Kinsey learned that 7.6 percent of American males have frequencies of seven or more orgasms a week. Better than half of one percent (.7) achieve twenty-one or more orgasms weekly. Almost half of Kinsey's sample of gangsters (49.4) were included in this high-outlet category, beating their runners-up (semiskilled laborers) by a margin of three to one. "This is further evidence," Kinsey argued, "for believing that most individuals could be much more active sexually if they were as unrestrained as the group that openly and regularly defies the law and the social conventions." Granted, swingers are weird by *our* standards, but could they be having more fun, too?

Larry Levinson, the sleepy-eyed founding father of Plato's, is evangelical about the virtues of his establishment. "Here you see people with incomes of $100,000 with people in the $6,000 bracket. Ugly people and the most gorgeous people get together. Plato's has no no-no's." Levinson suggests that Plato's up-front action eliminates jealousy and thus improves relationships. "Both men and women desire to screw other people. So why not do it together and have a completely honest relationship? When I see a twenty-two-year-old guy make a big thing about my girl friend, Mary, who's thirty-six, and enjoy himself with her, it's got to be a turn-on for me. It makes me think I've got something special. Swinging is for couples who are happily married. True swingers just want sex, no telephone numbers, no see-you-for-dinner-tomorrow-night. Sex has nothing to do with love."

Isn't Levinson protesting too much? Can swinging be totally tension free? In order to test his thesis, I asked a married couple, who were recently baptized at Plato's how each felt upon first witnessing the other in alien intercourse.

The wife: "We were sitting in the Jacuzzi, joking around with friends. All of a sudden, I noticed their faces drop in bewilderment. I figured that my husband must have been doing something with a woman he had just started talking to. I closed my eyes. I couldn't look toward him, but I had to sneak a quick glance. I saw them making love. She was on his lap in the water, kissing and . . . Well, my stomach clamped like a lock. I didn't want to be touched by him right away. But I felt a certain relief that another taboo was broken. However unnerving it was in the Jacuzzi, in the tub the next day I came while I was thinking about my husband with that woman."

The husband: "I'm not wild about other men fucking my wife, but what's fair is fair, and I'd rather be there than not. We went on the mats together—me, my wife, and this guy. The outrageousness of the situation alternately excited and depressed me. My wife was sprawled across my legs, and the guy fucking her was on top of me. My mind was reeling—I wasn't really enjoying this, but how come I wasn't repelled? I can say that her straight fuck with me afterward was magnificent. I like the fantasy of fucking an untamed woman, which she fulfilled that night. But all things considered, I'm feeling no pain, and I'm glad my wife's glad."

So what's the verdict on Plato's Retreat? I could be safely Aristotelian and cite the principle of moderation in all things. Plato's definitely falls short of the Golden Mean. Orgies are excessive. If you look for degradation, defilement, and depersonalization, you will find them. But these are subjective notions, personal aesthetics masquerading as moral judgment.

On three separate nights I noticed the same attractive middle-aged couple making love on the mats. The man was handsome and well built; the woman possessed the figure of an aging ballerina: sturdy, curvaceous legs; hard derrière; and small, firm breasts. Their passion was seriously expressed; she appeared to enjoy the dominant position and was fervent in fellatio. Occasionally, they allowed other parties into their intimacies, but they seemed contented with themselves. Who were they, and what were they doing at Plato's?

Later, at the bar, the man explained that he and his wife were happily married and monogamous for twenty years. He was French and she American. They lived north of the city in affluent Westchester County. *"Nous aimons l'ambiance, la sensation de la liberté et le plaisir érotique,"* he said, falling into his native tongue. "We were searching for a way to keep sex interesting." This was their fifth visit in as many weeks. They never separate on the premises or accept postorgy invitations. Can anyone call these people sexual cripples or their self-prescribed therapy worse than the disease of erotic fatigue? Does need cover their excesses? If true, should a couple who are just out for platonic kicks be considered beyond the moral pale? How silly the weight and measure of pleasure becomes.

Is the orgy irretrievably decadent and thus a denial of civilization? Perhaps not. The idea of sex as good, clean fun, so familiar to the higher and lower levels of society, still strikes the middle class as subversive. Until recently, only the extremes of society practiced this forbidden rite. Less ridden by taboos, both the upper and under classes carried on respectively in mansions and motels without risk to conscience or reputation. But the silent sexual majority—inhibited by upbringing and restrained by social barriers, too alien from the rich and too uneasy with the swinger's blue-collar demimonde—had nowhere to go to get it on if they were so inclined. But Plato's Retreat, love it or leave it, tests the proposition that civilization cannot coexist with the sexual anarchy of the egalitarian orgy.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

THE MEN WOMEN LIKE
UNRAVELING THE MYSTERY OF SEXUAL DESIRE

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Fifteen questions to show you why some opposites attract more than others.

PSYCHOGRAPH

If you are the latest pasty-faced rock idol or a famous actor with soulful eyes, you already know that women like you. That's because they are always coming up to you on the street and offering to do exotic things with your body.

But what about the rest of us? During the past week only two women accosted me on the street. One wanted directions to the subway; the other did indeed suggest a peripherally exotic activity, but she wanted twenty-five dollars for it. And there was something in the way she asked, "Hey, honey, you wanna have a good time?" that indicated she wasn't all that fond of me.

No. Finding out if women like you is not the easiest task. Of course, you can always *ask* them, but that's unlikely to be viewed as a suave move on your part. A better alternative might be to take this quiz.

Now, we're not going to claim that there are inflexible rules about what attracts a particular woman to a particular man. Not even the most enthusiastic social scientist would boast that he's unraveled the mysteries of attraction, friendship, or love. As the sex therapist Dr. Albert Ellis once observed elegantly, "One girl's meat is another's sack of potatoes."

Nevertheless, psychologists and sociologists have been playing around in the sandbox of interpersonal attraction for some time now and have dug up strong evidence of the attitudes that women tend to favor in the behavior of men. They've begun to discern what women prefer in both social and sexual intercourse.

We sifted through much of the latest research and came up with the fifteen questions here. If you do well on the quiz, that doesn't necessarily mean that all women will be panting for your attention, but your answers should give you some indication of whether—from the average woman's point of view—you bear a closer resemblance to prime filet mignon or a sack of spuds only a mother could love.

1. When you first meet a woman do you
   (a) talk primarily about yourself
   (b) construct the conversation so that she is encouraged to talk about herself

2. During sex do you feel that a woman should achieve orgasm at the same time you do?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

3. On first meeting a woman are you most likely to sit
   (a) opposite her
   (b) beside her

4. Do you feel that women won't like you if you come too fast with them?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. You've just met a nice lady at a party. Now you're going to impress her with your swell sense of humor. Should the fall guy in your jokes be
   (a) yourself (à la Woody Allen)
   (b) her
   (c) some other third party

6. When you take a woman out to dinner or the theater, do you view the gesture as
   (a) an enjoyable thing in itself—a sociable way to spend the evening
   (b) payment for the sex that is likely to follow

7. Do you like touching the "nonsexual" parts of a woman's body and cuddling, sexual play that doesn't lead to intercourse?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. "There's no need to worry about my physical appearance. If I'm too well groomed, women will assume I'm gay. Besides, women can pierce through external things and sense my good qualities." Does this statement reflect your own beliefs?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. "Women I work with are less likely to find me attractive than those who have never met me before. The women who see me every day know all my bad points." Do you
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree with these sentiments

10. Let's get a bit clinical. When you're engaged in sex with a woman, are you more likely to give her pleasure by
   (a) massaging the region around her clitoris
   (b) massaging the clitoris directly

11. Women historically have understood the value of playing hard to get. As a man, have you ever used this technique yourself?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

12. Do you tell dirty jokes to
   (a) most women you meet
   (b) only women with large breasts
   (c) only women with small breasts
   (d) virtually no women, because as a rule they don't like risqué humor

13. When you're having sex with a woman for the first time, it's best to
   (a) ask what techniques she'd like you to employ
   (b) go ahead and do what you think she might like and see how she reacts

14. Do you fall asleep immediately after having sex?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

15. Do you view sex
   (a) as a form of communication between two people
   (b) simply as a way of getting your rocks off

THE ANSWERS AND WHAT THEY INDICATE ABOUT YOUR LIKABILITY

1. (b) When a man first meets a woman, he has a tendency to talk about himself. It's kind of a macho ritual: he spews out his opinions with abandon and lists his "assets" (job, car, apartment, collection of erotic etchings) in an attempt to impress the lady. Research conducted by University of Massachusetts psychologist Janet Kohen indicates that you should probably be doing just the opposite if you want a woman to be attracted to you. Shut up. Kohen's study found that women are more likely to be attracted to men who let the women talk about themselves. They like listeners more than talkers.

2. (b) Several studies have shown that women feel men are too hung up about mutual orgasm. In reality, only about 30 percent of all women have orgasms during the period of actual penile-vaginal intercourse. Most tend to achieve orgasm more easily *before* the man enters them and are likely to be attracted to the man who realizes the need for adapting to their sexual styles.

3. (a) You wouldn't expect where you sit to have much impact on your relationship with a woman, but it does. Recent research done at Purdue University shows that women dislike having their personal space "invaded" from the side but don't mind when someone sits opposite them. For men the reverse is true: they feel the side-by-side approach is less threatening than a face-to-face encounter. Jeffrey Fisher and Donn Byrne, the psychologists who conducted the experiments, say, "A male who attempts to ingratiate himself with an unknown female by sitting down beside her in a nonthreatening (to him) position may be surprised to find that he

elicits a "Miss Muffett" reaction." Another man may feel threatened if you sit opposite him, but women respond favorably to this position.

4. (b) Men worry a lot more about premature ejaculation than do women. Women realize that the penis isn't the only instrument of pleasure available to a couple in bed. Several surveys have shown that the majority of women wish men would stop worrying so much about who's coming when. They want men who understand the real value of sex: shared pleasure.

5. (c) A study conducted at Indiana University found that having a sense of humor about yourself actually diminishes you in others' eyes. When men told self-disparaging jokes, women found them less intelligent, less confident, and less witty. The women may have enjoyed the joke, but they viewed the man telling it as a klutz. The (b) answer is wrong for obvious reasons: no woman wants to be the butt of a man's jokes. The (c) choice is the most likely form of humor to employ if you want to attract a woman. By making the object of your humor some neutral third party, you may create a subconscious bond between you and the woman. The two of you become "conspirators" linked against an "outsider."

6. (a) While men tend to view male-female relationships in sexual terms, women take a less single-minded position. They place high values on such things as friendship, sociability, intimacy, and sharing. Thus they view an evening out with a man as something to be enjoyed for its own sake and not as a mere prelude to a roll in the hay. Paradoxically, if you also take this less sexual view, you may be more likely to end up in bed with a woman. She's more apt to sense that you enjoy the quality of the time you spend together and are not just marking time until you can get your rocks off.

7. (a) This is an extension of the answer to question 6. To most women, sex is more than a penis being shoved in a vagina. The cuddling that men see as foreplay is often viewed by women as an end in itself: something to be enjoyed for what it is and not something that necessarily must lead to copulation. When you begin to explore this approach to sex yourself, you're likely to find that more women will appreciate your sensitivity.

8. (b) Unfortunately, women are not seers. Physical attractiveness plays a crucial part in initially attracting a woman to a man. Rigorous studies done at the universities of Minnesota and Wisconsin have shown that the more attractive you make yourself, the more likely you will be considered "sexually warm, sensitive, responsive, kind, interesting, strong, poised, and modest." So comb your hair and clean that catsup off your tie.

9. (b) The old cliché "To know him is to love him" is right on the mark. Mady W. Segal, a sociologist at Eastern Michigan University, says, "The smaller the physical and functional distance between two people, the more likely they are to be attracted to each other." In other words, the office—not the singles bar—is the place to begin looking for women who like you. The grass will probably be greenest in your own backyard, among the women with whom you interact regularly.

10. (a) Among the less-touted findings of Masters and Johnson was the fact that a woman most frequently achieves an orgasm when her clitoris is stimulated indirectly. The clitoris is not simply a stunted version of the male penis but an extraordinarily sensitive organ in its own right. Touching it directly with one or two fingers often breaks a woman's sexual concentration. A little indirection in these matters will no doubt earn you the appreciation of the woman you're in bed with.

11. (a) Playing hard to get works for both sexes. Psychologists call this the "gain phenomenon." A recent study conducted at the University of Illinois concluded, "People are more attracted to a person who is initially punishing and then rewarding than to one who is always rewarding."

12. (b) A study by a three-man team at the University of London's Institute of Psychiatry has discovered that the more shapely a woman is, the more likely she will be to appreciate risqué humor. (But there's a hitch you have to watch out for. The same study found that women who think of themselves as highly attractive are unlikely to find dirty jokes funny. So the prime candidates for your Rabelaisian sense of humor are well-stacked women who don't think of themselves as being extraordinarily beautiful.)

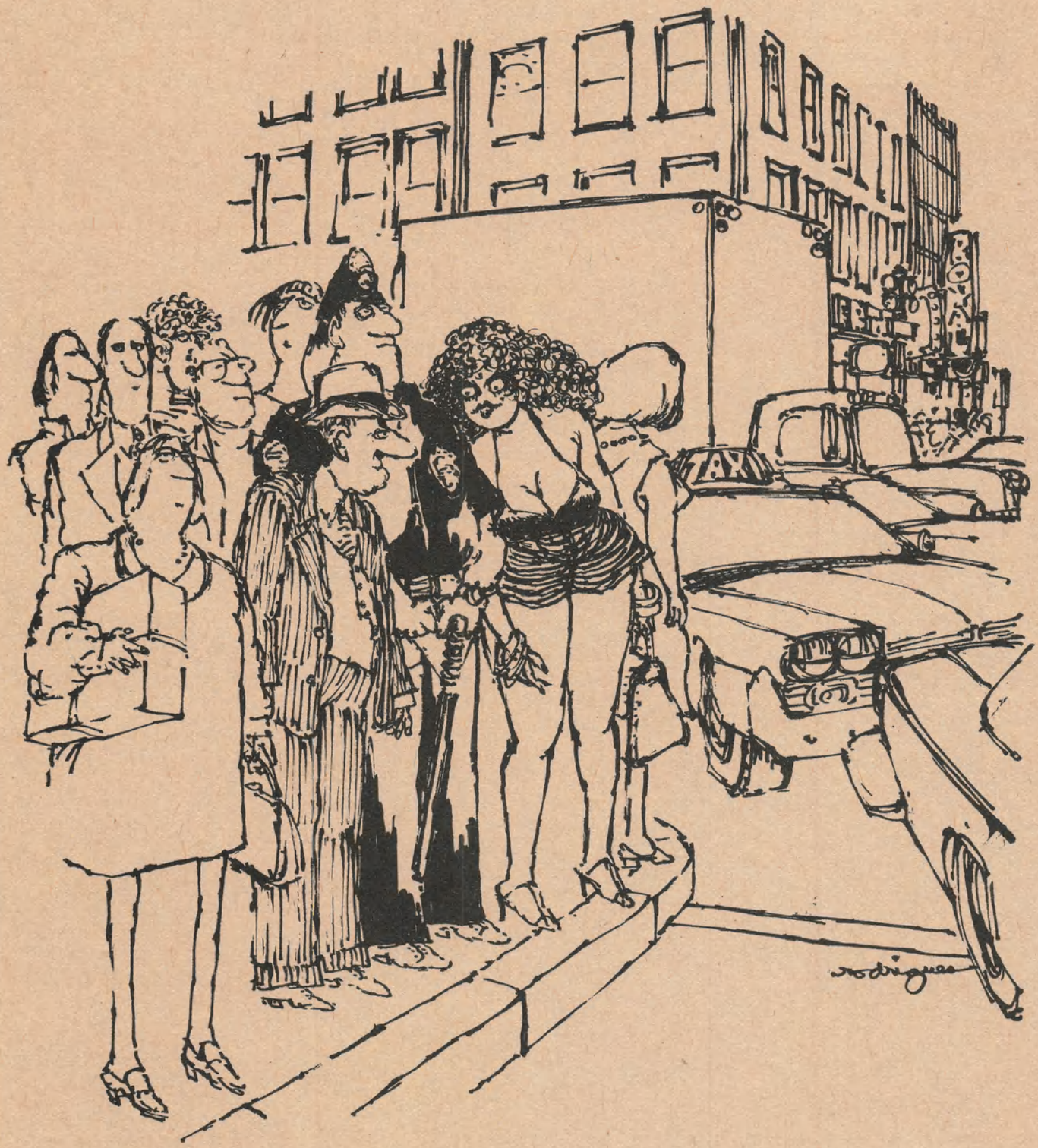
13. (b) As a general rule, most women like variety, lack of pattern, and surprise in sex. They tend to prefer not knowing what you might do next. (Of course, if you're into something like using pipe wrenches in anal sex, you might want to ask first. That might be too much of a surprise for the average woman.) Also, because most women were brought up to be "good girls," they often feel compelled to say no if they are confronted directly with a sexual suggestion.

14. (b) If you fall asleep as soon as you come, it's no wonder that women don't like you. You're a boring slob.

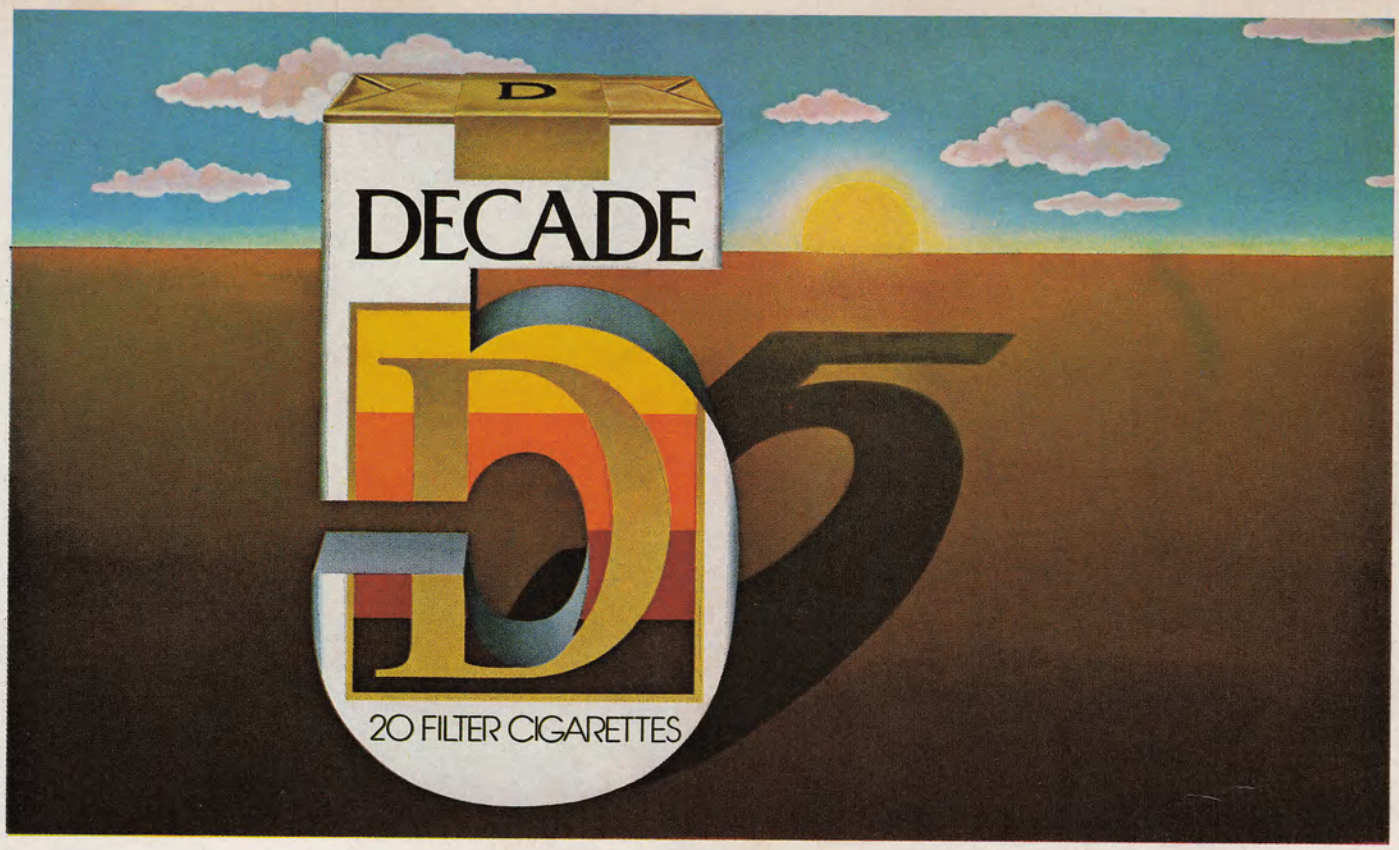
15. (a) Once again we have to emphasize the great value that most women place on communication, sharing, and intimacy in their relations with men. Even in a one-night stand, the average woman wants to feel that the male she's with *cares* about her and the time they are spending together. If a man can project that sort of caring, he's probably found the single strongest attractant that draws women to men.

SCORING (IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE)

Give yourself five points for each correct answer. If you scored 50–75 points:
Congratulations. You're the kind of man most women seem to be looking for. Of course, you're probably already well aware of that and have several ladies at this very minute dangling from your chandelier. But even if you don't, there's no cause for alarm. Keep hanging out and continue what you're doing. The women will find you . . . and like you.
25–45 points:
You're heading in the right direction, but, like most of us, you've got some rough edges that turn many women off. Check over your answers and see if there are specific areas where you consistently fall down. If you're the average man (as a score in this range indicates you may be), your main problem may be stepping into the "masculine" trap: embarrassment about sharing your feelings and discomfort about touching women in nonsexual situations. Try loosening up.
0–20 points:
You may be an irredeemable lout; more likely, you're still hamstrung by the old slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am view of male-female relations. Intelligent women never liked that style of relationship; now they're saying so. Since women today have more freedom to choose the men they want to associate with, unless you can develop some personal sensitivity, they're less likely to choose you. The answers to the questions on this quiz contain a good deal of advice. Try putting some of it into practice with the next few women you meet. You may be surprised at the results.



"If it is your bent to utilize another orifice the aforementioned honorarium would still apply."



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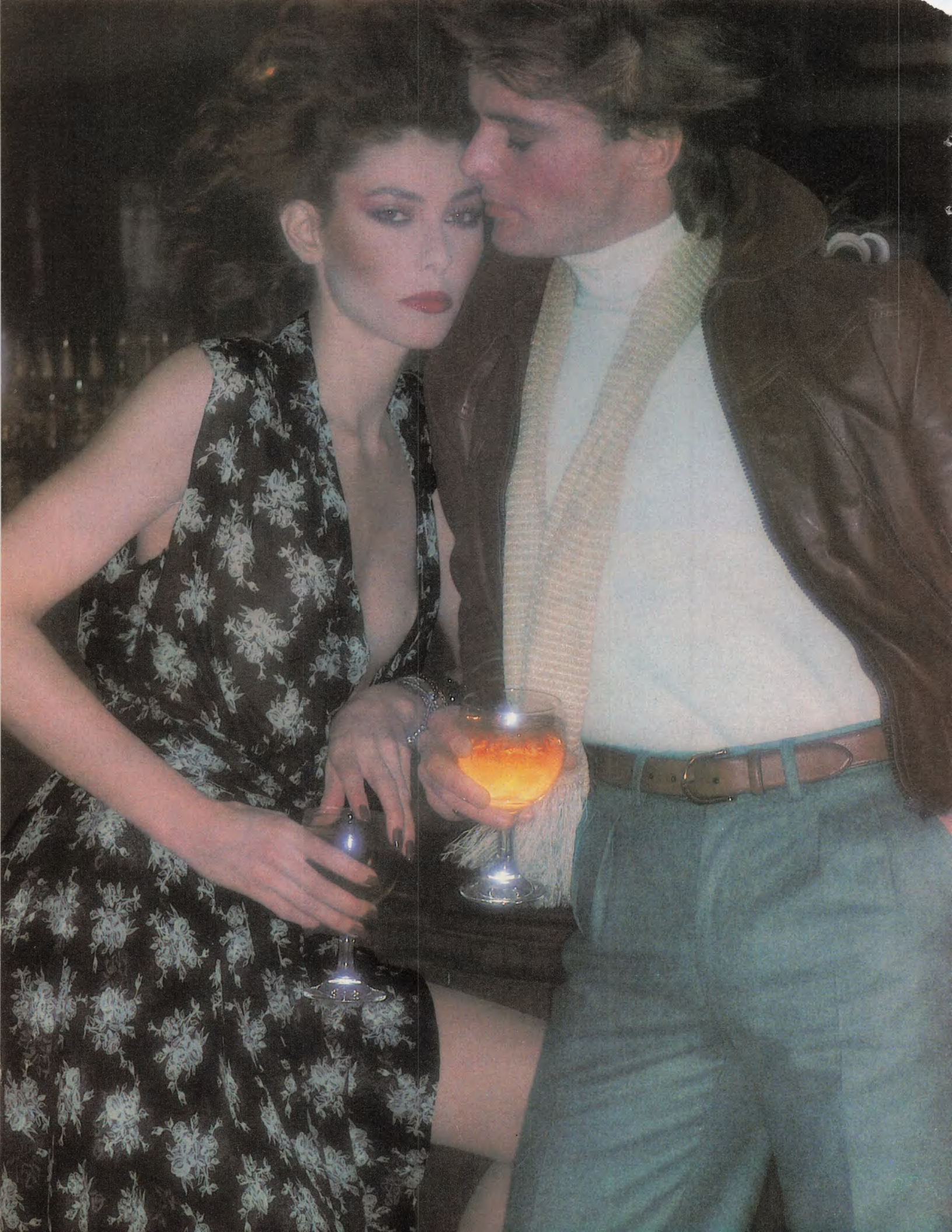

Less than a hundred years ago, when a man asked for whiskey, he got Irish. The Irish would like to revive that custom.

IRISH GOLD

BY HARRY LEWIS

An Irish friend of mine once said to me, while we were sipping our second (or was it our third?) glass of twelve-year-old Jameson Irish whiskey: "The thing about *the brew* is not that it makes you a poet but that it is itself a poem that can make you believe that you're the one who wrote it." James Joyce experienced it as "light music falling into glasses."

Whether it's poetry or music that you hear, when you take a taste of Irish, you can be sure that the poem and the song will be full, rich, and warm.

Some insist that the Phoenicians discovered distilling and brought it to Ireland. Many others assert that it was the Irish who invented it and who sent the Phoenicians home—on a slightly irregular course—with the delightful news.

We know that the Gaelic natives had already refined the business of distilling by the twelfth century, when the soldiers of Henry II invaded Ireland. All Henry's men could talk about was the *uisce beatha*, which is Gaelic for "water of life" and which the English mispronounced *whiskey*.

By 1577 Holinshed, the chronicler from whom Shakespeare took his history, was singing the praises of Irish whiskey: "It keepeth the reason from stifling, the stomach from wambling and the heart from swelling, the bellie from retching, the guts from mumbling, the hands from shivering. . . . Truelie it is a sovereigne liquor if it be orderly taken." There is much truth in this appraisal, and it is sad that today Irish whiskey is not so popular a drink as it once was.

The fact that Irish whiskey fell from the grace of world renown has nothing to do with its quality but stems from one, or actually two or three, of history's tricks. By the late eighteenth century there were over 2,000 stills making whiskey in Ireland, unbeknownst to the British tax collectors. The English government soon instituted strict licensing regulations, significantly reducing the number of distillers. The ones who survived became founders of the great family distilleries that still give their names to the best Irish whiskey.

Photograph by Pat Hill

FRANK LAFFITTE

The oldest licensed distillery in the world is Old Bushmills in Ulster, founded in 1608 by Sir Thomas Phillips. The fact that Phillips himself was the man empowered to grant licenses was a convenient help in controlling the competition. It wasn't until 1780 that John Jameson opened his Dublin distillery and established his family as an Irish-whiskey aristocracy. Meanwhile, James Power set up his still nearby in 1791. The numerous distilleries in the southern county of Cork merged in 1867 under the name Murphy's, which establishment is today noted for having the largest pot still in the world—with a capacity of 33,000 gallons. And in the heart of Ireland lies the Tullamore distillery, established in 1829, from which comes the famous Tullamore Dew.

Less than 100 years ago, when a man asked for whiskey in the United States or in the finest English club, he would be given Irish. Then came Prohibition, followed by the Great Depression, followed by World War II. By this time the Irish government had restricted, for economic reasons, the sale of Irish whiskey. This was just what the Scots, latecomers to the art of distilling, needed. By the end of the Second World War, Scotch was the byword for whiskey around the world.

It has taken the Irish some time to get ready to reclaim the palates of the world's drinkers, but they are now fully prepared. Their major whiskey producers have formed a new company called the Irish Distillers Group, and they are now taking their products to the world market, using every modern skill to inform drinkers of the rich pleasures of this fine brew; they are going after the market that the Scottish distillers have claimed and held as their own for a generation. Their main weapon, of course, is the quality of the various Irish whiskies.

Under the IDG, each company has kept its brand name, as well as its distinctive distilling method. This results in a good range of quality whiskey. Jameson's is a round and full whiskey, closest to Scotch; Paddy's is full-bodied, with a tang similar to bourbon; Tullamore Dew is very light, somewhat like Canadian; Old Bushmills is a medium whiskey with a sharp, clean taste; Power's is the heaviest; Dunphy's is the lightest; but Jameson twelve-year-old is generally considered by connoisseurs to be the Cognac of Irish whiskey.

There are many ways to drink your Irish whiskey. The most famous mix, of course, is Irish Coffee. But there's also the Burnished Nail (Irish whiskey and Irish Mist on the rocks), the Ploughboy (Irish whiskey, apricot brandy, lemon), and even the Bloody Molly (poteen instead of vodka).

If you're really serious about your liquor, though, the best way to drink Irish is straight or with soda. And as you drink, offer a traditional toast: "May you be in heaven an hour before the devil knows you're dead."

VIRGIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

But it wasn't quite like this, because of course Barbara Hepworth, Brancusi, and Henry Moore were much faster than Mr. Thred and I, and so, in the end, we all converged at the studio at about the same moment, and looking back, I can see quite clearly, although it all seemed a great muddle at the time, that it was this that caused all the trouble.

Mr. Thred arrived first, just before I did, and he bounded inside, since fortunately the doors were not locked, because Aunt Loo doesn't fear vandals and there don't seem to be any worth bothering about in this part of the world. The horse was standing there in the middle of its girders and things, and it was very difficult for me, at least, to see which was actually horse and which was girders. But that was not what interested Mr. Thred and me.

"If it's really supposed to be the Trojan horse," he panted, "it must be hollow."

"It is. Aunt Loo said there is space for forty men."

"We must get inside and hide."

"There's an opening—look."

I could just see the edges of a sort of flap underneath what must have been the horse's stomach, and there were some hinges, which also meant that it could be opened, if one only knew how.

"We must get up there," Mr. Thred panted. "Come on!"

"But how?"

"Climb."

There were girders everywhere, but they were all very smooth, with sharp edges, and I did not like the idea of climbing up them, because I had nothing on.

"Climb?" I said. "I can't climb up those girders."

"Not up the girders—up here."

And then I saw that he was making for the horse and getting underneath, and before I knew where he was, he was climbing up the very large organ which Aunt Loo had sculpted with such loving hands and which swept down in such a splendid arch, almost to the very floor.

I had done quite a lot of rope climbing when we did gym at the convent, but this was not at all the same. It was very interesting to notice what parts of me came in contact with the concrete, because I climbed up by clutching with my elbows and knees, and this meant that I was greatly stimulated as I went up—in fact, more and more so, until I began to wonder if I would reach the top at all but would lose my grip and fall unconscious to the ground in a long moment of ecstasy.

"Into the belly!" shouted Mr. Thred, and there was, indeed, space for at least forty men if they stood close together and didn't breathe.

Mr. Thred, who was no doubt lent wings by fear, was already crawling along toward the trapdoor. I clung on around the horse's member with my legs, which was in itself a stimulating experience. I looked down. Far below us, on the ground, a fight had broken out. Mr. Hogbin was trying to climb up the way we had come, and Aunt Loo was bashing any parts of him she could reach with a riding crop and blowing on her hunting horn between the bashes; and Mrs. Hogbin was partly trying to drag Mr. Hogbin away from the horse's paraphernalia and trying to sit on his head and also bashing Aunt Loo back, I suppose because although Mr. Hogbin is a creature of shame and horror, he is her husband, and so she is the only person who is entitled to hit him. Mr. Hogbin still seemed to be shouting, "Rape!" although the sound was rather muffled by Mrs. Hogbin when she managed, every now and again, to sit on his head.

"Come on!" Mr. Thred shouted. He had managed to get inside the horse, and he was kneeling on the floor of its belly and leaning out through the hole, reaching out his hand to help me. "Get inside."

I managed to get into the horse, pulled in by Mr. Thred, and I have to admit that I noticed, as I climbed in and held onto him in order to steady myself, because the horse really was rocking quite a lot and it wasn't just my heated imagination, that Mr. Thred had recovered almost entirely from his unpleasant experience of climbing up the girder. We knelt together on the dusty floor, with our knees in what felt like a lot of wood shavings or something like that, and looked out over the edge of the trapdoor down at the fight that was going on below. Now Mr. Hogbin was sitting on Mrs. Hogbin's head, and Mrs. Hogbin was trying to get up and was kicking about a good deal, and Aunt Loo was bashing them both with the riding crop, and if appearances were anything to go by, they all seemed to be having a very good time. They were all shouting, and Aunt Loo still blew the hunting horn every now and then, and they all seemed to have completely forgotten all about us.

> The horse began to sway, and I pressed as many parts of myself as possible against Mr. Thred.

"Cindy," said Mr. Thred. He swiveled round on his knees to face me so that he made a very loud sort of rustling noise in the wood shavings. "I say, Cindy——"

"Oh, Mr. Thred——"

"Aubrey."

"Oh, Aubrey, we can't."

"Why not?"

"With them down there——"

"They're not watching. They're fighting."

"They might stop and come up after us."

"I don't care!" he cried recklessly. "Let them come! Oh, Cindy!"

I must admit that it was a situation that one could be fairly certain would never be repeated. Mr. Thred shuffled up close to me on his knees. I felt the horse sway, I distinctly remember this, but at the time I did not recognize this for what it was, and I thought that I was being shaken like a leaf in the wind with sexual passion and desire. There cannot be many girls who have given their all, for the first time, in the belly of a Trojan horse made of reinforced concrete and partly covered with gold milk-bottle tops. It seemed to me that it would be immoral to let such an opportunity pass, and anyway I was feeling so stimulated that I don't think I could have done so anyway, regardless of such considerations.

I rustled round in the wood shavings or whatever they were and knelt up to face Mr. Thred. He had perfectly recovered from his climb—that was quite clear—and the effect on me had been one of stimulation anyway. I leaned forward, and as I did so, I felt again, although at the time I was really far too preoccupied with other things to notice, the horse swaying around us, and I pressed as many parts of myself as possible against Mr. Thred.

"Oh, Aubrey!" I cried.

Together, locked in each other's arms, we sank back upon the floor of the horse.

There was a tremendous crack, a splitting sound, and the bottom fell out.

We were not hurt at all, and neither were Aunt Loo and Mrs. Hogbin. Actually, they helped to break our fall. The thing was that the horse wasn't made of reinforced concrete at all, but of papier-mâché. Only the organ up which we had climbed was concrete, and the girders were there to hold this up, not the horse. Aunt Loo had always wanted to make an enormous one of these things in reinforced concrete, but she thought people might think ill of her if she made just that, without a horse; so she made the papier-mâché horse to stick it on, as a pretense, so that people would think that she was interested in the whole horse, and not just that part of it.

I left Buxton Hall that night, rather suddenly, because Aunt Loo, and I can quite understand about this, was not pleased about her horse.

May 28

I am back at home, and all my school friends have gone back to East Acton, and Elspeth isn't answering her telephone, which is very dull. She may have gone away, or she may have a new friend and thus be staying in bed a lot, or she may be drunk, which she often is for several days at a time. It is all very dull.

May 30

It is still very dull. Particularly when you're still a virgin!

(To be continued next month)

Experts Say ...

You Really Can Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

If You Live To Be 100 — You'll Never Find An Easier Way To Get Girls ... Believe It Or Not — It's True!!!

By the AAP COMMITTEE ON HYPNOSIS

NEW YORK — Their company name is Silverman Research of Prov., R.I. — And they claim to have a new, modern way of getting girls.

It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go on to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

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When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below is a copy of the original Silverman ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnotism, it may be worth your while to read it.

(Reprinted By Permission)

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism*, you will have *one of the most powerful forces known to man* working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: *"I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.*

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

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Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"

And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even *seduce* beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism*. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism.*

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism*.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more*.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 13¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)
- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)
- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)
- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a *reliable, no-nonsense* method of getting girls; a method that will work *anywhere, anytime* ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

NOTE: We have checked with the people at Silverman Research and have learned that their book on S/A Hypnotism is still available (with complete refund guarantee). You may order a copy if you wish.

Silverman Research, Dept. P-678
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls: Through S/A Hypnotism.*

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating, and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund *and more*.

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

open about the details of all this."

Penthouse: There's a very simple test you could have performed to confirm that the child was cloned—a chromosome test. Couldn't you have blindfolded some technician, taken him to Max and the clone, and had the test done?

Rorvik: Well, don't think I haven't thought of this. But I can tell you with complete, total confidence that there is only one way to prove that this child was cloned from this individual, and in order to do it conclusively, you have got to have both of those individuals physically present. Because, of course, *tomorrow* I'll be delighted to provide you with chromosomes that will be identical, and what is that going to prove? At first people will say, "Oh, gee, this proves it." And then somebody five minutes later will come along and say, "Well, these were either samples from one individual or they're from identical twins."

Besides, you don't do chromosome comparisons. They're not good enough. You would do histocompatibility tests. This could work, provided that the technician would be believed and that you could confirm that he did the test.

But here's the problem, you see: Max has no interest whatsoever in proving to the outside world that this was done. But obviously he independently had this test performed in order to satisfy himself. Indeed, he would love it if people do not believe it. He said to me, "You're going to get crucified with this story. People are going to call it a hoax. And if you begin to feel squeezed because of that and are tempted to reveal more than you should about me, you'll get squeezed from another source—and it will hurt a helluva lot worse coming from me."

Penthouse: Doesn't Max take great pride in the success of this venture?

Rorvik: Oh, it isn't that he doesn't take great pride in it. It's just that his entire life has been characterized by the need to survive and to be able to carry out his wishes in secrecy. He would not go along with the histocompatibility tests, because he would worry that the secrecy wouldn't be preserved. And also there's no motivation for him to do it.

When Max dies, there are provisions by which, under certain circumstances, some of this might become public. And he is providing for absolute proof to be established under certain circumstances. There is always the possibility that he might die before he wants to die and that an effort might be made to strip his clonal reproduction—the child—of the fortune and the power that Max is arranging to have conferred upon him. He has made some rather complex arrangements to insure that this doesn't happen.

Penthouse: So he would not agree to such a test, even if there were absolute guarantees of preserving his identity?

catch up with PENTHOUSE

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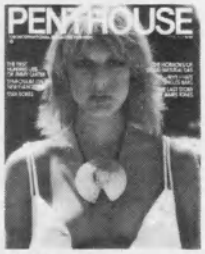

APRIL 78

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Send check or money order to:
PENTHOUSE Back-Issue Dept.
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Rorvik: Not at this time, no.

Penthouse: Tell us more about Darwin's position.

Rorvik: Darwin has material that's extremely valuable to Darwin. On the other hand, he also has material that could be extremely damaging to Darwin. He wants to keep his scientific virginity. I think he probably also enjoys a healthy bank account. I don't know for sure.

Penthouse: Well, you *do* know for sure, don't you?

Rorvik: No, I don't. I purposely excused and removed myself from any knowledge of the financial arrangement between Max and Darwin; I made a considerable point of that in the book, and it's absolutely true. I don't want that burden. I don't want to have to say to the IRS, "Yes, I know that this man took $250,000 or half a million dollars or whatever it might have been for his part in this" and then, in a sense, be deemed an accessory to the crime of concealing taxable income, which is the crime I would be guilty of. I don't have any idea whether he took one penny or not. I'm just saying that it's my view, from what I know about his life-style, that he's not unimaginative when it comes to spending money.

He's also sort of a schizophrenic kind of man. I don't mean that in the clinical sense but in the popular sense. He has a split personality. On the one hand, he is a very craven individual who shrinks under the slightest criticism. Even though he's working in secret, if somebody beats him to writing an article in a journal that he respects, he practically goes into collapse or into a decline. That's the kind of person he is. He has enormous respect, on the one hand, for orthodoxy and for the established medical virtues; and on the other hand, he is an arrogant man who belittles his peers and struts about and exercises a lot of bravado.

Penthouse: He sounds a lot like the type of frontier scientist who would want to leave his footprints on the sands of time.

Rorvik: Well, as I say, he's schizophrenic. He does want to leave his footprints on the sands of time, but he's also a man who, like most men, puts a very high value on amassing a lot of money. And again, I'm not saying that I know he received a lot of money. But readers can draw their own conclusions. Moreover, I think I hinted in the book that he's a man who has had some troubles in his career and who now finds himself in a position where he can not only enjoy the fruits of this labor but be endowed to carry on research for the rest of his life.

However, I will go one step further and say that I am not confident that this man is not going to crack and come forward. It's possible that he will. And, of course, I'll have mixed feelings about that. On the one hand, it will confirm me, vindicate me, so to speak, if there's any need for vindication—I'm not sure that there is. On the other hand, I think, on balance, that I would be more upset than pleased, because I do take my commitment to Max seriously.

And let me say one further thing. I think all of us involved in this realize that, apart from the ethical commitment that we have to Max and the consequence of bad conscience that would be our lot should we break that confidence—apart from that, I, at least, would fear for my health.

Penthouse: Do you think Darwin has retained records of the cloning?

Rorvik: I certainly imagine that he has. Knowing how he operates, I'm rather confident that if he wanted to, he could come forward tomorrow and provide documentary evidence that would be accepted by most people.

Penthouse: Couldn't he do it in a way whereby he could preserve his anonymity and yet assure his fame in the future, as being the scientist who accomplished the first cloning?

Rorvik: It's conceivable. I'm not sure how. I think what he would decide to do would be to wait. It certainly wouldn't be wise for him to come forward now. I think that probably both Darwin and Max are watching very carefully to see what happens in the wake of this announcement, because, boy, they've got the perfect litmus test here. And why not wait at least a year or so and see what comes down as a result of this?

Penthouse: Do you think that most people would like to clone a human in their own image?

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Rorvik: That's a very hard question to answer. It's probably the kind of thing a Gallup poll or a Harris poll will be asking people in months to come. Because there is some stigma attached to cloning, at this point, and because of some of the shrill reaction that has come about—in part owing to the strangeness of this particular announcement—I suspect that many men will say "No, oh no, I would never want to do that" who, of course, really would.

I have had some experience, with previous books, in researching sex selection, and I've found that men really are very much concerned with having sons. All the data that I've been able to gather, both from my own observation and from professional data-gathering sources, indicate that there's still a very great desire among men to have a son as their first child. Of course, this cannot be interpreted to be anything other than their wanting to see themselves, in a sense, reconstituted, if you will. And perpetuated. Carry on the old family name. Produce a chip off the old block. Well, of course, if cloning is not the vehicle or the implement by which you get a chip off the old block, nothing is.

So, of course, I would say that there's bound to be some desire for cloning. The fact that it's happened now isn't going to be the thing that's produced that desire. This is a desire that seems to be genetic.

Penthouse: If cloning were to become a common practice, do you think we would suddenly have a disproportionate population, with more males than females?

Rorvik: No. The surveys indicate that people will avail themselves of sex-selection technologies in order to have their firstborn be a son. But after that, they want a girl. And the overwhelming majority want a balanced family, one boy and one girl. Some very scholarly studies have been done on this subject and have indicated that there would be no imbalance in the sexes, even if a sex-selection technique that were 100 percent reliable were available today.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the potential dangers of cloning experimentation?

Rorvik: People have come out and called cloning the most dangerous and appalling experiment ever to occur. My feeling is that it really isn't very important. It's just damned interesting—that's all. I feel that the dangers of recombinant DNA work so far outstrip the dangers of cloning work that it's ridiculous even to try to make comparisons.

Let me quote Darwin on this issue. He said, "In the course of cloning a human being, I may succeed in creating an individual who over an entire lifetime turns out to be a pain in the ass." Basically, he's saying that that's the worst he can do. "Meanwhile," he said, "my colleagues, through molecular cloning and plasma engineering and all of the other vehicles of recombinant DNA, may very well, overnight, create a new life-form that will wipe out all of humanity."

Let me give you a graphic example of a close call that has already occurred in recombinant DNA work. Recently, General Electric created what amounts to a new life-form in its research laboratories. Once it was in the intestines of a mammal, this life-form was capable of digesting cellulose. The idea behind this was that such an implanted life-form would enable mankind to digest hay and grass. They're always thinking about us, right? Now we can graze across the pastures, like cows and horses, and they can start putting all of that crap into our cereals, and we'll be able to digest it and make use of it. It will conceivably be a multibillion-dollar breakthrough in the food industry.

Well, alas, alas, the new bug effected what I call incomplete combustion of the cellulose, so that it was only partially digested; and gases built up in the intestinal tract because of the incomplete nature of the digestive process. If this bug had gotten out of the General Electric laboratories and gained a selective advantage, it could, in an amazingly short period of time, have spread throughout the population of the country and caused a collective, terminal diarrhea. In other words, everybody in the country would have died of a diarrhea-type syndrome.

Fortunately, the researcher realized that there was a disaster in the building and

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destroyed the organism. That's one of the close scrapes we've had already. I could tell you about more.

Penthouse: Are you saying that the fuss about cloning is a red herring to distract the public from more serious issues?

Rorvik: I'm convinced of it, yes. But of course cloning is very dramatic. It's a metaphor for all the issues in participatory evolution.

Penthouse: What about the moral problems inherent in experimenting with human lives?

Rorvik: My outlook is this: I describe myself as a situational consequentialist. Take each situation, weigh the consequences, pro and con, and decide whether the good outweighs the bad. If it does, in your view, then proceed. If it doesn't, stop. At the base of this cloning undertaking was the conviction that the good would outweigh the bad, and that's why I agreed to take part.

Penthouse: You could come out at this point and say that it was all a hoax for the purpose of bringing this important issue to the public's attention.

Rorvik: Right, but first of all, this is absolutely not a hoax.

But I think one of the most useful aspects of this book, as it stands now, is that it does call attention to these issues. I think it certainly comes at the right time, because we're now on the brink of an era that is fraught with the most incredible peril. That sounds like a cliché, but it happens to be very true. I think we've never been confronted with such dangers as we are confronted with today. I think also that the dangers we face from nuclear energy pale alongside the dangers we face from the recombinant DNA work. And this is not to say that I am opposed categorically to that work. I am not, and I disagree very strongly with people like George Wald, who says that we should stop all research in this area. The potentially beneficial things that can accrue from this kind of work are incredible.

Penthouse: Speaking of incredible, David Rorvik, that's a word one often hears to describe *you*. Many people say you're about the smartest person they've ever met; and, since your adolescent years, as editor of the paper at the University of Montana, you were always a center of controversy, taking stands against the war in Vietnam—and against curfews for coeds.

Rorvik: No, I'm not afraid to say what I think about the establishment, whether it's the American Cancer Society or some of the so-called medical writers at the *New York Times*. I am somewhat unconventional in my life-style because I hope to live to be 200. My grandfather made it to 103. I adhere to a strict health-food diet when I'm not traveling, mostly vegetables and grains with some fish. I take ginseng and a lot of vitamins A, C, B^{15}. I also jog three miles a day. I used to drink a lot, but now I only take a bit of wine. I've also stopped smoking.

Penthouse: You quit a comfortable job at *Time* magazine when you were very young.

Rorvik: I am not one to sit around and complain about something if there's anything I can do about it. I just walked. I wanted to free-lance.

Penthouse: Did you go back to your hometown after leaving New York?

Rorvik: I bought my cabin on Flathead Lake.

Penthouse: In view of how outspoken you are on almost every issue, isn't it inconsistent that you're evasive about your age?

Rorvik: I hedge, you see, because I think that eventually these things I'm doing for my health are going to take effect. And others around me are going to age, and I'm going to appear a lot younger than I should.

Penthouse: Wouldn't you have to state your age for directories, such as *Who's Who*?

Rorvik: All kinds of unorthodox things happen in *Who's Who*. Allen Ginsberg listed Peter Orlofsky as his wife. So maybe I can say that I'm twenty-nine and holding.

Penthouse: Do you live alone?

Rorvik: I have various arrangements. Sometimes I live communally. My constant companion is my cat.

Penthouse: If you do get cloned, your independent life-style will no doubt have to change some. Does the fact that you'd spend so much money to get "a chip off the old block" mean you're optimistic about the future of the species and our planet?

Rorvik: No, not at all, but I wouldn't mind being here to see the end. ○—

SUDDENLY RICH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

minister), and their daughter, Melody, age two. Buras, who stands six feet six inches tall, with his weight well distributed, could be mistaken for a football player except that there is not an ounce of menace in his entire body.

He was twenty-three years old and loved his job—teaching music to the church's youth choirs—despite the meager salary of just over $100 a week.

Presenting a classic picture of rural shyness, Buras initially acted almost embarrassed about the money and was certainly discomfited by all the attention it brought. "At first I didn't know what they were talking about," he said. "We were always poor. There was my brother, sister, mother, and dad, and dad was always quite sick. I remember that Dad, from the time I was a kid, used to talk about how he was going to get rich because of some court case, but I never paid much attention to the details."

Of course, Buras explained, even though he has been named the principal heir, he would see that all of the money was divided among all the family members. "But I haven't received a cent yet," he said. "They told me the eighty-six million dollars was in royalties, being kept in escrow all during the case. But they've still got to decide if they have to pay interest on the money, and then there's probate of Dad's estate. They said that probate could take years."

Nevertheless, the positive signs of riches began to flow without delay. A local automobile dealer rolled a new Thunderbird up to Buras's door and told him to keep it—pay for it some day if he wanted to or just keep it. He loved the car; so he kept it.

Banks all over the state seemed to be tripping over one another in an effort to be the first to practically hand him the keys to their vault. He was extended an open line of credit at several banks, and he swiftly formed a corporation of his own.

"These people are falling all over themselves to lend me as much money as they can," Buras said. "I suppose they heard that I plan to set up a million-dollar trust fund for my daughter and another one for our second child, who is on the way, and there aren't many trust funds that big in Arkansas banks.

"I suppose everybody's waiting for me to run wild," Buras said. "But I don't think it will happen." With some pride he declared, "Barbara's the level-headed one in the family. You know, we could build a two-hundred-thousand-dollar home, with maids and chauffeurs and all that, but she said we can't."

In the first few months after the news about his inheritance, Buras and his wife received 10,000 letters from all over the world, most of them asking for money. "We kept track of the money requests at first, until they reached a hundred million dollars. Then we stopped counting."

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His wife added, "Then we started burning all the mail for a while, until Jack's friends complained he wasn't answering *their* letters."

The investment schemes were wild: a million-dollar bicycle shop in Manhattan, reconstruction of an Australian pioneer village. "And," Buras added, "somebody wanted me to finance a Christian racetrack, whatever that'd be."

But as time went on, people began to remark that Buras seemed to be under a strain. He acted disgruntled, and the ready smile he was known for seldom appeared. About the only time he really behaved like the old Jack Buras they knew was when he was at the Harmony Baptist Church, where he continued working as choir director.

Trying to explain his apparent discontent, Buras said: "It's a little disappointing to suddenly become rich like I have. It isn't at all the way you've always dreamed it would be. I wish actually it had happened later, ten or fifteen years from now, maybe when I'd be thirty-five and had had a chance to get my feet on the ground.

"You know, some days—I've had a lot of business headaches connected with getting rich—I feel all worn out before sundown. Then I go to church and start rehearsing these beautiful kids in the choir, and suddenly I'm enjoying myself again."

With a trace of irritation, he added, "I want to be something besides just a millionaire." He shrugged. "I guess maybe one man out of ten thousand gets a chance like this—to do something really worthwhile. Well, I don't want to look back and see that I'd had my chance and missed it."

Not long after that, Buras and his entire family disappeared. There was no forwarding address. People who were considered closest to them said they were mystified. Where had they gone? Why had they gone? Everyone was asking what had happened.

An area newspaper printed some strange reports. Buras, they said, was not an heir to an $86 million fortune and never had been. The Buras family of Louisiana had been contacted and had stated that he was not even a member of the family, not *the* Buras family. And the question that was now asked was, Was he a fraud?

Despite the mysterious disappearance, people who knew Buras refused to believe it. One friend said incredulously, "Jack? Jack trying to pull the wool over people's eyes? Never." He laughed and added, "Jack has a heart as good as gold."

Many believed that, if the whole thing had been a mistake of some kind, Jack Buras had been deceived, too. Maybe the courts sent him some papers on the inheritance by mistake, it was reasoned, because his name was the same as another Jack Buras, and he just accepted it. Or maybe people just told him he was rich, and he believed it.

Few people were ready to accept the possibility that the well-liked Jack Buras and his sweet wife could have played some

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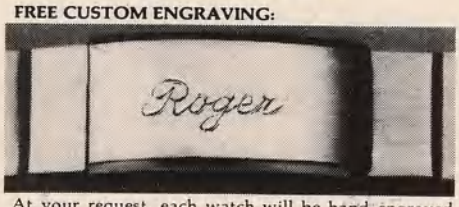

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The Sun Watch is covered by a 2 year limited warranty issued by Riehl Time Corporation (Manufacturer of the Synchronar 2100), and included with your watch. A copy of the warranty may also be obtained free of charge by writing to Starshine Group, 924 Anacapa St., Santa Barbara, Calif. 93101. This warranty gives you specific legal rights, and you may also have other rights which vary from state to state.

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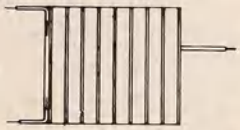

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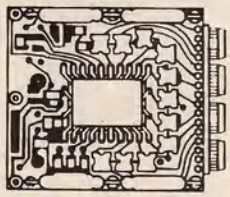

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We all want to score, but don't always know how. *Consenting Adults* will not only break the ice, but is guaranteed to set the night on fire.

The pack contains three sets of color-coded cards, one set listing the parts of His body, the second showing the parts of Her body, and a third containing various Interruptions and Aphrodisiacs. By a series of advances and consents, the players are soon granting one another dozens of delightful liberties.

If you follow the enclosed instructions, in no time at all you and your partner will be scaling new heights of extraordinary pleasure. The game achieves its ultimate success when the cards are put aside entirely and the players take off in a storm of excitement totally on their own.

This unique deck designed to bring you numberless evenings of sensual stimulation, is now yours for the low price of $6.95. Send check or money order and code (I 15) to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022 (add $1.00 for postage and handling; New York residents add 8% sales tax).

kind of a deliberate hoax. It just didn't make sense.

In the mid-1970s Jack Buras reportedly was connected with a music publisher in Louisiana, a travel agency in Florida, and other pursuits in the South. But at this writing he remains submerged in mystery, and the $86.5 million has yet to find its rightful owner.

A RECIPE FOR CASH

The dimly lit and rundown establishment at 315 Twenty-third Street in Miami evoked none of the glamour of the city's fame. Its glass-paned exterior, cluttered with taped-on signs and haphazard lettering, signaled the classic type of American eatery known as a "greasy spoon," and nothing on the interior argued otherwise.

Behind the smoky, reeking grill in the back stood Ollie Gleichenhaus, more than sixty years old, a roly-poly, paternal, transplanted New Yorker wearing eyeglasses, bermuda shorts, and a stained white apron, with athletic socks and sneakers on his feet.

Ollie had been in hamburgers a long, long time. He had had a little hamburger stand in Brooklyn on Ralph Avenue, near Sutter, back when it had been little more than a prairie, and he had moved to Miami during the depression in 1935, opening up his current operation. One thing Ollie had going for him, besides his love for people, was his pride in craftsmanship.

He considered himself the world's foremost authority on the history and construction of the hamburger. Starting back in the days when the hamburger cost ten cents, he had begun perfecting it, mixing in precise portions of thirty-two different spices and sealing them into the meat—only three burgers to the pound—over an open-hearth fire. He boasted, "I make a dressing you could put on a rug and eat."

His greatest joy was to sit on the counter, serving some truck driver and warning, "Don't ask for catsup. Just eat it. Try it. Take one bite. If you don't think it's the greatest hamburger in the world, I won't even take your money. But you got no taste, you bum."

Ollie had been known to throw out people he didn't like. But these cases were rare, happening only if somebody insisted on catsup and disagreed with his political views, of which Ollie would say, "I was Archie Bunker before there was an Archie Bunker."

He took pride in the fact that people came from all over town to try his hamburger. Even chefs came to Ollie's, which didn't surprise him. "This," he said, "is the ultimate hamburger. There is no way to improve it. And one burger's an entire meal."

One day a tall, well-dressed, distinguished-looking young man entered Ollie's and took a seat in a booth, ordering a burger. Ollie watched as the man took his first bite, savored the creation, and smiled. And when Ollie returned to his grill, the man ordered another. And then another. When the man ordered his fourth burger, Ollie's

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NUDE VACATIONS—WHERE TO GO

Cruise the Caribbean clothes-free, bare it all on the Riviera, or frolic in your birthday suit Stateside. This article has all you need to know to enjoy a truly unforgettable holiday this year.

MASTURBATION: MASCULINE STYLE

Seven outspoken men—married, single, swinging, bisexual—discuss their favorite techniques, fantasies, equipment, and memorable masturbation adventures.

THE VIBRATOR: A MAN'S BEST FRIEND

A vibrator can be the ultimate aphrodisiac for the caring male. Find out how you can give the women in your life even more pleasure when you use this phenomenal sex toy.

U.S. SWING CLUB DIRECTORY

If you've ever thought you'd like to try swinging but don't feel like asking your friends and neighbors about it, here's an up-to-date, comprehensive guide to swing clubs in the United States and Canada. And if you're a well-seasoned swinger, this list can broaden your horizons.

THE MALE SURROGATE

The world of the sex surrogate is revealed in this article about a man who helps women learn how to become more open sexually. This is a candid look at a very special kind of sex therapy.

SELENIUM

Selenium is a very important nutrient that helps you to maintain a healthy sex life. It is especially important in maintaining the male fertility cycle. In addition, there is evidence that selenium may help prevent cancer. Read how you can benefit from selenium in the June issue of *Forum*.

pride turned to amazement. He knew for an absolute fact that one burger was an entire meal. He confronted the glutton suspect at this table and asked, "Hey, Mac, what's with you?"

The man identified himself as John Y. Brown, who had recently sold out his holdings as the Kentucky Fried Chicken king. He told Ollie, "I want to buy your recipe."

"G'wan, ged outa here," Ollie responded, returning to his grill.

The young multimillionaire persisted, and as Ollie remembers it, the phrase "million dollars" was spoken. All Brown remembers is that he offered a lot of money and stock if Ollie would do for the Lums restaurant chain, which Brown had just purchased, what Colonel Sanders had done for Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Ollie swore he'd never leave his hamburger stand, but in the end he did. He gave Brown the recipe exclusively for Lums, signing the million-dollar contract. He had to close his Miami place and travel all over America, promoting the "Ollieburger" while dressed in an old-fashioned straw hat, red scarf, and apron. He was becoming the Colonel Sanders of hamburger.

Five years later, after returning to his Miami home from a midwestern publicity tour, Ollie talked about his life in 1977.

"I've been traveling all over the country, and I love it. I just saw the Wabash River—me, for the first time in my life, after a lifetime behind the hamburger grill. Everywhere I go, my picture's in the paper, and people recognize me. I love it. Money can't buy that.

"I live with my wife in a nice apartment on Treasure Island, and you can look right out at the ocean. When I travel, I can't wait to get home; and when I'm home, I can't wait for my next trip. I'm really enjoying myself.

"Money? Sure, I'm comfortable. I've got stock and all that stuff, and I've got a twenty-year contract. I'm sixty-six, and my health is good. I feel good. I enjoy life. What more could I want? I never thought I'd sell out to John Y., but he got to me. He really knows how to get to a guy. It wasn't the money. I told him, 'Money, who cares?' It's not that I didn't believe him, but a million dollars—who needs it? Look, I can only drive one car, right? I can only sleep in one bed, right? I don't drink. I don't gamble. What did I need it for? Believe me, I didn't need the money.

"See, I love people. For me, it was always a pleasure to go to work in the morning. I was making a good living. I had a feeling for my work. My hamburger is like a painting, and I enjoyed just watching people eat it.

"But when John Y. said, 'Ollie, I'll make you a general—you'll be General Ollie, bigger than Colonel Sanders'—well, I must have started to look interested. He musta known he had me. He said, 'I'll make you a celebrity. People will recognize you everywhere. They'll ask for your autograph.'

"That was different. People asking me for autographs. I signed the contract. Being a celebrity is better than money."

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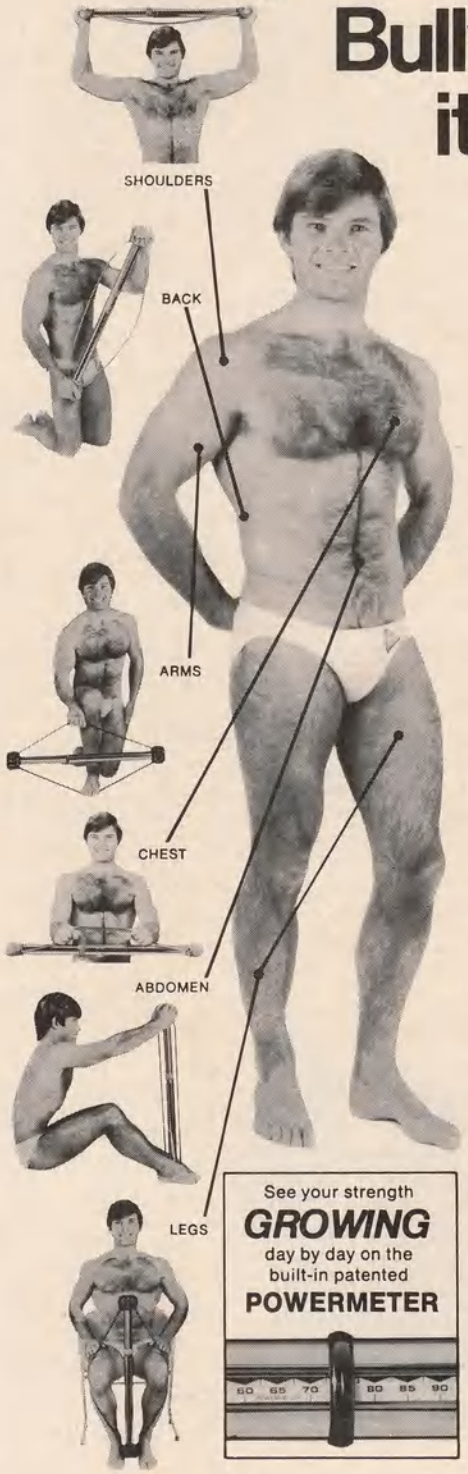

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"I earn my living by keeping executives in top shape," says Bob. "My customers want results and they want them fast. I recommend Bullworker for one reason only: because it's the most advanced fitness trainer on the market and you better believe it."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

know the facts. Lee says he will take me anyway he can, and I do love him. On the other hand, his cock doesn't excite me the way Phil's does. Should I seek medical help, or continue seeing Phil, or both?— Marie

I think your husband is very smart and loving to let you go so wild. Some day the new excitement of your lover will wear off, and you will be happier with the man who truly loves you.

I don't think you need any professional help. Your husband's penis had satisfied you in the past; when you've tired of your present lover's bigger member, you'll probably find the old six inches quite satisfactory. After all, you've now had a taste of your freedom, and I think that probably the whole "secret affair" aspect, which can be quite tantalizing, will soon wear off.

HOOKED ON HIS TONGUE

I was a dumb little country girl who grew up on a farm in Iowa. I never had a date until I got out of high school, and I was a virgin when I married. I'm now twenty-six years old and have been married for seven years, although there are no children. My husband travels constantly and is gone over half the time. Some time ago we decided to rent out a room to a college student; we thought the extra rent would help with expenses.

As I said, I was a dumb little country girl, one who had never been exposed to all the sex and violence of the "outside" world. I'd never heard four-letter words, and I didn't believe that people did things to each other that I later discovered they did. My husband and I normally had sex about two or three times a month, and although I was unaware of this, I never had experienced an orgasm in all the years of our marriage. We normally had sex "missionary style," and as soon as my husband reached a climax, he would get up and go take a shower. To me the sex felt good, and I thought that was all there was to it. We had never tried oral sex or much of anything else.

My story begins with one of the college students, named Joe, whom we rented the room to. As part of the rental agreement, I was to clean his room and make his bed daily. About a month after Joe had moved in, I came across a whole stack of Penthouse *magazines he kept under his bed. I was amazed at what I saw in the pictures and shocked at what I read in the stories and letters. One afternoon he came in unexpectedly and caught me sitting on his bed, reading one of the articles. I was embarrassed beyond words, and I blushed from head to toe. Joe tried to console me and said that I shouldn't be ashamed. We began to talk, and he asked me a lot of questions about my attitudes toward sex. After much conversation, he finally convinced me that I had never really experienced sex to the fullest and knew nothing of its pleasures.*

To make a long story short, within two weeks Joe seduced me, and we began having sex every day. One day he insisted on performing oral sex on me. I resisted but finally gave in, and within ten minutes I experienced the most wonderful orgasm of my life. From that moment on, I couldn't get enough of his sucking and fucking me. Joe never failed to bring me to a climax. I was so hooked on his incredible body that I would do anything to have him suck me. Later, he asked me to perform oral sex on him, but I refused, saying that I'd never done that before. He told me he would not suck me any more until I started sucking him. Within three days I had given in, and of course I started sucking him regularly. From that day on our schedule was for me to suck him until he came; then we would have intercourse until he came the second time; and then he would suck me until I had the greatest orgasm of all. Somehow, each orgasm was always better than the last. Needless to say, I loved every moment of our lovemaking.

Joe told me that he wanted me to go out and buy a sexy outfit consisting of a tight, very short dress, black bra and panties, a black garter belt, black nylons, and black patent-leather high-heel pumps. I located everything easily except the high heels, because he insisted that they be the style worn in 1961, with pointed toes and needle heels of at least three and a half inches. I finally found the kind he liked at a Goodwill outlet store. They looked almost new, and Joe loved them. Of course, I had to hide the sexy new outfit so that my husband wouldn't find it.

When I would dress up in this outfit, it would drive Joe completely wild, and soon our sex relationship hit new heights. He would undress me down to the garter belt, nylons, and high-heel pumps, and I would keep those on while he proceeded to suck me off.

We had a wonderful relationship. We would carry on like this every day for about three months, and I would reach a climax two or three times a day. Then, one day, he came in from class and out of the blue told me that he wanted me to dress up in the sexy outfit and go with him to a friend's apartment. Joe said that he wanted to show off my outfit for his friend. When I absolutely refused, he announced that there would be no more sex, not even the sucking. Joe also left our house and went to live with one of his friends for a week.

Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. I needed constant sex now, and I especially needed to be sucked until I had an orgasm. I called him at his friend's apartment and pleaded with him to come back. I said I would do anything he wanted me to.

Joe returned in two days, and after about a week our routine was back to normal. That

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weekend my husband was out of town, and Joe told me he had set up a party with a friend of his, named Mark, and that I was to dress up in my sexy outfit. I was ashamed to be seen in public in this outfit, so I put it in a small suitcase. When we arrived at Mark's apartment, Marvin introduced me as his landlady. "Her husband is out of town, and anything goes!" he added. I was so embarrassed in front of this total stranger. Joe went into the kitchen to mix drinks, and Mark put his arm around me, telling me to put on the outfit he had "heard so much about."

When I had finished dressing, Mark kissed me and ran his hand down the top of my dress and began feeling my breasts. I pulled away and called for Joe to take me home. He said that I had agreed to do anything, that now was the time to prove it. Joe then downed his entire drink and spun me around and unzipped my dress and dropped it to the floor. He turned to Mark and said, "Look at this body." Next he unhooked my bra and pulled off my panties. I can't tell you how embarrassed I was standing there in a garter belt, nylons, and high-heels—practically naked in front of a total stranger. Joe next pushed me down onto Mark's lap and went to mix another drink. Mark began feeling me up all over and forced his hand between my legs and began rubbing my clitoris. Then Joe came out of the kitchen and said, "Let's go to the bedroom." When we got to the bedroom, they both undressed and pushed me on the bed between them.

From 9:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M., the three of us went through a sex orgy that was unbelievable. Joe screwed me three times, and Mark screwed me four times. Each of them sucked me until I reached an orgasm, and I sucked both of them off. While Joe was screwing me, Mark straddled my chest and put his cock in my mouth. Then they would switch, and I would suck Joe while Mark screwed me.

Since that night, we have been back to Mark's apartment about once a week for repeat performances. One night, in the middle of our orgy, two other fellows came by and Mark asked them in. Within ten minutes they were in the bed, and Joe insisted that I have sex with them. They didn't even tell me their names, and before the night was over, both of them had intercourse with me twice. I also sucked them both until they reached orgasms.

For the past two months, Joe has been bringing fellows to our home and asking me to have sex with them. Last month I tallied it all up and realized that I'd had sex with eleven total strangers.

Every time I try to refuse these men, Joe threatens to stop performing oral sex with me. I still love my husband and want to stay married, but he doesn't drive me crazy like Joe does. I don't know what to do since Joe began insisting that I have sex with so many other men. Last week he took me to a stag party. There were fifteen guys there, and I was the only girl. Within an hour I was down the hall in a bedroom, being undressed, and for the next five hours I had continuous sex. As soon as one fellow had an orgasm, another was waiting at the door. I'm not sure, but I think that all fifteen of them had sex with me.

You probably won't believe this, but it's all true, and I'm hooked.—S.S.

Well, you've sure made up for lost time! You must be a hell of a sexy country girl to handle all those young bucks. It's a pity your husband never was able to give you an orgasm, because I really do think it's time you loosened your ties with this chain of college students. How long do you think you'll be able to keep the knowledge of these gangbangs from your husband? Men do brag about such exploits, you know.

You say you love your husband? So why don't you teach him some of the good things you've learned, without telling him the source of your knowledge? He may be inexperienced, but so were you—once.

TICKLED TO DELIGHT

Tickling a beautiful woman and watching her dissolve into laughter is a tremendous turn-on. I often find myself watching women walk down the street and wondering how ticklish they are.

When I date, which is pretty often, I always make a point of finding out whether or not the girl is ticklish. And, believe me, I usually use that information to my advantage during the evening.

I'm especially turned on by foot tickling, and I've elevated it into sort of an art form. I've discovered that using different items for tickling can elicit entirely different reactions from women, and that varying the intensity and the duration of the tickling has much to do with its effectiveness.

Feathers are so delicate that, if applied lightly, the girl may not even feel the tickling for a while, but it can be devastating if continued long enough. Using the tongue to tickle can also be highly erotic.

I can also tell you, Xaviera, that I've never dated a girl who was not ticklish in one place or another. I've dated some women who've denied this, but they finished the evening eating their own words—and in hysterical gulps, I might add.

Recently, I've begun tying up certain consenting dates and found that these bondage scenes can be a lot of fun. In one instance I tied up a pretty thirty-year-old divorcée. She swore to me that she wasn't ticklish. As it turned out, she was pretty remarkable in her self-control. Barely a smile crossed her lips when I tickled her stomach and ribs. And when I tickled her feet, she remained totally impassive. Not to be ruffled or disappointed, I got a little dab of jelly from the refrigerator and spread a light coating under each of her armpits. Gently, I began to lick her armpits, slowly at first and then much, much faster. She began to squeal, and by the time I finished she was giggling like a schoolgirl.—J.H.

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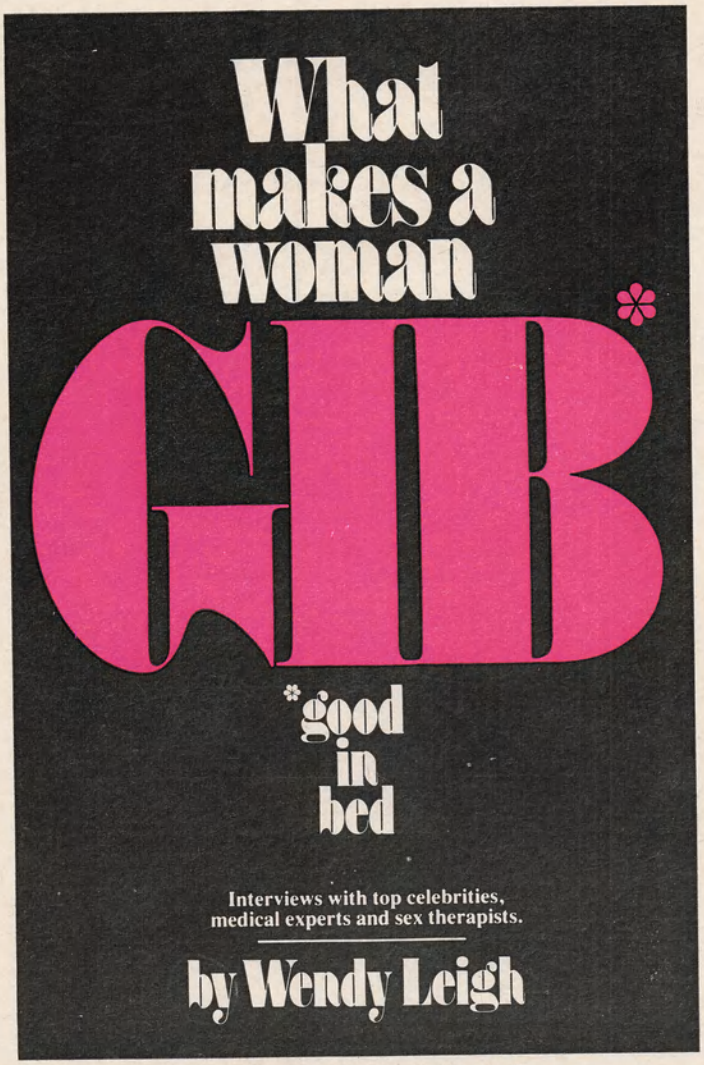

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I'm as ticklish as they come, and I must say I've come once or twice while some man's been tickling me. The thing I wonder about with regard to tickling is why only the men seem to play the active role. After all, dear J.H., aren't you ticklish? Wouldn't you like it if I went after your feet, stomach, or armpits with some feathers, jelly, or scarves? Women aren't the only people with a tactile sense of humor.

A SLEEPING TOM

I'm one of those people who sleep in the nude. I even dislike being hemmed in by clothing during the day, and so I really feel I should at least be free of clothes in bed. I've begun to notice, however, that I often wake up during the night with an erection. Sometimes I even come, seemingly automatically. I suppose I must masturbate in my sleep, since I usually find my hands around my cock when I wake up.

You're going to say that these are wet dreams. Wrong. Puberty left me ten years ago, and these nighttime orgasms are quite different from pubescent wet dreams, since they are not accompanied by sex-oriented dreams.

I've heard that a full bladder can cause an early-morning hard-on, but these nocturnal erections will occur two or three times a night, even after I've urinated. However, when these erections are accompanied by a sexual dream, I do notice that my cock tends to stay hard after two orgasms. It can even lead to some discomfort, rubbing as it does against the sheets. I'm losing sleep over this, not to mention having to wash a lot of come-soaked sheets.

I've tried to wear briefs to bed, but I find I get hard-ons anyway; usually, I just strip off the briefs in my sleep. I've also tried some of these creams that desensitize the cock, but their effect is temporary, and they can be messy.

Any ideas on what's causing this or on how I can "cut down" on it? I really am losing sleep, and some days my cock ends up sore from all the rubbing.—T.J.

Teenagers are not the only ones who have wet dreams. So-called nocturnal emissions can happen to men of all ages, although young teenage boys seem to have them more than do the older guys. This is so because men are at their sexual peak around the age of eighteen. I'm not saying they're the best of lovers at that age, but there's really no doubt about it: their sexual energy will never be stronger. This has its good points (they're never at a loss for an erection) and its bad (they usually come too soon).

If these nocturnal occurrences are really bothering you, I suggest you try one more remedy: masturbate before bedtime. Like a young teenager, you may have too much sexual energy, and it can only find its release when you're sleeping. Isn't it time you stopped wasting your natural resources and started putting them to use?

Besides masturbating, you might also try taking a woman to bed with you. It sure beats the sheets.

COMING AND GOING

I'm eighteen and a freshman—female—in college. As my high-school guidance counselors used to say, I'm sexually very active. I like to fuck as much as possible. I see no harm in it, and I think the whole scene is great.

During the holiday recess we had a party, and I balled seventeen guys every way possible. Through the evening those studs must have pumped a gallon of come into me. This brings me to my first question. Although my cunt was pretty wet from all that fucking, the come didn't come out. I'm wondering, Where does it all go?

At that same fuck session, I was giving this one guy a blowjob, a second one was screwing me in the cunt, and a third was giving it to me up the ass. It was just super! I could feel the two guys under and behind me banging around inside of me, their pricks rubbing against each other. While this was a great scene, I'm wondering if fucking two guys at the same time can do me any harm internally. Also, where does the come go that the guy shot up my ass?—Marlene

I'm glad to see that all is well on America's college campuses. When I was living in the States, I used to tour your colleges and tour a few of its students as well. Things seemed to have picked up a little, if your story is at all typical of sex on the American campus vintage 1978. I hope so.

Your doubleheader fucks are quite harmless "internally," although taking it up the ass can be painful for a novice, which you are not.

As for all that unaccounted-for semen, the moist interiors of the body tend to be somewhat absorbent. Both the vaginal and anal cavities have mucous membranes, which will always retain or "disseminate" some of the semen. Or is it that those sperms—fast little swimmers—know a good niche when they find it? See Womb and die . . .

THE LATE DATE

My story begins New Year's Eve 1978. My date was supposed to pick me up and take me to a party. By ten o'clock I knew he wasn't going to show.

My parents were having a party of their own downstairs, and, coincidentally, my date's parents were there also. I went downstairs and ran into them. I told them what had happened, and they seemed to sympathize, particularly my date's father.

By the time midnight rolled around, everyone was pretty smashed. I could tell that this man, my no-show date's father, was coming on to me, and I knew what he had in mind when he said he was going to the john. I showed him the way, and we ended up in my bedroom.

He began to caress my boobs and then stopped when he heard a knock at the door. I was shocked to find my date's

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mother outside in the hallway. Not only that, but she had her dress hiked up and was masturbating furiously. When I turned around, her husband was already naked and in my bed.

The woman came in, closed the door, and quickly began undressing me. Then she forced me down on the bed so that I could eat her out. Before I knew it, her husband had forced his huge prick into me and banged me until we both came simultaneously. My date's mother was still going wild. The bed was rocking as if it would roll over. I forced my tongue deep into her snatch, and she came within seconds. Then the husband rolled over and pulled his wife on top of him. I pulled a dildo out of my drawer and shoved it up her behind. She screamed with ecstasy—just as my date, their son, walked into the room. As soon as he saw what was going on, he spit and slammed the door in disgust.

Neither his parents nor I have seen him in a week. How can we make him understand that we are not oversexed perverts but very normal people, with very normal sex drives?—C.A.

I would be the last person to judge you harshly, but I can understand the son's shock. It's not every day that a guy loses his date not only to his father but to his mother as well. Also, children can be strange. They think their parents don't have much of a sex life. How often have you had someone tell you: "My parents don't enjoy sex that much. I think the only time they screwed was to have us kids"? Each generation thinks it invented sex, and for this young man to see his mother with a dildo up her ass. Well . . . it was probably too great a shock.

Eventually, he'll forgive you all. If not, it just goes to show you—or him: when you're late, you can miss out on all the fun.

SEMIPUBLIC SEX

I am a freshman currently living in an all-male dorm of a large northeastern university. Recently, I was subjected to the most humiliating of pranks by my floor-mates—and I loved it! What was this perverse act? you may ask. They called it a "circle jerk."

It began innocently enough when several of the guys on my floor invited me into an upperclassman's room for what appeared to be an ordinary bull session. I quickly found out that I was blatantly mistaken.

As soon as I was in the room, the door was shut and locked, and I was informed as to the rules of the "dorm games" that were to follow. Each guy pulled a dollar from his pocket and put it into a "pot" in the center of the room. I was told to do the same and did so. The rules were simple: the lights would be shut off, and each player would pull out his meat and jerk it to climax. Whoever came first would win the pot.

Well, the game soon got underway—and I was the only true participant. Seconds after the lights went out, I had my hard cock in my hand and was jerking it furiously amid sounds of zippers and moans all around me. Suddenly, the lights went on, and I turned out to be the only true contestant.

Not only did the guys have a good laugh, but I also felt about as small as the cock in my hand. Needless to say, I got none of the pot but earned the floor's Master Circle Jerker award of the semester.

At the time, I was horrified at what the consequences were going to be once the story got out. This all bothered me for a while, until I realized that what had happened would go no farther than that infamous room. I then began to reflect on just what I had felt during that prank, and I came to the conclusion that it was one of the few things I had always fantasized about: being able to masturbate right out in public, with no one really caring. I have long been an advocate of masturbation, because I think it is not only one of the most pleasant and satisfactory forms of sex but also something that can be done anywhere and at any time, with no inconvenience to anyone, including oneself.

Since then I have been able to "practice" my once-concealed fantasy. One of the places on campus that I frequent for my studying is the main library. Now, this may seem like a most unusual place for masturbating in public, for if I were caught, it would be most embarrassing. Fortunately for me and my desires, there is a phone booth on the second floor of the library whose light does not work when you close the door. So, every now and then I find myself taking a study break and winding up in the phone booth. It is an incredible thrill to be able to beat off right there in semipublic and watch the people go by, any one of whom might want to make a phone call and come over to the unlighted booth and catch me jerking myself off.

I did have one chance to do it right out in the middle of the library—when there was a blackout in the building. When it happened, I just stayed where I was and unzipped. It was incredibly arousing, because there were people no more than six feet away from me and they were oblivious of what I was doing. When I finally did climax, I did not bother using dining-hall napkins, as I had before. I just let the come fly all over the carpet, which absorbed it, and no one was the wiser. That night I felt so completely satisfied that I wanted just to stand right there again, in the middle of the library, and, light or no light, play with myself in front of everybody.

Is this kind of behavior out of the ordinary and perverse, and am I alone in what I do?—R.S.

I don't think you're perverse, and you certainly are not alone. There are many who enjoy not only masturbating but actually fucking in public. I, for one, don't think you're hurting a soul, and certainly you're having some good, clean fun.

However, not everyone is so liberal, and you might be arrested for indecent exposure. And that's a kind of exposure even you wouldn't like.

A MIND OF YOUR OWN

For as much as you pay for a good stereo, you can have a personal computer with your own custom-tailored programs.

BY BOB SCHNEIDER

DAVID HEDRICH

The basic model is slightly larger than a bread box. It has keys like a typewriter and a screen like a television set. About 25,000 of them will be sold this year and four times that number next year, at prices ranging from $275 to $5,000. The numbers people figure that by 1985 most middle-class American homes (if any are left) will have one, and that the market will exceed $2 billion a year.

What are they? They are portable binary brains—or home computers—and they can organize your life more efficiently than a team of experts working full-time.

Computers today are smaller, smarter, and more reliable than their behemoth ancestors. ENIAC, the Adam of computers and a relative moron, filled a room thirty by fifty feet and averaged one breakdown every seven and one-half minutes. Anything ENIAC could do, your modern home computer can do better. It would take twenty men a full day to do the calculations a small home unit can do in seconds.

If a computer is equipped with the right peripherals—that is, keyboards, tapes, printers, and displays—it can run a house better than the human who programmed it. It can tell exactly when to sprinkle the lawn, when to boost the heat or turn on the air conditioner and when to give the kids their math and spelling lessons. It will still have enough candle power to cook the roast, wash the dishes, and compute this year's income tax. And it's always up for a game of chess, backgammon, or Space War.

(Above) Commodore PET 2001–A true all-in-one computer, with screen, keyboard, and built-in cassette recorder. Plug it in and go, for just $795 (8K model). (Commodore, Palo Alto, Calif.)

(Above) Processor Technology SOL SYSTEM II–A sophisticated computing system, consisting of the SOL-20/SOLOS terminal computer, with 16K of RAM on board, and the Panasonic TR-872 video monitor. The complete package sells for $2,250. (Processor Technology, Pleasanton, Calif.)

Computers are made up of three elements: the CPU (Central Processing Unit), chunks of memory, and interfaces that allow data—the lifeblood of a computer—to come in from and flow out to the real world.

There are two kinds of memory: ROM and RAM. Read Only Memory (ROM) is permanently stored. It contains programs that the computer needs in order to function. Random Access Memory (RAM) remains in the computer only as long as the power is on. As soon as the machine is shut down, the data stored in RAM is electronically erased.

ROM's and RAM's are measured in *bytes*. A byte is the basic unit of memory and is made up of eight binary bits (1 or 0). The more bytes your machine has, the more things it can do. The maximum memory configuration for an eight-bit microprocessor (AKA a home computer) is 65,536 (64K) bytes. Most of the machines that you'll consider buying will have no more than 4K or 8K to start with.

Programming the computer can be done through either hardware or software. ROM is hardware programming. Software programming must be loaded into the computer using either a cassette tape recorder or a floppy disk system (see below). The cassette method is much cheaper, but it's also slower and far more cumbersome.

Ira Smith, a New York-based computer consultant, explains that having a computer is "like having a real stupid friend. It'll do everything you tell it, but *only* what you tell it."

A computer is as good as the human who programs it. If you know nothing about computers, get a one-board learning model before you put down a couple of grand for a full-blown system. RCA's COSMAC VIP, a $275 kit, fills that bill. It's a powerful computer, with 4K of RAM on board, a cassette interface, and graphic capability: hook it up to your television, and you can be playing video games while you learn. The VIP's programming is done in simple machine language called CHIP-8. Practicing on this basic machine will give you a pretty good idea how a computer works and what it can do.

For home use the best bet is what Carl Helmers, editor of *BYTE* magazine, calls "the appliance computer": a system that is, or comes close to being, plug-in-and-go. The best appliance computers are Commodore's PET, Processor Technology's SOL-20, and the Apple II.

The PET (Personal Electronic Transactor) 2001 is a true all-in-one computer, equipped with a screen, keyboard, and built-in cassette recorder. It has 8K of RAM and 14K of ROM on board—all for $795. Included in the ROM is a versatile programming language called BASIC. BASIC is close to English, is easy to learn, and, with only slight variations, is the standard language of the micros. Commodore is planning a series of intelligent peripherals; with functioning memories built in, the peripherals will not use up any on-board memory, as most other systems do. Although Commodore has a lot of software in the planning stages, right now the PET is limited to games, teaching tapes, and business-related programs.

The SOL-20, midway between a home computer and a small-business computer, has only 1K of scratch-pad memory on board and is *S-100 bus* compatible. This means that you

(Below) RCA COSMAC VIP–A one-board "hobbyist" computer, shown with an RCA Model TC1210 monitor. The VIP comes in kit form only, for $275. (Through Schweber Electronics, Westbury, N.Y.)

(Above) APPLE II–The only home computer with color-graphic capability and game paddles as standard accessories. The 16K model, shown here hooked into a J.V.C. 7160 thirteen-inch color television, sells for $1,445. (Apple Computer, Inc., Cupertino, Calif.)

can "load in" any programming language—you're not limited to working in BASIC. The so-called bus structure refers to the way in which the CPU is connected to the memory chips and peripheral boards. The 8080 S-100 bus structure was the first, and is still the most popular, bus format for micros and their peripherals; owning a SOL-20 will therefore give you the widest range of peripherals and software to choose from.

New developments are breaking every day. But before you go out and buy, take a look at marketing trends to determine just how much peripheral and software support you can count on for your computer. The SOL-20 comes either factory assembled (the Sol System II, $2,250) or in kit form. The 8K kit costs $1,350 and the 16K kit $1,850.

The Apple II is, in many people's opinion, the Cadillac of home computers. It comes factory assembled, complete with keyboards, in five models: 4K at $995; 8K, $1,095; 16K, $1,445; 32K, $1,895; and 48K, $2,345. All of these have 8K of ROM, including BASIC. But it's the extras that make this such an appealing computer—it's the only appliance-type computer that comes with color-graphic capability and game paddles as standard accessories. Apple II even has a built-in speaker; while playing Trek, Pong, or Dragon in the Maze, the computer provides sound effects to liven up the game. Just hook your Apple to a color-television monitor, plug in the cassette recorder, load a program, and it's ready to go.

The first peripheral to consider is a so-called floppy disk system. Once you've become seriously involved in data-base management, you'll find the cassette storage system unmanageable. To remedy this, the floppy disk offers high-density storage (90K bytes per disk) and very fast access time—time measured in milliseconds instead of minutes.

There are plenty of fine mini-floppy systems on sale, but the most popular is North Star's kit ($799), the appeal of which stems at least in part from its version of BASIC. Since this BASIC has been around for a couple of years, all the kinks have been removed—it's been "debugged," in computer talk. Cromemco and Technical Design Labs also make excellent mini-floppy systems. Apple's floppy costs about $500, and Commodore promises to have one available soon.

Two different methods now available for appliance control are the GIMIX Ghost and Mountain Hardware's Introl.

If you're rich or planning on building a new house and want to have it computerized, get the Ghost—the complete system, minus wiring, costs about $1,300. Its relay driver hooks up to as many as thirty-one different devices, and a "opto-coupler board" goes into the computer and inputs data from the various sensors into the CPU; together the two Ghost boards can monitor various functions in up to thirty-one locations and control everything from burglar alarm and lights to lawn sprinklers.

Mountain Hardware's Introl remote-control system, meanwhile, works with existing wiring. The AC controller board ($199) fits into the computer and can control sixty-four remote locations; each remote box has two outlets and costs $99. Introl also has water and thermal sensors.

Once you've truly automated your house, of course, you can make it respond to your spoken commands with Heuristics Speech Lab. The Speech Lab ($299) can learn up to sixty-four different one-and-a-half-second-long utterances, which the computer can digitally decode and respond to. Commands like "television on" or "AC [air conditioner] off" will be instantly obeyed. The catch is that you must be very close to the microphone attached to the board, and even then the recognition factor is not 100 percent. But it is real, and it does work up to 95 percent of the time.

How about a talking computer? Well, with Computalker Consultants' CT-1 Speech Synthesizer the computer can be programmed to say phrases up to twenty words long—and with any accent or in any gender you'd like. The board costs $395. If this one is too hard to believe, just order their demonstration cassette. It's only $3, and it includes a computer imitation of JFK asking "not what . . . " and Martin Luther King having a dream.

A computer can even be programmed to synthesize music. The best and cheapest music board around is Software Technology's Music System ($24.50). Put their board into the computer (S-100 bus compatible), hook up your sound system, load up their program, and in a matter of nanoseconds your computer will be sounding like a reed organ. The system can play three notes at a time over a full four-octave range, and a sample program includes Bach and Handel.

Finally, you can hook up a small robot to your microcomputer. A group of students from MIT have formed a company called Terrapin, Inc., and are selling a kit (S-100 bus compatible only) called the Turtle ($250). The Turtle has two wheels, a dome head, and glowing eyes. It can be made to draw pictures with its built-in pen. Equipped with touch sensors, it can map out rooms and retrieve objects. The Turtle turns programming into a game and makes it fun to learn.

Most of us have been intimidated at one time or another by a big computer with a bug in its program. So why not own a home computer and fight back? As Aram Attarian, applications engineer for Processor Technology, says: "Once you own your own computer and understand how it works, you can walk into the bank, stare 'em straight in the eye, and say, '*My* computer tells me *your* computer made a mistake.' " ○—■

Technical assistance courtesy of the Computer Mart and the Computer Factory, both of New York, N.Y. All figures are suggested retail prices.

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

story shows that there are some who wish to guide our country in a just and honest manner.

I sincerely urge Mr. Korry to continue his fight, and should he ever require the assistance of one who feels as he does, please don't hesitate to ask. Often the best support of all is moral support and the knowledge that one is not alone in his convictions.—*M.H., address withheld*

That long-overdue, excellent piece by ex-Ambassador Korry makes a passing reference to the role of the United States in the Brazilian coup of 1964. Because the mass media seem to be giving it the "silent" treatment, your readers might like to know of Jan Knippers Black's *U.S. Penetration in Brazil*, which was published in July 1977 by the University of Pennsylvania Press.—*Richard H. Heindel, Professor Emeritus of International Relations, Pennsylvania State University, Harrisburg, Pa.*

Eliminating television

I have to admit that as I settled down with a beer, popcorn, and the March issue of *Penthouse*, my intention was not entirely the pursuit of social awareness, but I must say that Jerry Mander's excellent piece "Arguments for the Elimination of Television" got more of a rise out of me than anything else I read this time. His article is a brilliant and insightful exposé of a matter that I have felt hostility toward for many years. Mander is to be commended highly for presenting what is surely an unpopular view and for risking the wrath of the many devotees of television, not to mention the 100 or so large corporations whose success is dependent upon the populace's ignorance of the power they wield. On the corporate level, wherein lies the true capability to effect change, there is, ironically, the least chance of that change occurring; I am not so idealistic as to expect major businesses to undermine the very foundations upon which they exist.

On an individual level, the evil of television is not specifically its existence and content, but rather our misuse of it. The problem is the inability to be *selective*, our refusal to look away from the inanities of television, and our reluctance to limit the time spent in front of it. Although television addicts are not likely to admit this, the crux is that it is so much *easier* to be "entertained" than to "entertain." No one likes to be shown that he is boring, either to himself or to others; so the TV set becomes the convenient substitute for thought and interaction. From there it is only a short step to that susceptible, hypnotic state in which one becomes numbed to one's surroundings.

As Mander points out, the "numbing" effect that television can have is not an exaggeration but a scientifically proved fact. It is not necessary to take science's word for this, however; there is readily observable support for the phenomenon all around us in the form of family and acquaintances. Somehow I was spared the kind of parents who felt it necessary to waste several hundred of their hard-earned dollars on a TV set that would amuse my brother and me; so we were left to our own imaginations and devices to get through our formative years. I do not believe that it is entirely an accident that we got through them to become intelligent and highly creative adults, who feel neither the need nor the desire to own a TV.

Despite the lucrative nature of the television industry, the real essence of the problem (the elimination of television) is more a moral than an economic issue. It is, once again, mankind's willingness to "forget" that it has the capability of creating certain monsters. It is not unreasonable to rank the potential dangers of televised, programmed communication alongside the very real perils of nuclear warfare and the creation of life in test tubes.—*Margret Mueller, Tampa, Fla.*

I have just finished reading Jerry Mander's article, and all I can say is that I'm certainly glad I don't have a television set.—*L.W., Decatur, Ill.*

Commendations!

I am writing to commend you on the outstanding performance you have maintained over the past three years since I bought my first issue of *Penthouse*. I personally find your articles intriguing and mentally stimulating. They help keep me in touch with the changing times. Your pictorials have always been above average, and I know of very few other publications that are able to compare with yours in overall stunning visual effects.— *Danny Roberts, Orlando, Fla.*

Contrary to the usual run of "girlie" magazines, *Penthouse* has, with great courage, exposed many financial, social, and criminal plots against the people of the United States.

It is hoped that your readers become legion, because the public will never learn the truth about the underhanded dealings of their country in any other area of the media. Watergate, Cartergate, Koreagate, the Council of Foreign Relations, The Trilateral Commission, and the Export-Import Bank are all basically Socialist programs, further dignified by the media as liberal or progressive.

Please keep up the good work and keep these issues truthfully exposed.—*C. Hallett, Babylon, N.Y.*

Correction

In last month's interview with Frank Snepp, reference was made to "Syrian-Egyptian disengagement in the Sinai." This should have read "Israeli-Egyptian."

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MOANS & GROANS

I have a couple of comments. First, it is my opinion that most of the letters in your "Xaviera" and "Forum" sections are pure bullshit. And, secondly, what is it with the pictorials of the lesbians you frequently publish? Is this really the "in" thing? Do you need this aspect of abnormal sex to enhance the sales of the magazine? Personally, I think not. Besides, it's hard enough for some guys to make out now! —*Name and address withheld*

First, we receive hundreds of letters a week addressed to Xaviera and "Forum." There is no need for the staff to spend its time writing "pure bullshit." We cannot, of course, vouch for the 100 percent veracity of these letters, but if they provide entertainment and insight, we see nothing wrong with stretching the truth a little. Second, the great majority of our readers enjoy seeing pictures of women expressing their affection for each other in a sensual and sexual way. We have never claimed that these women are exclusively "lesbians." Perhaps it is this type of attitude that makes it difficult for "some guys to make out."

After my son, my husband, and I read some of the articles in your most recent issue, we concurred that the IQ of the people you cater to must be somewhere between that of a moron and an aggie. It's a joke, and if your staff would or could distinguish between fact and fantasy, you might be able to sell your magazine to those boasting a higher intellect instead of to a bunch of insecure, frustrated, mental derelicts.

My twelve-year-old son has more sense than to waste his money to support the weekly checks of an editorial staff that probably spends 75 percent of its salary on group therapy.

The magazine itself isn't so bad; it's the people who read it. Please check the ages of the people who purchase *Penthouse* and clean up your act!—*Name and address withheld*

According to the 1977–78 Simmons Study, the median age of the Penthouse *reader is twenty-eight. The median income is $18,000, and 38.9 percent are attending, or have graduated from, college. In view of this study, and judging from reader feedback, we certainly don't consider our readers "insecure, frustrated, mental derelicts."*

As for the assertion that the editorial staff spends 75 percent of its income on "group" therapy, it is completely untrue. After spending so much of our time working side by side together, we consider it worth the added expense to opt for private sessions.

I have been reading *Penthouse* since 1969 and have enjoyed the entire magazine very much. Reading the Vietnam Veterans Adviser for so long, I have been moved to

comment on the lot of the veterans and your part in their prospects.

The war, or at least the fighting involving organized American military units, has been over for several years.

The veterans of Vietnam, it seems to me, have been coddled about long enough now. Your articles talk about how the Labor Department, the Veterans Administration, the government, private industry, the Nixon, Ford, and Carter administrations, and society in general have screwed these "poor boys" over.

The question that comes to mind is, Isn't it about time that the veterans did something for themselves?

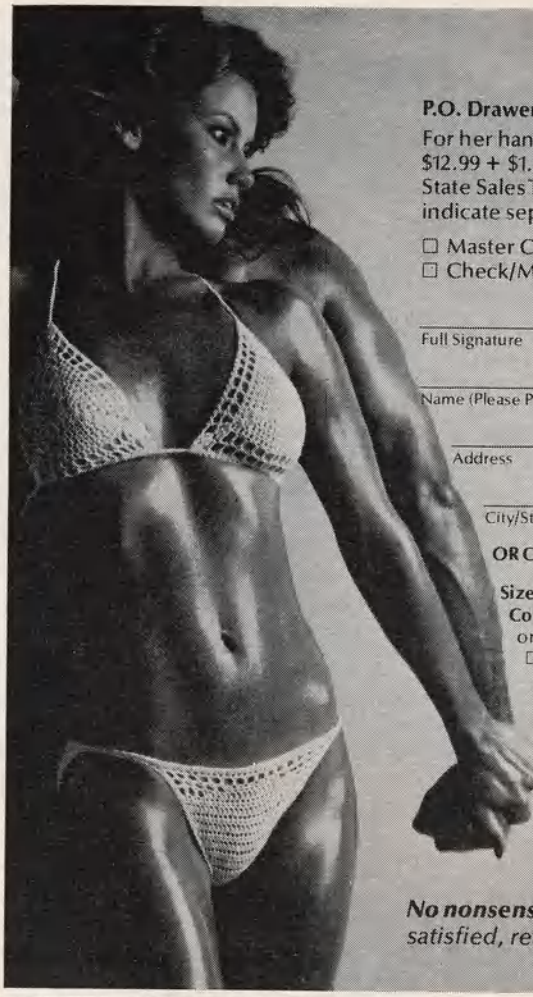
Are we all assuming that the trouble with all the dropouts started with the war? Does that remove all responsibility for their own actions or lack of action? Should background, family life, attitudes, and personal philosophies prior to their going to Vietnam be disregarded? It seems that they are trying to blame 2 years out of 20 or 12 out of 200 for all the trouble they have encountered in society. Just what is it that accounts for our screwed-up society? There are too many factors to go into here, but those dropouts, just like everyone else, contribute to the make-up of our overall society, and they bear just as much responsibility for the state of things today.

These dropouts made decisions that put them where they were and where they are, just as we all did. They therefore must be the ones to make the decisions to change their own lives.

I was there. I flew combat in Vietnam from 1968 to 1972. I presently teach school at the secondary level and make about $18,000 a year by working two jobs. I am relatively happy and enjoy my life and future prospects. So what is the difference between me and the dropout? For one thing, I didn't take your advice too seriously or sit around on my ass and complain about the bad deal I got. I decided to get to work and make something of my life—not because of Vietnam but in spite of it.—*F.A., address withheld*

We cannot accept your opinion that the Vietnam veteran has been "coddled" long enough. The attitude of the government and society has long been to try to sweep the leftovers of that tragic war under the carpet and just try to forget it as soon as possible. You should be commended for being able to "make something of your life" after the experience of Vietnam. However, there are all degrees of strength in men, and some received more help from family and friends, an important source, than others. Judging from our experience with vets, there were many who counted on assistance from the government and its various agencies but found nowhere and no one to turn to.

We will not argue here each of the points that you have brought up. It should be interesting to read the "Feedback" responses to your letter. Undoubtedly, they will be forthcoming. O+E



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"Now, when you get inside . . ."

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

looking young men in their mid-twenties and worked for the same company. They were in town for a quarterly meeting.

After a while we were all feeling loose and free, and the conversation soon turned to sex, sensitivity, and threesomes. The guys suggested a five-way, but I refused because I couldn't imagine a gangbang being any fun for me.

About this time four more of Mark's co-workers came by his room to see if he wanted to go out. They scanned the room and saw that I was the only woman; so they stayed and smoked a little to see what was going on.

It took me half a minute to survey the scene and answer an emphatic yes to the prospect of an eight-way!

I was young, still exploring sex, and there I was feeling very good, in a hotel room with eight young and very desirable men who all wanted me. I told myself I'd be crazy to pass up an opportunity to have an experience like that.

It didn't take long before these guys were all over me, and I was in ecstasy. It was incredible having someone sucking and licking my toes while someone else was stroking my ass and a third was eating my pussy. Meanwhile, the fourth was mouthing my breasts and neck while the fifth was kissing me while three fascinated men were watching.

One of the men, named Gary, bore a strong resemblance to a boy I had been crazy about in the fourth grade; so when I got to the point of wanting a nice dick in me, I singled him out to come and fuck me while everyone else watched. Gary and the eager audience were so exciting to me that I came as soon as he entered me. When we finished making love, it was up to the guys to decide who was next.

I had never been made love to in so many places by so many men at the same time, and the excitement and orgasms I felt were immeasurable. I refer to the sex act as making love here because all of the men were generous and inventive, and everyone seemed to be getting off on this novel experience as much as I was.

The entire evening was incredible, and I knew I'd never enjoy anything like it again. So I just basked in it. I know that all the men are *Penthouse* readers, and because I'll never see them, I want to thank them now for giving me an experience I'll remember for the rest of my life.—*A.A., Orlando, Fla.*

Snowbound

I attend a state university in upstate New York and finally had the type of adventure that I've been waiting for since I first began to read *Penthouse* many years ago. As you all know, this past winter had many snowstorms. As it happened, I had to drive up to school in the middle of one. I was with two female riders, who were very pretty but so far very unfriendly. Halfway up to school

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the car got stuck in a huge snowbank, and before I knew it, the car was covered with snow. The girls showed signs of panic, and I tried to convince them that everything would be all right. They started to talk about being buried alive and about how much they would miss getting laid! I thought this was pretty ironic, since I was thinking that it would be a great thrill to do these two fine pussies in while we were waiting to get rescued.

Before I could voice my opinion, Cindy (a small blonde with a really fine ass) had her hand in my pants and had a firm grip on my very surprised cock. Meanwhile, Eileen (a brunette with huge tits) was rubbing Cindy's crotch to the same rhythm that Cindy was working my tool. I couldn't believe that this adventure was happening to me! Next thing I knew, we were all stripped and were in the backseat of my '65 Chevy, having the time of our lives. Cindy and Eileen were really getting into each other, and their girl-to-girl gig turned me on more than I had imagined it could. Eileen's rapid tongue darted in and out of Cindy's blonde bush, and Cindy was joyfully playing with Eileen's silver-dollar-sized nipples. The coldness in the car was rapidly taking its toll on my now semihard penis. Cindy, noticing this, quickly warmed it back to its previous rock-hard state by using her obviously experienced tongue and mouth. When I was about to explode, the girls switched off and Eileen took my throbbing cock into her mouth and sucked down every last drop of my hot semen.

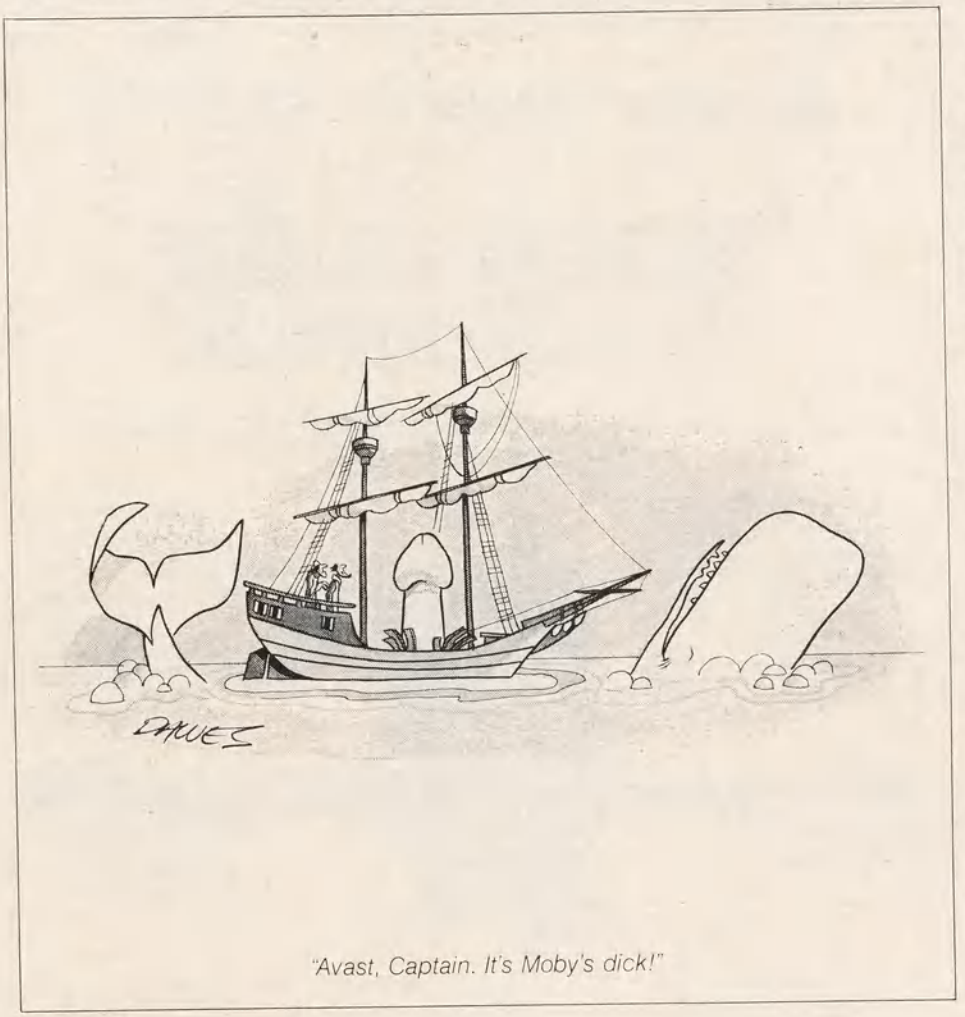
We took a quick breather and, realizing that our survival meant maintaining bodily warmth, got right back into things. I started to eat out Eileen while Cindy fondled my balls. The next thing I knew, Cindy mounted me and took my entire eight inches into her hot, wet hole. Cindy's moaning and groaning and wild gyrations took my attention away from Eileen, who proceeded to insert my fingers into her aching cunt. At this point, the three of us were like poetry in motion, and the following few minutes seemed like eternity. We all erupted into bone-shaking simultaneous orgasms. Taking a breather and realizing how cold it was in the car, and not having the energy to continue the present mode of heating, we put our clothes back on and huddled together to wait for our rescue. After a two-hour wait and one more fuck session, we were rescued by the Thruway police. Eileen and Cindy went back to their unfriendly ways, and when we bump into each other on campus, all I get is a quick smile. But I never will forget that threesome in my '65 igloo.—*Name and address withheld*

Crime and punishment

I'm an attractive twenty-seven-year-old woman living in a singles complex in a large southwestern city. I have a good job, a pretty face, and a great body, if I do say so myself. I have observed with interest for the past four months the activities of our local Don Juan here at the apartments. He has conquered the hearts and bodies of all of the younger women and has caused many unhappy situations, as might be expected. He is the arrogant, aggressive type that has always gotten on my nerves. After letting several of his young victims cry on my shoulder, I decided that this Don Juan should learn a lesson. There is nothing like an old-fashioned cock-teasing to puncture a man's ego, and the physical condition it leaves him in is nothing to laugh about.

I decided to punish this Don Juan by teasing him and to tape-record the proceedings. I put the word out that I would enjoy a "date" with him, and he showed up at my apartment several nights later with a bottle of wine. We drank several glasses of wine and sat on the couch. He soon began to grab and kiss and try to get at my tits, which are large and firm. He desperately wanted to see them; so I allowed him to frustrate himself by trying to unsnap my bra. I laughed lightly as he moaned and groaned, and I thwarted his efforts to get the last snap undone. I took my blouse off and asked him teasingly to say "Pretty please." (This was all on tape of course; so I wanted it to be good.) He refused, and I got up and poured another glass of wine so that he would sweat while I walked around in only my bra and skirt. The cups were overflowing with tit and he couldn't take his eyes off them in spite of his efforts. I came back to the couch and sat facing him, with my legs crossed under me. I knew that this position would show a lot of upper thigh and maybe a little panty. He smoked a cigarette and finally blurted out, "Pretty please." I then reached back for the snaps, stopped, and said, "How about pretty please with sugar and cream on it?" He made a face and mumbled the magic words that I wanted the tape recorder to pick up. I giggled and undid the snaps and let him see the set of tits that he was to remember for a long time.

He reached for them, and I brushed his hands away and told him that he could use his mouth only. There was a method to my madness. As he would try to get one in his mouth, I would easily swing it away and let it hit him in the eye. I had him moaning "please" in a matter of minutes. I let him enjoy one for a few seconds and released his cock from his pants. I wanted it to be hot and twitching involuntarily when I sent him home. It was well on the way. Don Juan took the release of his cock as his signal to go for my pussy, and I allowed him to pull my skirt up and kiss my upper thighs and panties as his head lay in my lap. I let a nipple rest in his ear and stroked his cock very slowly several times while my crotch tantalized him. I knew the female smell was driving him crazy, but I wouldn't allow any fingers under my panties. I made a decision to make him beg to see my pussy and then not show it to him—all for the sake of the tape recorder. I didn't have to ask. He voluntarily said, "Pretty please with sugar and cream on it," and I teased him by holding



"Avast, Captain. It's Moby's dick!"

the waistband of my panties open and letting them snap on his nose as he attempted to get his face inside.

I knew that now was the time. I whispered softly, "Be a good boy and hand me my bra, please." He looked at me incredulously, and I repeated the request. He couldn't believe his ears. He sat up and wanted to know why I wanted the bra. I explained to him that I had been teasing him and that I now intended to put my bra on. He made no move to pick it up; so I let my tits continue to taunt him, and he stared at them in agony. I could see that his cock was throbbing, and I looked down at it and laughed flippantly. I knew that his balls would soon begin to ache and that he would spend the rest of the night in frustration. I calmly explained to him that I had teased him because of the way he had treated several of my friends and that this seemed to be an appropriate punishment. I had left my skirt up and my tits exposed while I talked to him so that he could stare at them helplessly.

Hoarsely, he apologized about the way he treated my friends and asked whether I could help him. Enjoying every second of his lesson, I asked him how I could. He replied, "Use your hand, anything. Just help me get my rocks off."

In a firm tone of voice I said, "I believe that you need to go home and masturbate and take a good, cold shower." I picked up my bra and made a great to-do about getting my tits into them neatly. I knew then that our Don Juan would think about this experience for a long time to come. I hoped that the embarrassment and discomfort I caused him would induce him to mend his ways and have a little more consideration of other people.

I was amused to hear that he moved out of the apartment complex after I treated some of his victims to a little tape session.—*Name and address withheld*

Shopping for the unusual

I am a twenty-six-year-old single man who has had a very satisfactory sex life. It was also quite normal and routine until recently. Last Monday I was out doing some shopping in the afternoon. I was browsing in the aisles in a store here in Portland when a vision of loveliness in a red dress appeared. She had long, perfectly shaped legs, firm upthrusting breasts, and brown hair that fell straight to her shoulders. She also had the most sensuous pair of lips I had ever laid eyes on. I also noticed that she was wearing a wedding ring. I was eyeing her magnificent body, which the dress revealed to perfection, trying to decide whether I should approach her in order to strike up a conversation. Then her husband appeared. I felt deeply let down as they went off together and took my hopes with them.

I then decided to get something to drink at the store's cafeteria. I got my coke and was approaching a table when I saw the lovely woman with her husband sitting nearby. I decided to take a seat across from them so that I could at least enjoy looking.

Until Excita I never thought I'd like my man to wear a condom.

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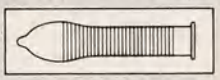

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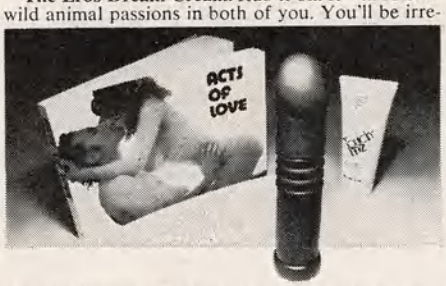

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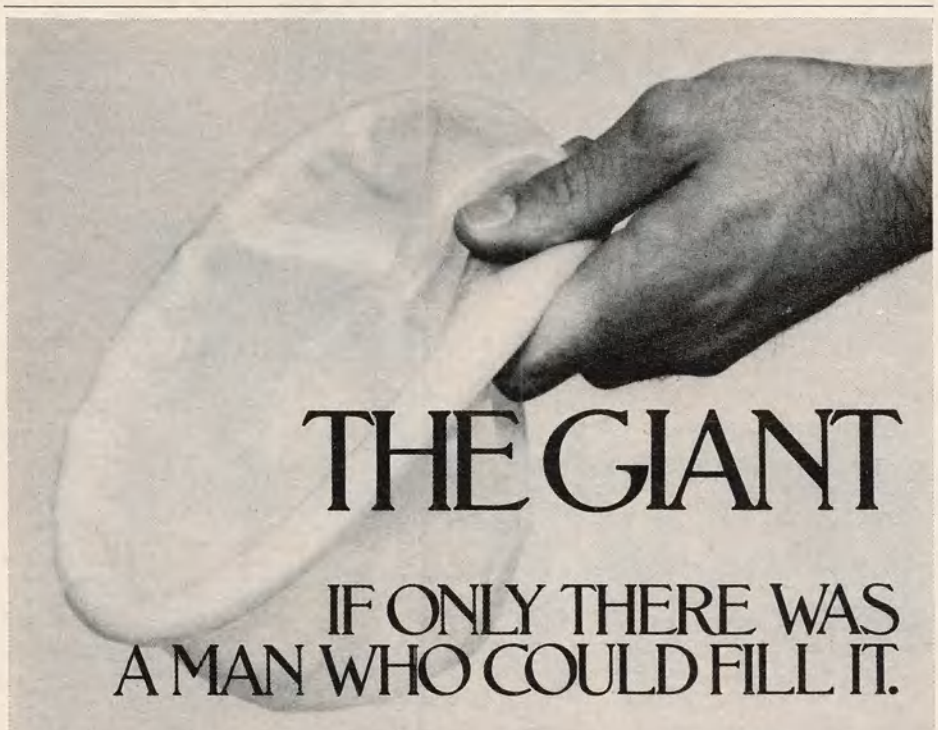

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She was facing me, and her husband had his back to me. She was sitting with her legs crossed, exposing her marvelous thighs. I had been staring and wondering what it would be like to be between them when I looked up and saw her looking intently at me. She smiled and I smiled back, thinking that at least she knew I was admiring her body. Then she surprised and delighted me very much by reaching under the table and pulling her skirt up higher on her thighs. As she did this, she slowly crossed her legs to the other side, revealing her dark, luxuriant bush. Interpreting this as a definitive come-on and feeling very horny, I looked at her and silently mouthed the words "I want you." I then held an imaginary telephone receiver to my ear and pointed to myself and then to her while mouthing "Can I call you?" She said something to her husband, who appeared to be utterly ignorant of what was happening right under his nose. Suddenly, he got up and took her cup to get some more coffee. She took a pencil and paper out of her purse and began to write something. When she had finished, she folded the paper and placed it under the napkin holder while she smiled seductively at me. Then she got up, took her coat, and went to tell her husband that she didn't want any coffee after all. As soon as they left, I went over to see her note and on it read that her name was Lynne, and that she wanted to see me that very night at 6:00.

I knocked on her door precisely at the appointed time. The door opened, and there she stood in a very sheer green negligee, which showed her body off well. Her breasts were crowned with the biggest nipples I had ever seen. Before I could say or do anything, she led me inside and unzipped my pants, releasing my throbbing cock. Her tongue and lips surrounded it, and the sensation was unbelievable. She licked and sucked me until I thought I couldn't stand the intensity of the pleasure. I soon had the most explosive orgasm I'd ever had.

We talked for a while, and she played with my cock, trying to bring it back to life. She told me that her husband worked nights and wouldn't be home until after midnight. We then undressed each other, and I sank my tongue in her deliciously moist pussy. As I was eating her and she was writhing around the living room floor in ecstasy, I was suddenly aware of a second pair of hands fondling my cock and balls. I looked around and couldn't believe my eyes. Standing there was Lynne's identical twin! She said, "My name is Sue, but don't let me interrupt you." As I ate Lynne to the point of orgasm, Sue masturbated me with the touch of an expert.

To make a long story short, the rest of that night was spent sucking and fucking. I did have to leave before Lynne's husband came home, however. It seems that these two thirty-year-old identical-twin sexpots do this quite often. They told me that one of them goes out and picks up an unsuspecting stranger and makes a date. Then she

calls the other one, and that night they fuck him silly. I'm glad that I was one of their targets.—*Name and address withheld*

Reunion

I lead a very active sex life, and there are many exciting stories I could relate, one of the most exciting being my first experience with a mild bondage scene. I'm a student at Pratt, an art school in New York, and I had come back early from my spring vacation in the hope that my boyfriend and I could spend a couple of endless nights enjoying each other before we got loaded down with schoolwork. As the story goes, he wasn't about to come back early, and I had to spend three lonely nights bored out of my mind. During my three days of boredom I devised a plan for revenge—a surprise of sorts for my man.

The night he came back to school, I invited him and a few friends to dinner, after which we all adjourned to my bedroom to smoke a few joints and listen to some albums. At my signal, my three burly friends pounced on my boyfriend. Not knowing what was in store, he struggled with all his might, but finally they pinned and tied him to my bed and blindfolded him. He's very well built, and the sight of his powerful body rendered helpless was an incredible turn-on. It wasn't long before my boyfriend began to understand my game and ceased his struggling. He realized that the object of our game was pleasure.

I escorted my friends out of the apartment and locked the door after them. Back in my room I turned out the lights and lit a few candles and went over to his side. I let my kisses convey all the passion and excitement that I was feeling while I slowly unbuttoned his shirt, kissing and licking my way down his chest and across his stomach. I proceeded to remove his belt and unzip his jeans. By now his cock was straining against the denim, and I could watch it pulsate while I ran my fingers lightly through his pubic hair and along the inside of his thighs. By now I was as anxious and as hot as he was; so I pulled his jeans down around his ankles. He was really gorgeous lying there spread-eagled and at my mercy. I was ready to take my revenge (I had almost forgotten that it was revenge that I wanted) and set up a mirror and removed everything but my bra and panties in preparation for some all-out cock-teasing.

I kissed him as passionately as I knew how on the mouth, neck, shoulders, and chest, licking and kissing down to the edges of the soft curls at the base of his beautiful cock. He thrust his hips upward in an effort to reach my mouth with his cock, but I continued to toy with him, kissing, sucking, and fondling everything but the most obvious target. I had to stop now and then to give myself a breather (by now I was pretty hot and wet myself), and so I got up to change the record. When I returned, I began to kiss him, and when I thought he'd had about as much teasing as was pleasurable, I moved from his side to be-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

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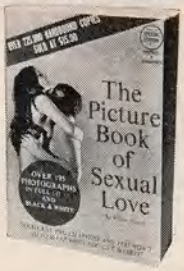

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tween his legs to take him in my mouth. I watched myself in the mirror with mild fascination as I swirled my tongue around and around the head of his cock and down the hard shaft to his balls and back to the now-glistening head. His breathing was becoming very heavy, and I was getting really turned on. So I slid my lips down the shaft, taking all of him in my mouth as I started to move in time to his thrusting motion. His head was tilted back, and he moaned softly. I felt his cock begin to swell; so I quickly removed my mouth. He groaned in disappointment, but by now I was dripping with excitement; so I straddled him, rubbing his wet cock against my clit and then sliding myself down on him. I was dying to be fucked, and I quickly untied him. He pushed me over onto my back, pressing his cock deep inside me. Because he can read my movements like a book, he decided to give me a taste of my own medicine by bringing me closer and closer to orgasm only to stop just short. He finally made me come in four or five fabulous, consecutive orgasms, each more powerful than the one before. He finished by shoving his cock deep inside me and filling me with his hot come.—*Name and address withheld*

Chasing the commuter blues

Having just read this month's "Forum" and creaming in my panties all the way through it, I've decided to share one of my kinky sex experiences with you.

I'm twenty-two, five feet four inches, 110 pounds, and have sandy brown, long hair. There's one thing I don't have and that's tits, but believe me I have everything else it takes to get a rise out of a man. I would say my ass and legs are my finer qualities, which I keep in excellent shape with yoga. I am lucky to work downtown in the heart of the city, which means that there are always lots of attractive men and women around. My interest lies in both.

I dressed accordingly this morning so that I could give a few beaver shots on the train on my way down. I slipped into my black stockings and garters with no panties and a short dress with spike heels. (I like to start my day out by giving people a smile.)

I was sitting on the train with my legs slightly spread, resting my feet on the seat next to me. Before long a man walked on in his mid-thirties. He was well dressed and had a briefcase under his arm. After he folded his coat and put it on the seat by my feet, his eyes followed my legs up to my exposed cunt and then in disbelief to my eyes. I simply smiled my nasty little smile and returned to reading my *Penthouse*. Now, I'm sure that there are readers out there thinking what a bitch I am. But I love being a prick-teaser, and I get such a wicked rush every time I flash my cunt at an unsuspecting stranger.

Meanwhile I watched out of the corner of my eye to see if Mr. Vulnerable was still interested in being devastated by another incandescent flash. He was; so I spread

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my legs a little wider and hiked up my dress in one audacious movement. I must admit that I was getting a little bored with just giving beaver shots; so I thought I would give this man a show he wouldn't forget. I reached into my purse and pulled out my dildo. (I keep it handy at all times just in case a nice hard cock isn't around when I need one!)

First I slipped my finger into my mouth and then slid it into my pussy. I started rotating my finger around my clit, and the juices began to flow, and he riveted his eyes on me. The train was nearing Union Station; so I figured I'd better pick up the tempo of my act. I took my dildo and shoved it in as far as the hilt, while I played with my clit with my other fingers. I was stroking and pumping slowly, so as to be inconspicuous, but because he was as hot as he was, I thought, *Screw my inhibitions*, and really began to shove that baby into my cunt till I was at the point of no return. Spreading my legs wider and getting into the exhibition myself, I brought myself off in a juicy orgasm. I got my things together and walked off the train and turned around to see a nice bulge in his pants and a smile on his face.

What a way to start the day!—*Name and address withheld*

Heavenly intimacy

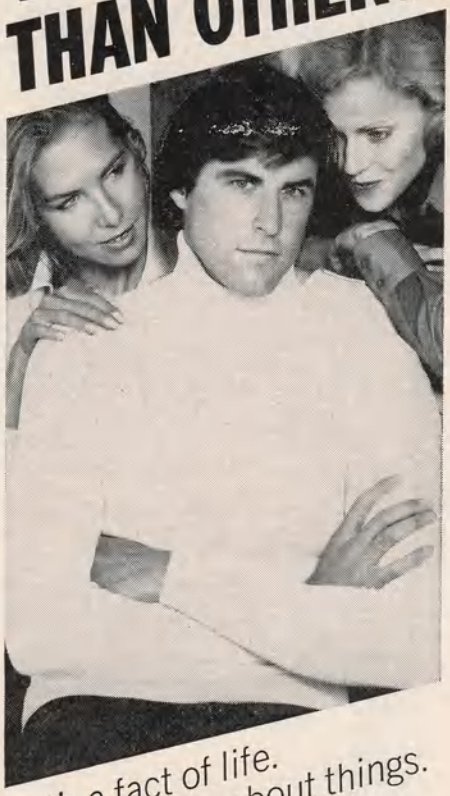
My lover, Jeff, and I have a beautiful relationship. We both love sex and have learned to understand its meaning in our lives. We are very open about it and have tried many techniques that have proved very enjoyable to us both. We especially like fellatio and cunnilingus and love doing sixty-nine.

In my mind one occasion stands out that I will always remember as one of the most erotic and exciting nights of our life together. We had been reading "Forum" and smoking a few joints and were feeling quite horny. I removed my blouse and pressed my warm tits up against Jeff's already-bare chest and proceeded to kiss him passionately, my tongue exploring his warm mouth and tongue while I undid his pants and stroked his already-hard cock. Then I placed his beautiful, big cock in my mouth. I slid my lips up and down until he became very hot. His fingers were quite busy all this time inside my pants, caressing and exploring my moist cunt. By now we were both ready for more action and threw off our clothes and headed for the bedroom.

Jeff lay on his back, and I positioned my seething pussy over his face while I placed his cock in my mouth. Jeff's tongue and lips started to lick, suck, and explore the folds and lips of my pussy. He has a special talent for sliding his tongue in and out of my cunt while his lips caress my clit until my body becomes on fire and I reach a climax that shakes my body all over.

I continued to suck him and slowly drew his cock in and out of my mouth while sucking and twirling my tongue around. My hands were busy, too, exploring his balls and the sensitive area between them and his ass. Then, after wetting my finger with

SOME GUYS DO BETTER THAN OTHERS.



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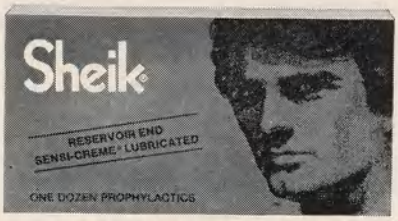

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saliva, I inserted it gently into his ass and moved it in and out. He also likes me to place one of his balls in my mouth, which I did. I'd reached a couple of climaxes by now, and he was close to coming himself.

I then begged him to fuck me, and we quickly changed our positions. I straddled his body with my thighs, and he caressed my tits until my nipples were erect and my pussy readily accepted his hot cock. By leaning forward on my elbows and pushing my pelvis back, I allowed his dick to stroke my clit while we began our deliberate in-and-out strokes. Jeff would almost pull out and push in hard again while I reached another intense climax. My moans and sighs excited him, and he quickened his movements and placed one of my tits in his mouth, sucking and licking and making me even hotter. I pushed and pumped excitedly until I felt his dick begin to pulsate and his come shoot warmly into my pussy. We remained in this position and caressed and kissed for a while, while the memory of our beautiful lovemaking still burned in our minds and bodies. Later we fell asleep in each other's arms.—*Name and address withheld*

Laundry allure

My roommate and I are second-year students in a large university in Texas. We have been avid readers of your magazine for quite some time because, up until recently, we were suffering a dry spell. When it rains, it pours, however, and we felt we must explain why.

One Saturday afternoon we were washing clothes in the laundry room of the apartment building where we live. Our wash had finished, but all of the dryers were full and running except for one that had turned off. We were not too keen on waiting until the owner of the clothes came around; so we began to unload the dryer into the laundry basket in front of the dryer. The clothes in the machine happened to be women's clothes, but we weren't hesitant about removing them. We weren't ready for what we found, though. Inside the dryer there were numerous pairs of lacy, crotchless panties and other unmentionables! We were really stunned at first, but then we began to roar with laughter. This is wild stuff around these parts!

As we were examining one especially fine pair of panties, two girls from down the hall came in. We were very embarrassed, but they were really pissed off. Susanne, a tall, slender blonde with great tits said, "Damn you two! What on earth are you doing fooling with our laundry?" Meg, her roommate, was at a loss for words as she jerked the fine pair of panties from my friend's grasp.

Before long, they were more embarrassed than we were. My roommate said reassuringly that we wouldn't tell anyone about this treasure trove. They relaxed, and Meg tauntingly retorted that we would have been better able to enjoy them had we found them in the owners' possession. Susanne decided that we would be

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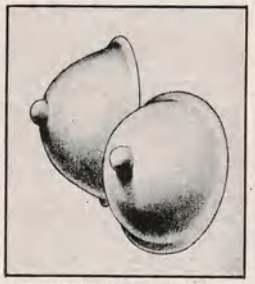

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granted an exclusive modeling session that night.

We could hardly wait! At seven, we knocked on their door and heard Meg tell us to come in. We then walked into a dimly lit room. The place smelled of good Colombian reefer, and it was obvious that the girls had been drinking wine to prepare for the show. Then both of them walked out of the bedroom. They were really decked out, in long dresses that clearly outlined Susanne's lucious tits and Meg's erect nipples.

Susanne told us to get a glass of wine and to have a seat for the show. And what a show it was! Meg walked over to Susanne and caressed her neck gently. Then Susanne reached for Meg's tits. All the while each was undressing the other, slowly but surely, finally revealing the infamous crotchless panties. Then Meg said "Can't you guys take a hint? We're ready!" We immediately undressed. Meg and my friend got the couch, and Susanne and I attacked each other on the carpeted floor. I immediately went down on Susanne's already drenched, silken, blonde cunt. She wrapped her legs over my shoulders and began to grind her hips at my fluttering tongue. I was about to drown as she tensed her body, arched her back, and came violently.

I then shifted, putting my cock into her pussy. I pumped for a short time, and Susanne moaned, "No, do me from behind." I quickly rolled her over and gently slid my rod into her ass, and soon I was shuddering in my own powerful orgasm. She quickly began to give me the greatest head of my life while my roommate came to resume my former position, all the while eating Meg's hot pussy. The rest of the evening was spent in the same type of activity.

My roommate and I saw the girls for quite some time, until they graduated in December. Now, when we do our laundry, we are always sure to check the piles of clothes that we see. But thus far we haven't found anything to compare with those fine lace panties.—*Name and address withheld*

Making the rounds

Recently, I had the opportunity to partake of a New Year's Eve tour to Paris from my army post in Germany. I arrived promptly at the departure area, which was filled with about forty other GIs waiting for the tour that would carry us to the land of our fantasies. You should have seen our faces when June, our tour guide, arrived. She had beautiful chestnut hair, an ass that wouldn't quit, and breasts that threatened to burst from her blouse. Our driver started the bus, and away we went.

I'm sure that all those horny GIs shared my thoughts as I imagined June and me naked together in our hotel room. When we arrived there, I was surprised to be assigned the room next to June's. I thought that it would be cruel fate to see and hear but not be able to touch her for three nights.

As I lay in my bed that evening, I heard June leave her room and go to the bathroom we shared. As I thought about her, I

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got a throbbing erection. I thought, "What the hell" and arranged to "accidentally" meet her in the hall. We bumped into each other, causing her robe to open and expose the body of my dreams. She seductively put her hand on my hot cock; and I almost came then and there. She pulled me into her room, threw off her robe, revealing the rest of her garden of pleasure, and proceeded to give me the best blowjob I've ever had. Much to my surprise, she immediately ushered me out of the room.

On the last day, I was late for the bus. I ran and jumped on with a knowing smile on my face. That, and a small hickey on my earlobe, were the only reminders of the highlight of my tour. You can imagine my surprise when I saw the driver and my forty fellow travelers all with knowing smiles and identical earlobe hickeys.—*Name and address withheld*

Rejuvenating sauna

After dedicated years of reading "Penthouse Forum," I feel that a recent occurrence merits your attention. I am currently attending post-secondary school at Trent University, a relatively small, liberal-minded institution with an abundance of female students. One night my friend and I had just completed a rather grueling squash match, and after the usual small talk, we wrapped ourselves in towels and retired to the sauna.

Upon entering, we were taken aback by the presence of two very voluptuous, very nude, young women perched at either end of the bottom bench. With not much space left on that bench, the two of us sat between them on the upper bench. After a few minutes of somewhat nervous conversation, Al decided that the air was too dry and that some water should be splashed on the rocks. At this point, I knew exactly what he had on his mind. Waves of hot steam enveloped us as I doused the rock pile. By the look of the sweat pouring out of us, the temperature must have risen fifteen degrees. At this point, Al nudged me and we both caught sight of the two most beautiful sets of erect nipples that I had ever seen outside the pages of your magazine. Instantly, I found myself with the most massive hard-on that I had experienced in quite a while—and, from the look on Al's face, I'm sure he did, too.

The women began kidding us about the prudishness of our wearing our concealing towels, at which point we discarded them. This exposed our glistening, sweating hard-ons. As I glanced down to the right, I saw a pair of eyes glued to my cock and a peculiar smile on one of the women's face. I watched in amazement as she slowly edged her way closer to me, with her eyes still fixed on my erect manhood. Just at that moment I heard a noise and turned to witness Al having his entire cock engulfed and an expression of relaxation and delight gleaming across his face. My attention was quickly diverted by the sensation of a tongue working its way up the underside of my erect prick. After two or three minutes of such licking, I was sweating so much, I could hardly keep still. The girl then took my balls into her mouth and sucked off the sweat. Oh, what a sensation! Just as I was about to come, she quickly took me completely into her mouth and massaged my balls with the sweat from her breasts. Sensing my impending orgasm, she worked feverishly with her mouth, moving up and down my shaft. Suddenly, taking control, I grasped the back of her head and thrust my entire length down her throat. I felt her attempted moans of ecstasy as vibrations on the head of my cock. I immediately climaxed and doused her eager throat with a tremendous load. Barely able to move, I glanced over to see Al with his face in his partner's bush, bringing her to a voluptuous orgasm.

Needless to say, we've had many subsequent rendezvous of this kind and are working on a game of squash for four.—*Name and address withheld*

Statistical analysis

As a rule, I'm usually very secretive about my personal sex life, but this particular experience is so unique that I felt it would be of interest to your readers. I'm a senior at a moderate-sized state school in western North Carolina. Almost ready to graduate, I'm on my last leg of the college trip and

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want to get my final share of the young, sexy women that abound on this campus.

Recently, I went out with a slender coed, whom I'll call Ann. Ann, being from a large city in Florida, is not very satisfied with the social life here at this university. At first, I thought the date would just be a routine evening, which is usual during slow and somewhat boring summer school. I really didn't know Ann that well and asked her out on the insistence of one of her friends.

It started one hot, balmy evening, at a party at one of the local fraternity houses, of which I am a member. Although Ann and I were mere acquaintances, this evening I often noticed her eyes glancing at my crotch with a fixed gaze. I, too, was becoming more than just a little aroused from looking at her tight little ass in the skintight, white tennis shorts she had on. This particular night she looked extremely seductive, since her halter top was one size too small and could barely conceal her thrusting mammaries.

Upon arriving at the party, we went to the bar and ordered a beer. As she leaned forward to take her beer from the guy behind the bar, I got an open view of her silver-dollar-sized nipples, which were already hard and standing out through the thin material of her halter top like two pencil erasers. This sight, as well as that of her long, tanned legs, made my dick harder than Chinese arithmetic. Upon noticing this, Ann asked me if I was uncomfortable and then said we should go outside to get some air. Once outside, I seated myself upon the rail of the porch, and she walked over to me with her tits level with my eyes. Without saying a word, she moved in close and covered my face with her taut orbs. The fragrant smell of her perfume, along with the salty taste of her delicious cleavage, caused my cock to rise like a thermometer in a pot of boiling water and grow even bigger than I thought possible. One hot breath from me around her tits was all it took for her to let me know that she meant business tonight. She immediately coaxed my ravenous lips to her succulent nipples and moaned deliriously as I sucked and bit them. After about five minutes of this, I suddenly remembered that we were on the porch and suggested that we move upstairs to one of the empty bedrooms. Readily agreeing, she rubbed my dong until I thought it would split the inseams of my jeans.

We rushed to the bedroom, and it was all I could do to keep from tripping as I anxiously removed my pants and her shorts at the same time. This woman was like a wild animal that hadn't eaten in a month, and the sight of my cock caused her to drop to her knees immediately and begin what turned out to be the best blowjob I ever had. She sucked my dick and balls alternately; but just before I was ready to blow my wad, there was a knock on the door. Stopping momentarily, Ann looked around and yelled, "Come back in forty-five minutes." At the time, I didn't pay much attention to what she had said. I couldn't stand it any longer;

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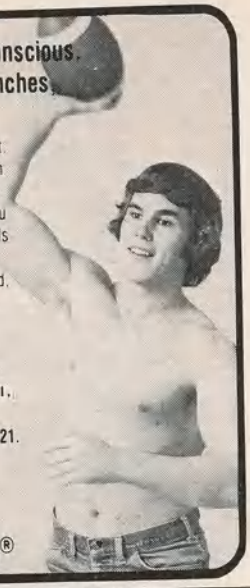

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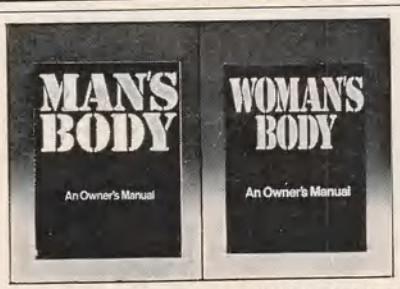

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so I picked her up and laid her on the bed.

I climbed aboard and started inching my way into her streamy, moist love nest. She was surprisingly tight; so I went down on her, burrowing my tongue into her cavern. After a couple of minutes of this action, she began squirming and loosening up. Then, all of a sudden, she told me to stop for a minute. Getting up, she reached for her purse and pulled from it a small tape measure, pen, and pocket-size note pad. "This is for the record," she said and proceeded to measure my swollen organ with the tape measure, recording the length and circumference in her note pad. I thought I measured about eight inches in length, but she gave me an eight and three-quarters. Thumbing through six other pages of such entries, I noticed a range of measurements from four and one-half to ten and one-quarter, the mean being slightly more than six! It was at this time that she told me that she was majoring in business, with a concentration in statistical analysis.

I then told her that I wasn't particularly interested in statistics at the moment and mounted her, driving my throbbing pole into her with great force. After twenty minutes of continuous motion and three orgasms on her part, I finally came in one long, pleasurable climax. Getting up, I went to the bathroom across the hall and took a shower, hoping to get in on some fresh action when I returned. After drying off, I started back to the room but found that the door was locked. Thinking that Ann had fallen asleep, I woke up the house manager and borrowed the passkey. Entering quietly, I found that Wade, one of my fraternity brothers, had taken up where I left off. Suddenly, Ann opened her eyes and looked up, and I started walking toward them. Jumping up, Ann yelled, "Leave him alone, or you'll never get the chance to screw me again." Well, anger overruled reason, and I threw my fraternity brother into the hall. Ann hurriedly dressed and left, as I chased her through the house, wearing nothing except my towel, trying to persuade her to stay.

Well, I didn't get to tag Ann anymore, but I do have the satisfaction of knowing that I was part of her survey for a research stat class for which she received an "A," although she did have to disguise the subject on which she did her research.—*Name and address withheld*

Civil aeronautics

I haven't missed an issue of *Penthouse* in the past three years and recently became a subscriber to the magazine. I thoroughly enjoy reading the "Forum" letters and have recently been inspired to write one myself.

I was waiting to board the plane at JFK for my flight down to Atlanta when a woman who was also waiting asked me what time it was. I told her and didn't think too much of it. I had gotten high before I arrived; so I was pretty mellow. But while we were boarding the plane, she started a conversation with me. She spoke with a British accent mixed with a slight southern drawl. As it

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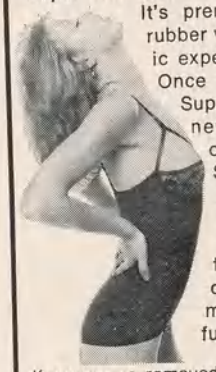

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turned out, she had the window seat behind me. I had an aisle seat. We continued conversing, and I found out that she was from one of the Channel Islands, off the coast of Normandy. She had been living there for two years with her husband. At any rate, she said that if the plane did not fill up, I should join her so that she could talk my ear off for two hours. My imagination started going, and I kept thinking of all those "Forum" letters dealing with airplane flights.

After takeoff I moved back and sat in the aisle seat next to her. She told me that her name was Marsha and that she was bound for Raleigh, to visit her parents. We talked about airports, travel, and cultural differences and found out that we had a lot in common. Her age was twenty-seven, and she told me that she had once been living with a guy for three years before she split up with him. On several occasions the conversation involved sex. We'd start talking about bars and different highs and end up talking about sex. I figured hints were thrown around enough, and she kept "relaxing" down under her blanket. Our heads were close together. So I decided to make a move and started caressing her hand while rubbing her right breast with my arm. She said that she was getting horny; so I said that we should do something about it. After all, she did have a blanket over her, and we could be discrete.

As I was caressing her inner thigh, she said that it was considerate of me to do this for her. She undid her pants and I slipped my hand into her panties and down over her pubic mound. She was already quite moist; so I applied rotation on her clit while delving up her twat with my finger. At the same time I ran the fingers of my right hand around her neck, and we intertwined our tongues in numerous kisses. As I rubbed her clit and dipped for her juices, I asked her if she wanted to continue in the bathroom, but she said that she didn't have any contraceptive protection. So we decided to stay there in our seats.

In the course of this whole scene, the guy on my right got up and returned, and I wondered if he had noticed anything out of the ordinary. At about this time I could see that Marsha was reaching orgasm because she arched her body right off the seat. (If anything was noticeable, that was!) Almost immediately after she came, she started feeling my crotch through my pants. I said that I could cover my legs with my jacket, and I undid my pants. She proceeded to pump my rod until I creamed all over my new flannel shirt and her hand while we had a continuous exchange of kisses. She squeezed my cock a few times and said that she didn't have any tissues. I said that I had a handkerchief, and we tried to get ourselves together. Not a moment too soon either, because we were approaching the runway. We landed in Atlanta with her head on my shoulder. She said that all of her tension was gone.

In Atlanta we both missed our connections. She got put up in a motel, and I

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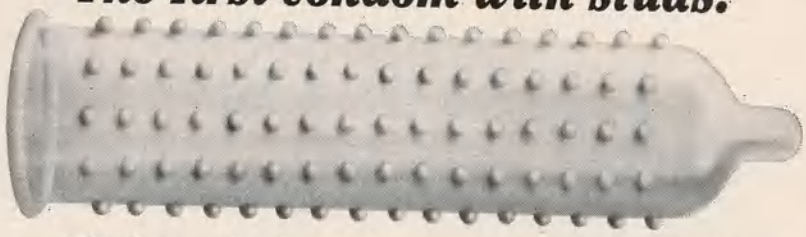

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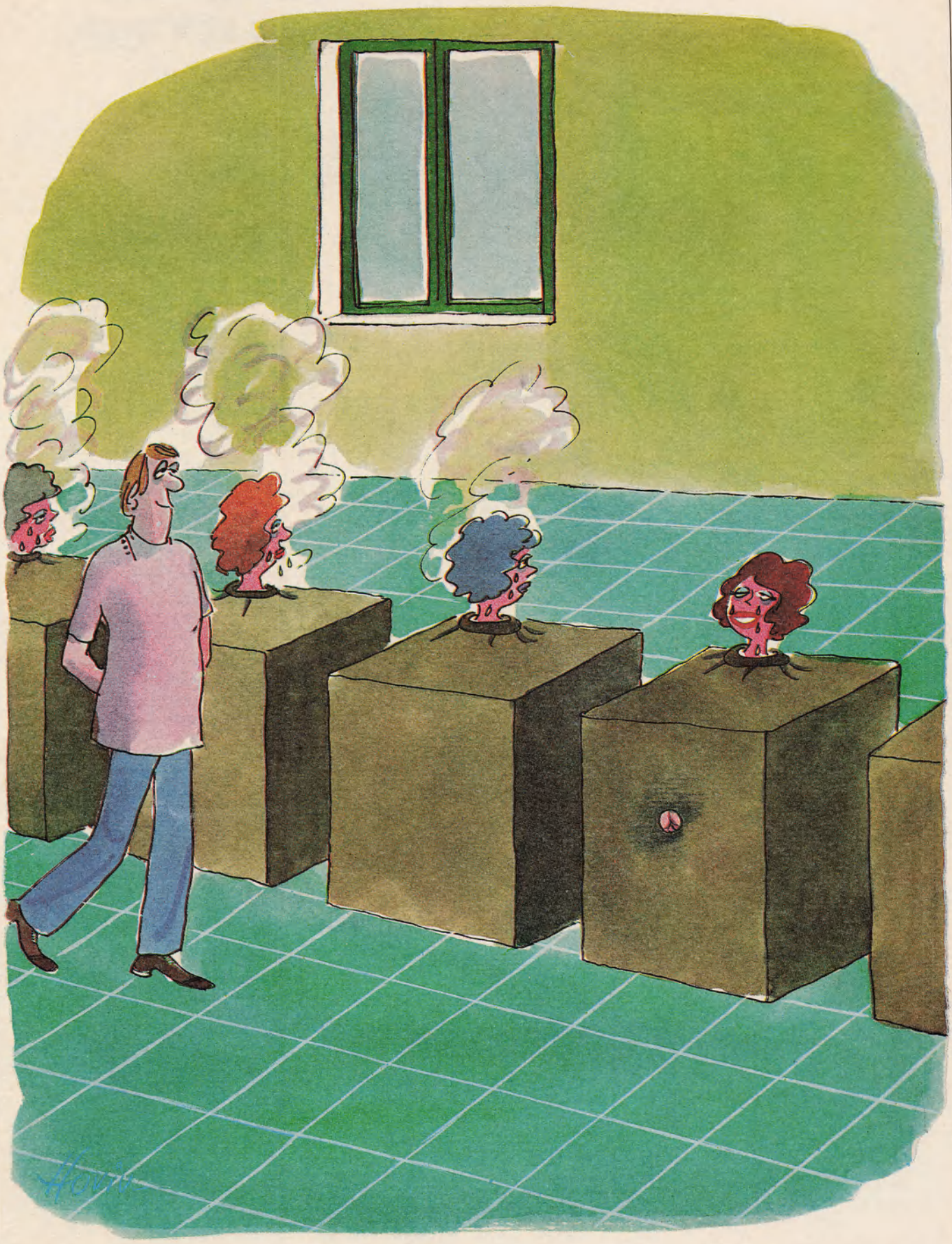

caught the next flight to Tampa. We embraced and said our farewells in the airport, thanking each other for a great experience.—*B.B., Albany, N.Y.*

Dorm antics

I am a great fan of your magazine but have often found some of your stories hard to believe. But never again! I attend a small university in Illinois and live in a coed dormitory. My girl friend, Carol, and I have a great relationship that allows for outside sex.

One night, while I was en route to the shower, I ran into my friend Pat. We often spoke around campus, but it never went past casual conversation. Little did I know what a surprise I was in for. She had on a sexy dress that made me raise my eyebrows and cock at the same time. Pat noticed this immediately, because I was wearing only my bathrobe. I became embarrassed and asked her if I could come by her room later that day. She said okay and gave me her room number. As I watched her swing her ass down the corridor, I thought that I would explode right there.

I was so excited I could hardly take my shower, but I managed somehow. Once out of the shower, I returned to my room and smoked a joint of great Colombian and got dressed. As I proceeded to Pat's room, I realized that I really wanted to fuck her. I knocked on her door, and she answered.

College rooms here are pretty small, so we both sat on her bed and chatted for about a half hour. Her dress was riding up her thighs, and my eyes followed that bare, smooth skin. Soon it was all too much for me, and I moved toward her and kissed her. She responded and groped at my crotch. I grabbed her tightly and rubbed her soft ass, and quickly we broke our kiss and stripped. I almost came when I saw her body. It was fantastic: nice tits, small waist, and a beautiful, round ass. We lay on her bed and kissed and felt each other up. Suddenly, she moved down my body and started to suck me as I never had been sucked before. I pulled her legs over my head and started lapping her pussy and whatever else I could find. Soon I filled her mouth with a huge load, and she climaxed at the same time.

I was hard again in no time, and she was ready again, so I told her to get on her knees so that we could proceed doggie style. Her pussy felt great, and I started to pump it into her slowly. Pat soon began to moan "Harder! Faster!" and started to pump back to meet my every thrust. I grabbed at her tits and she pulled on my balls. I soon exploded in a powerful orgasm. We fucked three more times that night, and I stayed the night, even though I had an eight-o'clock class the next morning.—*J.M., Peoria, Ill.*

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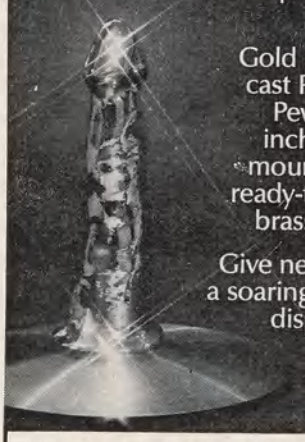

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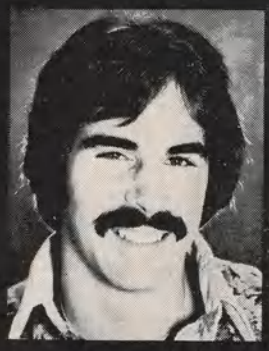

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DIARY OF A VIRGIN

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JUST ABOVE MY HEAD

Illustration by Ignacio Gomez

THE ASSASSINATION OF ORLANDO LETELIER

Wide World Photos

The Assassination of Orlando Letelier—Washington, D.C., has always been considered a neutral zone in the international terrorism war, but on September 21, 1976, that neutrality was shattered forever by the bombing murder of Orlando Letelier, head of the Chilean exile movement. As of today, the murder remains unsolved—officially. In this explosive article Ernest Volkman and John Cummings reveal exactly how the murder was planned, how it was carried out, and how agencies of the federal government have obstructed police efforts to bring the killers to justice. The results of this six-month-long investigation include the disclosure of the names of the Chilean secret-police agents and the Cuban exiles who killed Letelier. This information has been turned over to the Justice Department by *Penthouse*. Yet the killers have been neither charged nor indicted. In one of the greatest examples of investigative journalism in our time, Volkman and Cummings offer a chilling insight into a dark underside of international politics that will make headlines all over the world.

Diary of a Virgin—As this episode opens, our heroine is in a state of total despair. Getting rid of her virginity has been such hard work that she's decided to give up the effort and resign herself to a life of chastity. But then she meets a handsome stranger in a rainstorm and changes her mind. In the last installment of Cindy Peach's novel, the mood turns to a tenderly intense erotic climax as a young girl discovers that there is more to sex than she had ever dreamed.

The Petro-Industrial Complex—Everyone knows why the dollar keeps declining in value and why the American economy is falling apart: those greedy Arabs are strangling us with oil prices. But is that the reason? Craig S. Karpel shows that the real villains are right here at home, a ruthless network of powerful businessmen, bankers, and public officials who use their influence to keep oil prices up so that they can make themselves richer and richer by auctioning off the nation's assets to foreign interests.

Death after Death—The latest fad in journalism these days is death. Everyone wants to know what happens after life on this planet is over. In J. J. Kane's short story we find out that when a very unserious reporter is sent to cover a very serious subject—his own death—the results are hilariously funny.

Just above My Head—James Baldwin is universally acknowledged to be one of the leading writers of fiction in our time. *Penthouse* is proud to present an advance look at his new novel, which draws heavily on his own experiences as a child evangelist in Harlem. It is a book about black sexuality, black religion, and black music, and it is Baldwin's most powerful and affecting piece of fiction in years—a return to the greatness of *Another Country* and *The Fire Next Time*.

The other day I was on my way to my doctor's office for a checkup. When I got there, I sat down in a small waiting room and waited alone for a while. There was no one else there, probably because it was almost closing time. Then a nurse came in and told me to go down the hall, turn right, and stop at the first door to my right. I did what she told me and stopped at the door. I gave it a couple of knocks, but nobody answered. So I opened it a little, and when I did, I couldn't believe my eyes! There on the floor was the doc and a nice-looking blonde nurse. Both were nude. I knew she was a nurse, because they had taken off their clothes and placed them in a pile. The nurse was sucking on his nice, big cock. My cock then started its climb, almost ripping through my zipper. When she saw me, she got up and walked toward me and pulled me in. She told me to sit down and then took off my shirt and told me to stand up. She unbuckled my pants and slid them down, and out popped my hard cock. It was so hard that it almost ripped through my underwear. I took off my underwear, and she told me to lie down. I did as I was told and just waited for the next thing.

First, she started sucking my cock. Then she got on top of me, and I drove my wonderful cock into her yummy pussy. She got off me and then started to suck my balls. Soon the doc came over. He placed his knees over my face and drilled his nine-inch cock into my mouth, telling me to suck as hard as I could. I did and soon his spermy semen rushed down my throat.

After I finished, the doc got on his back, and the nurse started to suck again on his cock. So I placed my knees over his face and aimed my cock into his mouth. He seemed to expect this. My cock wasn't fully hard, and he noticed it; so he slowly stuck one of his fingers up my ass hole, making my cock hard again. I started pumping, waiting for my sperm to shoot out. His finger up my ass made me feel so good that I started moaning. But I kept on pumping. I told him to suck harder and harder. Finally, my sperm thundered out and down his throat. The nurse then got on her back, and I walked over and started fucking her. Then the doc stuck his hand in my ass again, grabbed my balls, and started squeezing them. I told him to stop, which he did.

After a while, I got up and rolled over on my back, because I was tired, and so was the nurse. I closed my eyes and started breathing out my mouth, which soon was plugged again by the doc's cock. I opened my eyes, and then he placed his fingers over my eyelids and closed them. I was so tired that I didn't struggle to get up. I just sucked and sucked and sucked.—*R.H., Silver Springs, Md.*

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